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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor

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Vol. VIII., No. 2 EDITORIAL *AUGUST 1917*

PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE

By ELIZABETH POLLARD

DO you think you can do it? Do you think you can put yourself in the servant's place? If you can, the result will be illuminating, and may go a long way toward solving a most difficult and vital problem. The "help" famine isn't lessening, and it is becoming quite serious, especially where there is sickness or babies in a home. Yet there are still plenty of girls in Canada. Why won't they do housework? In most cases, they are well fed, comfortably housed, kindly treated, and receive better pay than in many more favoured vocations. Yet housework is almost the last resort of the wage-earning girl. Why? *Put yourself in her place*, and perhaps you will understand.

How would you like this?

"How do you like your new maid?" is a question often asked, and nearly as often the answer is, "I think she'll do very well after I get her trained into my ways." In most occupations, a girl is taught her business according to some recognized standard, and treated accordingly. With housework, a girl may come with experience and good references, but the new mistress starts in to "make her over." This may go on from place to place, so long as she does housework for others. How would you like never to be done submitting to the whims and fancies of others?

How would *you* like *that?*

"Lucy, just help Bobby pop some corn; he's so restless."

"But I've only begun my dishes," objects Lucy.

"Never mind the dishes. They can wait. Attend to Bobby," is the order.

With Lucy it is a case of obey the mistress or have trouble.

"This is the eighteenth time by actual count that I've been interrupted at my work this morning," confides Lucy, as she stands in a bakeshop waiting for some biscuits demanded by Bobby at the noon meal.

By these thoughtless interruptions, the work that should be done during the day drags on into the night, lengthening the ten-hour day into perhaps sixteen hours, but, unlike other wage-earners, she gets no extra pay. How would *you* like *that?*

Can *you* imagine yourself in *her* place?

The Social Life

You give Lucy a pleasant room (or is it a closet off or over the kitchen?); you provide a neat little table with a white cloth on it, that she may eat her meals like a Christian, which is kind and thoughtful. But if Lucy gets time to set the little table for herself, which she often does not, she sits at it alone. When the family meet in the dining-room, there is, or should be, pleasant chat and laughter, but Lucy eats her second-hand dinner in silence. Nobody speaks to her, unless she is wanted to do something.

How would *you* like *that?*

"But she is used to it!" you exclaim.

That doesn't mend the matter—for Lucy. It is said that eels get used to being skinned, and Irishmen to being hanged—but *that* doesn't mend the matter for the eels and the Irishmen. Lucy is young. In the parlour, the family has visitors, music, games, or dancing, in fact, a full measure of social life, all the pleasant recreation that is the heritage of youth. But Lucy has no part in this, except to do the extra work entertaining makes. She has no home or social life. The usual one evening and one afternoon off each week are wholly inadequate.

Look This in the Face

Why these conditions? Why is Lucy so isolated? Because she is an inferior, a servant, holding a degraded position. This is the arrow that cuts the sharpest and deepest into her soul. You may protest against this imputation. You say you don't regard Lucy as degraded; in fact, you consider her quite a nice girl. But pause a moment. Look the matter squarely in the face. Wouldn't it be presumption in Lucy to enter or depart by the same door as the family? Would she dare be found sitting in the front part of the house? Not she! Lucy isn't fit to sit at the same table, or in the same room with any member of the family she serves, or to mingle with them in any way. What has reduced a nice girl like Lucy to such a state of degradation as this? Housework! Then no wonder she wants to get away from it.

The Country Girl's Dilemma

We've been uplifting and educating the masses until the result shows a lot of nice girls like Lucy. They are away above their position, because the position hasn't been raised to match the standard of the girls. The more intelligence developed in the girl, the greater becomes her self-respect, and the more keenly she feels the degradation of her position.

A young country girl was employed by a rich city lady. The girl had a brother clerking in the same city, who one day came to see her, and didn't know any better than to call at the front door. The maid who admitted him was misled by his respectable appearance, and showed him into the library, where he later met his sister. The mistress was outraged.

"A servant dared receive *her* visitor in *my* library! Which chair did he sit on?" she demanded.

"This one," pointed out the frightened maid.

"Take it to the attic. No guest or member of my family shall ever use it again."

How do you think that girl and her family felt? How would *you* like it? This was raw, but it actually happened. You say you never could have done it. Of course not. You're too kind-hearted and womanly to be guilty of such an act of ungracious, heartless snobbery. But you have probably done things that hurt quite as much, and the prejudice engendered, nursed, and perpetuated by class distinction, responsible for the disaster, is present with you, whether you are conscious of it or not.

We All Serve

Yet service in itself isn't degrading. We all, each one of us, serve, or should serve, others. That is the excuse of our being. The business man serves his customers, the professional man his patrons, the lawmaker his constituents; even the ruler of a nation serves the people. Then why is any service degrading?

This question brings us back to the position. Digging deep into the heart of the matter, the germ of the trouble is found to lie in the lack of efficiency. Degrees of honour or degradation depend on the kind of service given.

Years ago a nurse was a sort of servant, and treated as such. Note the standing of the nursing profession to-day. The advanced medical profession first, then the general intelligent public, began to realize the importance of efficient nursing. Gradually, character, intelligence, education, morality, and earnestness, requiring years of training, were demanded. The result is a profession that no woman feels above entering.

A nurse will have her picture taken in uniform, thereby showing that she is proud of her calling. The uniform of a maid is full prettier than that of a nurse; yet do you ever see a girl exhibiting her picture taken in it? Why? Because it is the insignia of her inferiority, the badge of her degradation. *She* is ashamed of her position. Would *you?*

The Efficient Servant

Dignify the position. Realize the importance of efficiency in houseworkers, in their relation to home-making, which is the greatest, broadest, noblest, and most natural occupation of woman. When the girl comes to this task, bringing a full measure of efficiency, it will be considered no more undignified to relieve the over-burdened home-maker of a part of her work, than it would be to take over the care of the sick, or take dictation in an office, teach children in the home. In each case it simply means a fair exchange. The employer wants the employee's work, and the employee needs the employer's money.

Eliminate distasteful appellations—maid, servant, and domestic. These, as applied to house-workers, will carry a sting for many a year to come. We have shop girls, factory girls, office girls, and various other girl titles; then why not, "graduate house-girls?" Consider the meaning such a title would convey to the home-worker — one who thoroughly understands every kind of housework, including sewing, mending, and darning.

Worth the Price

It may appear at a glance that the cost of producing these experts would come high. It wouldn't, if rightly managed. To increase the cost of help would mean placing it beyond the reach of people of moderate means, and it is these who are considered herein. Wealthy women can take care of themselves.

Observe the efficiency attained by nurses; yet a nurse can be self-supporting during the term of her training. The same could be done for the house-girl. A training school should be established in connection with a girls' home, an institution, or any well-managed, reliable place, where a lot of all kinds of housework must be done.

In training these girls, their whole lives should be considered. They would begin by being assistants to home-makers, but would eventually themselves become home-makers, requiring a broader training, which would increase their value as assistants. Simple home nursing, care of children, and the keeping of household accounts should be included in the course, which should attract a very desirable class of girl.

The Efficient Employer

All girls, gentle or simple, should receive housewifely training. Not long ago there came near to being a mutiny in a certain convent, because the Mother Superior insisted on training in general housework. The girls held an indignation meeting, and sent up a delegation with the result.

"We're not here to be taught how to do housework. Rather than do the work of servants, we'll leave the convent," was the ultimatum.

"Very well," conceded the wise woman. "Tomorrow morning I shall arrange for a full attendance of all the pupils in the convent. When you are all present, I shall explain my reasons for taking this course; then any girl desiring to leave may notify her parents to that effect."

She explained that all girls were educated with the end in view that, eventually, they would become wives. Home-making, with all it implies, would follow. Assuming a girl marries a millionaire, household knowledge is desirable. She may have a housekeeper to manage her staff of servants, but if ignorant of housework, she has no means of knowing if either housekeeper or servant understands her business. She may know that her household machinery isn't running smoothly, but she can't put her finger on the weak spot.

Next comes the woman who can afford help, but must manage her own housekeeping. If she has never done housework herself, how is she to know how much a girl can reasonably be expected to do? This lack of experience is the cause of untold friction between mistress and maid. Some are too hard on a girl, while others are too easy, and consequently are imposed on.

The Business Man and His Wife

Marriage is a partnership. Man's part is to earn and support, while the woman rears the children and makes the home. But note the difference in their methods and training. Whatever his business, the man and his assistants have received the same training. He has done the work, and knows what to expect. They can't fool him. He has his private office, but there is no social barrier between him and his help. The boy who sweeps the office may rise to be a member of the firm. How long would a firm last, if its head followed the methods of his wife in home-making?

Then there is the ever increasing number of women who must do their own housework. If a tithe of the efforts expended on gaining efficiency in other money-making professions were devoted to housework, the result would be incalculable happiness to home-makers. Delight in housework, and you will do it well. Do it well, and you will delight in it, and cease to regard it as "drudgery." It merges into that fascinating profession, home-making.

"I tried doing my own housework, by getting in a woman two days in the week to do washing and heavy work. After six months of it, I'm a perfect wreck," affirmed one incompetent home-maker, with a family of two.

LAST LEAVE

A Mother's Thoughts That She Never Utters

By MILLICENT PAYNE

Illustrated by MARCEL OLIS

God! My boy that was born of me!
Fed at my breast, nursed at my knee;
Strong in body and brave in mind—
Oh, that this son of mine were blind,
Or maimed, that he might not know
that war
Where the screaming shells and the
death-guns are!
God! My boy that was born of me!
Why must this ghastly world-death be?

God! Is it part of Your mighty plan
That man should slaughter his brother-
man?
Do you need to take him, my only one,
Now, when his life has just begun,
When the young strength beats in his
waking heart
Untried, all eager to take its part
With the good and noble, the great
and true—
Is this Your work for my boy to do?

He was Your gift to me years ago,
Big son of mine that I cherish so.
See, I have had him for twenty years;
Shame that I cling to him now with
tears—
Myself a coward and he so strong,
Light in his eyes, on his lips a song.
Bear with me yet for a little while;
Tears are easy, 'tis hard to smile.
*God, give me strength to be brave and
true!*
Help me to give him back to You!

MEN WOULD DO THE SAME TO-DAY

By PATIENCE REED

I WAS in the hammock under the pines, with his letter still in my hand, late on the afternoon of that June day. At first I could only read and reread it in a sort of still ecstasy, but now, that I had it two full hours, I wanted to sing and laugh and shout the news to the whole world. Instead, I swung the hammock and waved the letter wildly at a scolding squirrel on a branch of pine high above me.

Across the little corn-field, Miss Phoebe Taylor, pumping water for her garden, saw the fluttering paper and waved back to me. I decided then and there to tell her the glad, glad news. She had known, of course, that something had been amiss between Jim and me, but I had been too hurt and sad to tell any one. Now, they were over, those awful two years of silence and separation, and he was coming home in August, coming home to me.

Kip, the tawny Collie, came barking up the lane with the cows from the pasture, and after getting them safely into the farmyard, trotted over and pressed a great head in my lap—with brown eyes mutely questioning.

"Let's go and tell Miss Taylor, Kip," I begged, and Kip wagged consent and understanding sympathy.

All Canadian Junes are wonderful, but that June of 1914 stands out unforgetably to many of us. As we passed down the garden path, Kip brushed against the rose bushes and the white and red petals fluttered to the ground. An oriole on the highest tip of the great poplar at the gate showered down a little rose-leaf symphony. The maples along the road were greener, the foliage thicker, the sky a deeper blue—oh!- the world was good and kind that wonderful June day of 1914!

And so we came to where Miss Taylor was waiting for me at the little white picket gate. Miss Taylor lived with her brother, a retired sea captain. He treated her much in the same way as he had treated his first mate in those halcyon days when he had "sailed the high seas." His attitude was one of superiority, with a little respect thrown in. A captain was a captain, and a first mate was merely a first mate, albeit better than a cabin boy, or a deck hand. Miss Phoebe thought there was no one in the whole wide world like brother Jim.

A little, faded old woman, with hair that might have been the colour of my own once, but now it was faded out, not simply white. Her eyes were faded, too, a colourless blue, like a blue garment that has been washed many, many times. She had a little way of sitting quietly and looking beyond you intently, as though seeing something else. Then, when you spoke, she would come back, gently, with a little ashamed smile. This year, I heard one of our greatest Canadian lecturers and authors say that women spent most of their lives waiting; and there flashed before me the picture of Miss Phoebe as she stood that night at the little gate. She carried with her—poor, faded, heart-broken—that atmosphere of waiting, though I never realized it until I had heard her story. And yet she was not colourless, nor uninteresting, only a very dear old lady to whom you wanted to go with your sorrows and joys.

"Oh, Miss Phoebe! Such news! Such news!" I cried. "He's coming back! Jim's coming back!" I had seldom kissed her, but in my joy I drew her close. "Oh, Miss Phoebe, I had to tell you! See! Here's his letter! Jim's coming in August, coming to me! I know I'll die of sheer happiness!"

She patted me and crooned over me. "My dear! My dear little girl! How sweet, how perfectly sweet, for you both!" and with little excited murmurings and ejaculations she led me to the verandah where there were chairs.

And there, in the early dusk of the June night, I told her everything; our quarrel, and now the blessed reconciliation.

"If he has suffered what I have," I ended, "may God forgive me for my pride and wickedness. Never one day—one moment—in these two endless years but the thought of him has been with me. I willed to forget, but I couldn't. To think of living my life without him! I couldn't do it. I simply—could—not have done it, Miss Phoebe."

"THANK God that you didn't have to, dear child," and Miss Phoebe looked wistfully with unseeing eyes into the dew-drenched garden. Great joy is not always selfish. It sometimes opens our eyes to the sorrows hidden in other lives. It gave me sudden vision and understanding. There had been whispers of a long-dead romance, and this was the hour for confidences.

"Oh, Miss Phoebe, you are sad,—you are remembering—won't you tell me about—him?" I pleaded. "It helps to tell."

In the half light her eyes were suddenly bright with tears—eyes in which I had never seen tears before.

"Why, child," she began haltingly, "I haven't spoken, nor heard his name spoken, for years—for sixty years. Last year in a home paper I saw the name of his nephew—the same name—and my heart almost stopped. This after sixty years!" with a wan smile.

"So you see one can bear it for—for more than two years," she added gently.

Then she told me falteringly, brokenly, of the love of her early youth, of the ardent young lover who had been to her even what Jim was to me.

"It was in September, a September all red and gold, that he marched away with his regiment to fight for the cause of the weak in the Crimea. He came of fighting stock, you see, and he had to go," she ended softly.

"I don't see why," I argued, angry with a hot and sudden anger at the man, dust and ashes for so many long, long years, and with a great, deep pity for her whose life had been one gray, dull monotone. "Your happiness should have meant more to him than the lust to fight and kill."

She drew away from me, stiffly erect, pitifully roused.

"Why—it was for a principle, for honour, for the future. Don't you understand? He had to go. There was nothing else for him—ah! I fought it all out, years ago!" she added weakly.

I crept to her again.

"I think I understand," I comforted her. But I did not understand. I lied. Still that surging anger at the man who could march away so blithely leaving this woman to face the years alone with nothing but her memories.

"He was so brave, so fine, giving up all—his work, which he loved, and his future, and me," proudly. "If I can only—be worthy of him. He was so young and splendid, and I am old and—ah, me, child, I've so tried to keep young in heart for him, so that when we—" her voice trailed off into silence.

A little breeze drifted across, bringing with it the heavy scent of syringas from her garden—mock orange blossoms, we called them. Somewhere in the woods a whip-poor-will called plaintively, and nearer at hand one answered the call. In the fragrant twilight I pondered over the story with a sort of wonder.

HERE was a woman who could live sixty years with these two things to strengthen and sustain her: the memory of a great love, and the infinite trust that each year brought her surely nearer to a glad eternity of reunion. But to renounce the thought of the years together, of work and play, of home and children, of light and laughter!

"I don't want to make you sad on such a night," she told me suddenly.

"You are wonderful, Miss Phoebe," I burst out. "And thank God that wars are over," I said as I rose to go.

"Oh, men would be as brave to-day for an ideal or a principle," she assured me.

"They would see it differently now, I think," I answered.

But she only shook her head and smiled.

* * * * *

August came at last—and with it war. For war was not over, after all. That illusion fell with many others, and instead of Jim came his letter:

"My darling, I am going Overseas. I have had some training, and though the military life has never appealed to me, it's up to me—up to every fellow who can—to go. I daren't think of what I'm leaving. My dearest, dearest girl—you must help me—you and God——"

"You must help me!" It burned itself into my soul—"and God"—his prayer. In a dazed agony I hurried in to Montreal to have a few moments with him as his train passed through to Quebec. And over and over, in time to the grinding wheels, "You must help me, you must help me—you and God!" And from somewhere strength or numbness, and no weeping, at that brief meeting and final parting. For it was the endless parting.

I stand now where that other woman stood, sixty years ago. I, too, have fought my fight—the old fight for readjustment. There is slowly coming back to me a rather pitiful grip on things. Life has not quite beaten me. With readjustment will come to me what came to Miss Phoebe. My greatest joy is the memory of his love, my sustaining hope that I may come home to him one day—my splendid, eager Jim—my greatest fear that my life may not be fine enough to make me worthy of sharing the same Heaven with him.

Miss Phoebe's prophecy was true, you see, "Men would do the same thing to-day for an ideal, a principle."

Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

Put Your Boy on Honour

A COMMON QUERY, and an unfailingly pathetic one comes from a correspondent: "My boy, aged seventeen, has begun to take the law into his own hands, and to act in a way that grieves me. As I am a widow, would it not be wise for me to have a near male relative, or an old friend of the family, read the riot act to him?"

No one can advise a woman as to the course she should take with the boy she has borne and brought up for seventeen years. She must know him better than any one. But this we will say, if we had a half-dozen sons, and each one of the half-dozen were showing off to a terrible extent, we shouldn't call in the head of the clan, the family friend, the parson, or any outsider—not until we had proved ourself a failure, any way. First, we should have a heart to heart talk with our obstreperous sons in which we should not once mention their little faults, or the misdemeanours due to youth and high spirits. We should only hit the weaknesses that grow into vices, but we should hit hard. And we should tell them to be foolish if they must, to get all the good time going, boys would be boys, but never to forget, for one instant, that if they, by word or deed, dimmed the honour of the men we had a right to expect them to become later on, they would do themselves irreparable wrong, and make us wish we had not gone down to death's door to get them, cared for them, hoped for them, loved them, as only a mother can. Then we should put them on their honour—and drop the subject.

It might not be half so impressive as the oratory of some good sensible outsider, but it would stir, wide awake, a sense of individual responsibility and a wholesome belief in themselves that would work the cure.

That's Something

"UNCLE SAM PROUD of His Women War Workers" is the heading of a eulogistic article which, appearing originally on the front page of a leading New York daily, has been quoted in half the publications in the States with editorial additions as: "Right you are!" "Beat them if you can!" "Here's to our women, God bless them!"

We do not blame Uncle Sam for being proud; he has a right to be proud. Boasting is in bad taste, says one. Oh, well, these are exceptional times! Uncle Sam does not believe in hiding a light, especially a native light, under a bushel and a little glow along the line is going to act as a beacon, don't you see. I wonder if we Canadians are proud enough of our women, or rather if we make our pride sufficiently apparent. We seem to consider it a virtue to be able to feel deeply without betraying the fact—which calls to mind a conversation that came floating into the sun room the other day, "That man of yours is a dour body, I'm thinkin'," this from Jessie hanging out clothes in our yard to the lady gardener (the first lady gardener, and the very best gardener of any kind, the neighbourhood has known) busy with the butter-beans in the next. "D'ye think he loves ye at all, at all?" Silence, as though the garden lady were "weighing the evidence," then, in optimistic tones, "Sure he loves me, at least he hasn't said a blessed word to the contrary, and that's something."

Our Women

NO SOONER DID THE BUGLES begin to blow and the guns to roar than patriotism, the real article, which is but another name for service, began to marshall our woman forces, in other words to get our women in working trim. "See-saw Marjory Daw," down went idle hours, frivolous fun, time killing; up came sewing circle and knitting bee; down went bridges and balls; up came tag day, flag day, and Red Cross work galore. The reception as a social function ceased to exist. It went out of the back door, fuss, finery, foolishness and all, came in at the front demure and demanding a cup of tea and a collection plate as colation and "He gives twice who gives freely" as motto; with social lines down, let us hope for good, and a burning desire to "corner" enough wealth to procure the soldier laddies everything they can possibly need from fountain pens to field kitchens.

We know now that women are natural-born financiers. Talk of the demand creating the supply, they have ways of their own for creating the demand and then supplying it at their own prices, courageous too. They are never afraid of asking too much. They still possess hospitable instincts, but like the backsliders in Barr's "Old Friends," "They aren't workin' them these times." "Think of it!" laughed one of the women who was helping out on Rose Day. "Being tired, chilled, and hungry, I ran into Mother's for a cup of tea and if my unnatural parent didn't tax me twenty-five cents for it. Of course, she threw the money in our collection, but the fact remains that few are the friends who give you of their store without charging it up to you—which is perfectly right and proper under the circumstances."

Mettle of the Pasture

LIVES THERE A MAN with soul so dead who can read in the reports of a decisive battle these significant words, "The Canadians proved their mettle" without thrilling gloriously? Proving their mettle is second nature to our soldiers, and to their wives, sisters, sweethearts, as well. When our girls started in on a campaign of usefulness the pessimist said, "The industrious fever will subside when the novelty wears off," but the fever is higher in this third year of the War than it was in the first. Our girls are making history; they are also setting fashions, and setting them with a vengeance. This season it is bloomers. In a certain country neighbourhood a generation or so ago two progressive housewives attempted to set this same fashion on the plea that they could "walk through their work" in bloomers. No use. The ridicule of the men they might have stood, but to have their own sex blushing for them continually was too much. Such forwardness! A pity the Lord had not made them men to begin with! "Walk through their work, indeed!" Not so with the girls of to-day. They have the advantage. For one thing they themselves are braver, for another the bloomers are prettier and dressier than those Ontario pioneers ever dreamed of, and last but not least the time is ripe for the innovation. Bloomers have become so popular that a big departmental store has inaugurated a "Show Day," with manikins walking about attired in two-piece suits of khaki material, blue serge, brown jean, for factory work and out-of-door activities, white and dark blue linen for the housekeepers, pink and pale blue smock coats and full pleated trousers for the garden and orchard girl and for every other girl doing her bit in the workaday world.

What Thou Knowest

IN VIEW OF THE FACT that the educational work of this and other countries is passing more and more into the hands of women, Professor MacCallum's statement before the Royal Society of Canada at its last meeting, that had the nations cultivated the sciences as they must do from this time forward there would have been no such devastating warfare as exists at present, is of peculiar interest to all women. The teacher of to-morrow must avoid the mistakes of yesterday, remembering always that in her profession, above all others, incapability is a sin, carelessness a crime, against both state and individual. If, as Professor MacCallum maintains, a knowledge of the sciences conduces to a just consideration of freedom and fair play, by all means let us have this knowledge, exalt it, spread it. The Professor is not only a learned man, but a wise one, a distinction with a difference. To listen to him was a rare pleasure. The trend of his address was that the old order with its specialists for interpreting special truths, its doctrines, its illusions, passeth, giving place to the new, wherein cults and classes, creeds and counter creeds, will be but memories and where each in his separate star will do his day's work for "the God of things as they are." Let us hope so, indeed! And also let us hope that no official, from common everyday School Trustee to University Governor, will lessen the effectiveness of the woman teacher by dictating to her.

Child Welfare

ONE OF OUR ENTERPRISING TOWNS boasted a Citizenship Club. Its members, zealous in good works, nailed to the door of the building, which is council chamber, court house, and concert hall in one, a large sign on which was painted, "Be Kind to Dumb Animals." The first day it attracted little attention, the second, it was an object of general interest, the talk of the town, in fact. Why? Early, very early in the morning the boy who delivers papers had climbed the door post, and with a bold and dirty hand made an addition to the sign which now reads: "Be Kind to Dumb Animals—*Even Babies.*"

Great oaks from little acorns—you know the rest.

The kindly progressive people began by wondering if what should have stood first and foremost had been left for a street arab—himself neglected—to add; and ended in resolving itself into a Child Welfare League, one of the first and most energetic in this province. *Even babies!* We should think so, indeed!

Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise

"FOR PATRIOTIC PURPOSES;" the phrase which has become familiar to us from figuring in the notice of almost every entertainment from Red Cross rummage sales to University lectures, applies particularly to Welfare Work. The way to get first-class citizens for our first-class country is to grow them, and to grow them requires care. Help for the helpless, hope for the hopeless, fair play for the little folk, is a summary of this particular branch of patriotic work. And it is growing, spreading. What was, at first, little more than a cry from the babies, and a protest from a few women, has become a matter of national, nay, international importance.

Lord Aberdeen, on his late visit to Toronto, said: "It is a patriotic work that must not be neglected. In the second year of the War nine British soldiers were killed every hour at the Front, and twelve British babies every hour gave up their lives at home." Count Tolstoi (son of the old count) told us at the Welfare Convention in Detroit that "'Wealth and wisdom wait on health' is a proverb of my country. If you desire the coming generation to be prosperous and broad-minded see to it that the little ones of to-day receive the necessary foundation of strength and sturdiness," which, after all is but another way of saying "Be Kind to Dumb Animals—Even Babies."

Place Aux Dames

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, the well-known writer, is perhaps, the first man—though not the last—to advocate that woman be given not only a vote of her own, but a Parliament of her own to which all matters especially concerning her sex shall be referred, and whose finding shall be absolute. With the House of Commons and the House of Lords, we should have a House of Women. How do you like the idea? It is not new to Canadians; the leaders in all, or nearly all, our women's organisations have argued right along that in the matter of safeguarding women's interests, woman should have more voice and wider power. They have said, what the clever editor of John Bull is saying now, that there is something almost indecent in the public discussions of laws affecting the honour of women and girl children by an assembly of men largely unsympathetic, one-sided, and uninformed. Common-sense would suggest that laws for safeguarding the home, for protecting our budding womanhood, for Child Welfare, the industrial interests of our army of women workers, and kindred matters, come within woman's sphere, and would be wiser and fairer for being woman-made. At the close of the War the Government of this Country—and of several other countries—will have so many problems on its hands it will likely be glad to hand those affecting hearth and home to the women, where said problems belong. We say, with Mr. Bottomley, "Home Rule In Woman's Kingdom."

The Lion's Share

"THE LION'S SHARE," is not a bit like Arnold Bennett's other books. The dialogue is clever, without being stilted. The detective, arguing Equal Suffrage with Audrey, tells her it is women who are hottest against it.

"The vast majority of women are in favour," she said.

"My wife isn't," he snapped.

"But your wife isn't the vast majority of women."

"She is, so far as I am concerned," he said. "Every wife is, so far as her husband is concerned. My wife says a woman's sphere is the home, says it so often I'm sometimes tempted to let her have the sphere all to herself. That's the universal experience of married men."

Audrey avows her intention of going up to London to give the militants a helping hand.

"But what of your husband?" cries her friend.

"He'll keep," said Audrey. "I haven't had a day off from being a wife for ever so long. And it's a little enervating, you know. I don't want to be ideally happy all the time. I won't be. I want all the sensations; I want everything."

"She wants the lion's share; that's what she wants. Well, it's about time some woman had it. Up till now it has gone to a man," mutters the spinster.

If You Could See Your Skin As Others See It

Too often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our powder boxes and then think our skins are passing fair

IF you could only see your skin as others see it, you would not feel so contented. You would realize just how much lovelier it could be.

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely. For the first time, really look at it as someone else would. Find out just what condition it is in.

Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by disfiguring blackheads? Perhaps you will find its only flaw to be conspicuous nose pores.

Whatever the trouble is, it *can* be changed.

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is your opportunity. You can make this new skin just what you would love to have it.

Troubled with blackheads?

If your mirror shows you blackheads, apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit, and it *will* give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, cleanse your face thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into your pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger-tips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice.*

Make this treatment a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of either of these treatments. Get a cake today and begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin.

Blackheads—a confession of the wrong cleansing method. Change to the one given here.

If your bugbear is an oily skin and shiny nose, make this treatment a daily habit

Write today for book of treatments

Send 4c and we will send you a miniature edition of the large Woodbury Book "A Skin You Love to Touch," giving all of the famous Woodbury skin treatments and valuable facts about the skin which few people know, together with a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, large enough for a week of any of these skin treatments. For 10c we will send the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2608 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast

MADE IN CANADA

THEY KNOW THE MEANING OF SACRIFICE

Nine Canadian Mothers Who Have Sent Forty-Seven Sons to Fight

Husband Greatest Recruiter

MRS. GORDON WRIGHT, London, Ont., President Dominion W. C. T. U., Vice-President London Red Cross, has sent three sons: Major Wright; Corporal Wright; Captain Wright, who is the youngest Divisional Quartermaster in the Service. Her husband, Chief Recruiting Officer, R.N.C.V.R., has secured more recruits than any man in Canada.

Seven Sons for King and Country

MRS. SCOBIE, Kars, Ont., has given seven sons: Private J. B. Scobie; Lieutenant S. M. Scobie; Corporal Sandy Scobie; Lieutenant A. A. Scobie; Private Russell Scobie; Sapper Sterling Scobie; and Dr. T. J. Scobie. One son remains at home as he is too young.

The Fighting Spirit Lives

MRS. LORNE McDOUGALL has four sons fighting for the Empire: Brigadier-General Alex. McDougall; Captain Kenneth McDougall; Captain Morris McDougall; and Lieutenant Archie McDougall. This young soldier was in the trenches for eleven consecutive months, but was wounded quite lately and invalided to the north of Scotland.

A Gifted Mother Sends Three Sons

MRS. ADAM INCH, President, The Woman's Institute, Mount Hamilton, Ont., has sent three sons to the Front. Mrs. Inch was greatly in demand as a platform speaker; but now work for the soldiers has crowded everything else out of her life.

Six Sons Answered the Call

MRS. BILLINGS, Hamilton, Ont., has six sons on Active Service; two in France; one in England; three in training. Mrs. Billings has one other son, a lad of thirteen, whose chief desire is that the War may be prolonged until he is of military age—he wants to strike a blow for the Empire.

Ten Men From One Family

THE Desormeau family is an example of Northern Ontario patriotism. Mr. Joseph Desormeau enlisted, but did not survive the sea voyage. Frank, Albert, James, and Joseph, Jr., have all been wounded. A brother and five sons are also in khaki.

No Need of Conscription Here

"I PRAY God to spare my boys to fight to the finish!" said Mrs. Adolphe La France, a little French Canadian mother who has sent six sons: Private Joseph La France enlisted in 1914; Private Fred went a year later; Private Noe, and, in turn, the three younger brothers answered the call. Conscription makes no difference to this family.

Her All—Four Khaki-Clad Sons

LADY POPE, the charming wife of Sir Joseph Pope, K.C.M.G., Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, is the proud mother of four khaki-clad sons: Major C. W. Pope, with the Royal Canadian Regiment; Lieutenant Maurice Pope, with the Canadian Engineers; Lieutenant Harold Pope, with the Canadian Army Service Corps; and Lieutenant Alfred Pope, with the Royal Canadian Regiment. Lady Pope's gift to the Empire represents her entire family.

Seven Sons Serve

MRS. LANGSFORD has given her husband, seven sons, and two sons-in-law. Her husband was invalided from the service and is now at a Military Hospital; one fine lad has paid the supreme price; the others are scattered from France to Egypt, and figure in every kind of battalion from the Bantams to the Army Medical Corps.

THE WOMEN OF RUSSIA TO SAVE THE NEW RUSSIA

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

WOMAN is, for the first time in the history of Russia, beginning to have some political influence. This one fact alone guarantees a solution of the many pressing problems that have, since the revolution, kept that country in turmoil.

We in Canada, in common with the people of the other allied countries, have a habit of looking for the nearest way out of war difficulties, forgetting that our allies have domestic problems just as intricate and just as hard to understand as our own. Yet, when we get the right perspective, it is readily seen that if the Russian people can establish a stable democratic government by the end of the present year, they will have wrought a political miracle, the immensity of which has never before been accomplished.

For some time after this achievement, many reasons will be assigned and many persons given credit for this happy condition of affairs. But, in the longer analysis, it will be seen that the women of Russia were directly responsible for bringing order out of chaos and instilling the higher ideals of national and international goodwill.

Woman's Place in the Nation

THE many problems that have, from time to time, confronted Russia are, on first acquaintance, very difficult to understand because of the different meanings that are given to old causes and old terms, the problems of which have been but partially solved in our own western hemisphere. But from the maze of class distinctions, racial differences, and vast ignorance that envelopes Russia (although in a somewhat lesser degree now than formerly) there stands out the single ray that was really responsible for the transformation that took place during the early months of this year. This enlightening influence was the intuitive feeling for high principled patriotism inherent in every woman who has the best interests of her family at heart, an influence that never shone out to greater advantage than in the present woman's movement in Russia.

When the position of the Russian women of a century ago and the condition into which these same women are merging to-day is considered, it is rather difficult to understand how it has all come about; in fact, so far as histories go and other works of reference, very little space is devoted to women at all. Yet from what meagre information can be gathered it is evident that up to one hundred years ago women in Russia were secluded from the men and filled a position in domestic life little short of vassalage. Even at the present time they are not permitted to come within the Ikonastes, the common altar, of the Greek Catholic Church, which is the State church of Russia. But, despite all her disabilities, the women of Russia have been the potent influence in both industrial and political bodies. They have been the natural propagandists among the peasantry, and are untiring in their efforts to keep alive the flame of freedom and thus work toward a more equitable distribution of justice.

The awakening of democracy, while it had been working quietly and in unseen ways for some years, really broke out into action, so far as the women were concerned, on April 11th, 1904, when, through the influence of Father Gapon, the "Assembly of Russian Factory and Mill Workers" came into being. Concerning this association, James Mavor, Ph.D., Professor of Political Science, University of Toronto, notes, on page 458 of his celebrated work, "The Economic History of Russia," that "the history of the labour movement in Russia was expounded and discussed at all meetings. Among the propagandists there was a small group of social democrats who necessarily gave a certain direction to the debates.

"Women became members of the branches in considerable numbers. In the late autumn (1904) they numbered nearly a thousand in all branches. The leader among the women was an intelligent working woman known as 'V. M. K.' At first the presence of women was resented by the working men, and even by Father Gapon himself. The women's meetings were fairly successful, although attempts to interest women of the *intelligentsia* in the movement conspicuously failed."

All women are, by nature, religious, and this is true of the Russian woman to a striking degree. The late Czar, by virtue of his position, was head of the Greek Catholic Church, and from that eminence, he held a peculiar power over the peasantry. This was one of the reasons why the movement toward democracy moved with such faltering steps and, but for the unusual conditions brought about by the pro-German sympathies of the bureaucracy in Russia, a limited monarchy would probably have been the net result of the recent revolution. Even to-day peasant women are heard to exclaim, "How shall we now say our prayers?" and it has to be explained to them that they can pray to the Duma in place of the Czar and their prayers will be abundantly answered.

The big feature that has helped the Provisional Government along their way has been a handicap to them as well; Russian women are certainly looking to the new Government to solve their food problem and to solve it quickly. When it is understood that this food problem, as it existed last winter, was primarily an artificial famine, it is readily seen, that to some extent, the condition of things will soon be ameliorated.

Another thing that has helped the forward movement of Russia immensely has been the prohibition measure inaugurated by the Czar at the start of the War. The women of Russia, like the women of every other country, have always hated alcohol because, they have always been the chief sufferers. In Russia to-day the bureaucrats claim that the Czar ruined himself by decreeing the abolition of vodka. Their argument is that none but sober people could have carried out the revolution, and that had the heads of the populace in Petrograd and other cities, been besotted by drink they would never have understood or been able to defeat the reactionary plots; nor would the revolution have been so remarkably free from sanguinary excess on a large scale. The police were, on the other hand, the victims of drink. They had seized vodka by order of the Government and had kept plentiful supplies for themselves. Thus the revolution was in part a struggle between drunken reactionaries and sober citizens, and sobriety triumphed, ably assisted by women "burdened with the persecution of centuries."

Probably the biggest reason why women in Russia have become more powerful is to be found in the fact that since the Great War broke out they have been more or less dependent on themselves in the many and new problems they have had to face. With their husbands, brothers, and sons, either in the battle line or working on munitions, they have had to look after the crops, to work in factories, and, to a certain extent, fill, but in lesser degree, the work our own women have been and are doing to help the common cause. This has given them a new and more direct interest, not only in their own welfare, but in the machinery of Government, and it has vitalized latent forces that have never before been utilized.

Wife and daughters of the former Czar were tireless workers as Red Cross nurses. Although of Royal birth, they were always democratic by deed. The daughters are now just plain Olga Romanoff and Tatiana Romanoff.

Prominent Russian men and women attending an art exhibition. Mme. Maria Levinskaja, the famous Russian pianist is the figure in white.

Energetic Russian society women on one of the committees to provide comforts for the soldiers. In the picture are shown Zia and Nada Torby, daughters of the former Grand Duke Michael.

Equal Suffrage in Russia

JUST as the Government of Great Britain and Ex-Premier Asquith have been won over to Woman Suffrage by women's efficient part in the nation's work, so have prominent leaders in Russia come to see that women must be given a higher citizenship than they possessed in the past. On the very eve of the revolution the labour leader, Kerenski, now Minister of Justice, commented enthusiastically on the Sacchi Woman Suffrage Bill which was recently brought into the Italian Chamber of Deputies.

"I am a firm supporter of the full Franchise for and emancipation of woman," he said. "I heartily welcome Signor Sacchi's Bill. I think that wars bring to women numerous new fields of endeavour which must destroy the last prejudices holding them subordinate to men and bring conviction to all opponents of electoral rights for women."

M. Roditcheff, another Duma member, stated that he sympathised heartily with the movement for Woman Suffrage.

"Italy's Woman Suffrage Bill," said Deputy Alexanderoff, "is cordially welcomed because it removes the injustice that has forcibly deprived woman's creative genius of the possibility of doing its share in directing the State's political life. I hope that the idea of Equal Rights for men and women will soon be realized in Russia. It is especially desirable that the women shall have votes in our town and country Zemstvos and Assemblies. This is demanded, not only on the principle of fairness, but because of simple, practical necessity."

Mme. Sheekshkina Yavin, President of the Council of the "Russian League for Equal Rights for Women," when interviewed, said: "Italy, where the cultural development of women is comparatively low, thinks it necessary to grant votes to women; in Russia, where the cultural level of women stands so high, the question of votes for women has long been ripe for settlement. I hope that the Bill will pass the Italian Chamber and that we shall gain similar rights in Russia before long."

Mme. Shebanoff, another prominent suffragist, rejoiced at the introduction of the Italian Bill and spoke hopefully of the situation in France and England. It was her opinion that Russian women would soon have the right to vote, and more quickly than is generally expected.

But, from a study of the racial, social and political difficulties, it is not likely that women will be granted votes in the national Duma for some time yet, but it is highly probable that votes in the Zemstvos (provincial councils) and the town Assemblies will be given to women some time during this year.

When it is taken into consideration that there are ninety-eight provinces in Russia and that if a Republican form of Government be finally adopted it must resolve itself into a federation of free states, it is easily seen that modern democracy has taken a very long step forward, and that the day is not far off when Equal Suffrage will obtain all over Greater Russia.

The Blessings of War

A VERY few years ago, not more than a dozen or so, the percentage of illiteracy was very high among the peasant women of Russia. Nowadays schools are being opened everywhere, and the prejudice of the peasants against education is gradually disappearing. The War has, undoubtedly, had an immense influence in bringing this about and will probably eliminate the feeling formerly held against education. Already the desire to read letters from the Front has urged many a peasant woman to encourage her children to attend the village school, so that they may spell out the news written home by their fathers and brothers, and be able to write in reply.

In bringing about this improved condition of things in Russia the middle class women, or *intelligentsia*, as they are called, have been by far the biggest factors. In remote village communities, where life at the best is dull and monotonous, these earnest-minded girls, far from all home ties are spending their lives in teaching the peasant children the helpful blessings to be found in books. This has been and is a work of real sacrifice, and it is due entirely to the idealism which permeates Russian womanhood that their work is, at last, becoming a success.

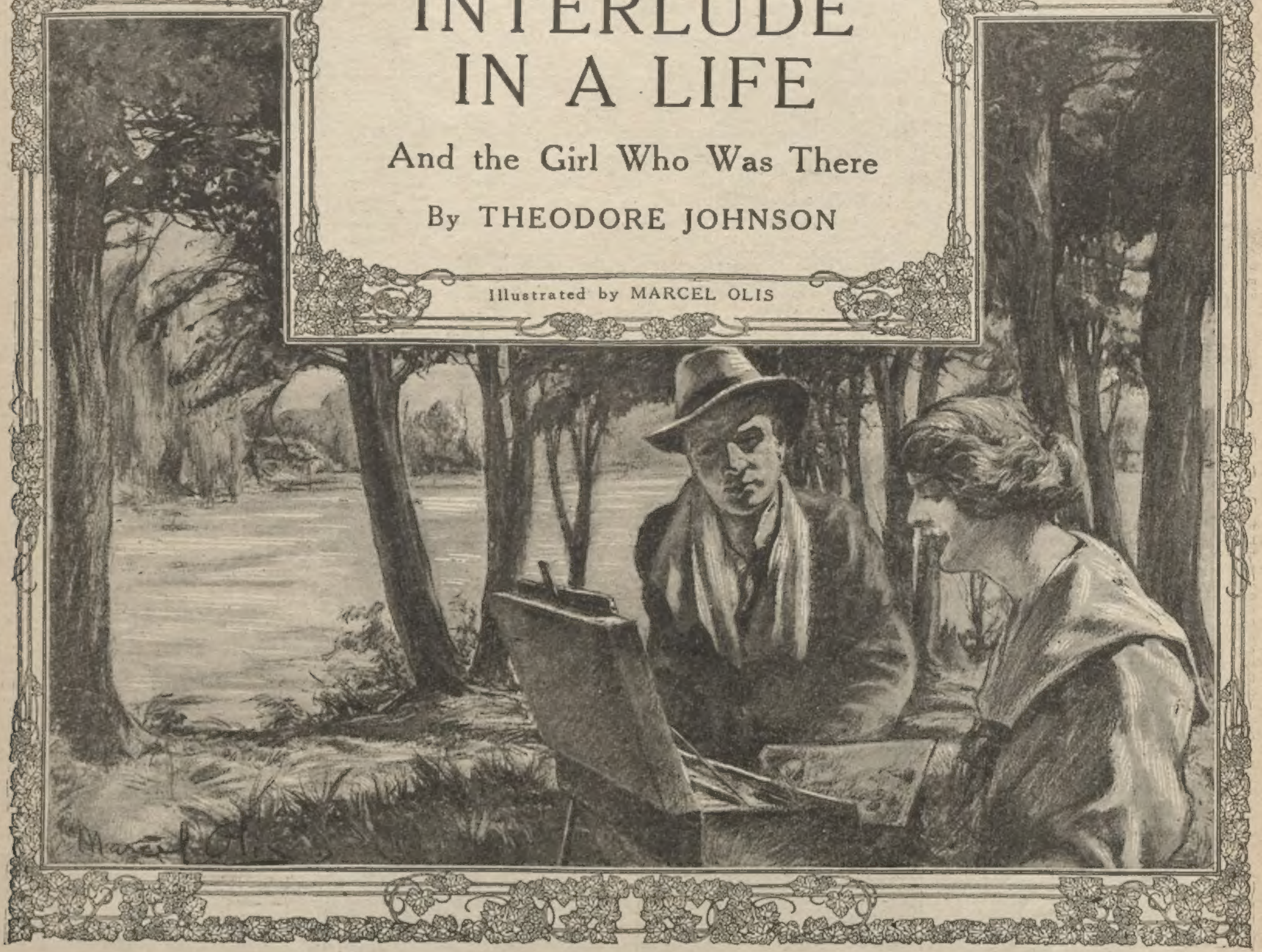
The enacting of the law prohibiting the sale of vodka dispensed with the old-time vodka shop and stimulated the establishment of educational and recreational centres where all the members of the community might gather together and exchange thoughts on common problems. The People's Palaces, a recent institution, are filling this need admirably. In the larger communities these are used to the fullest possible degree. Buffet and tea rooms are attached where refreshments are served, (*Continued on page 49*)

AN INTERLUDE IN A LIFE

And the Girl Who Was There

By THEODORE JOHNSON

Illustrated by MARCEL OLIS



THE summer breeze whispered lazily among the tree tops; overhead was the deep blue of a July sky, fading to the pale colour of forget-me-nots toward the horizon. A few clouds, snowy white, billowed and unfurled their folds of down, as though the gods, new-waked from slumber, had called a drowsy wind to scatter and renew the Olympian couches.

The river wound its quiet way among the pastures, whispering so low the while, that the willows must bend to catch the message. From the distance, now faintly heard, now half imagined, came the hum and click of machinery, for hay making had begun.

Seated near the river in the shade of a tree, Myra was sketching; her back toward the upper reaches of the stream. It was because of that, and also because she was so engrossed with her work, that the advent of the stranger came unnoticed. He was tall and slim, with slightly stooping shoulders; he wore an ill-fitting grey flannel suit, while a towel round his shoulders proclaimed what his occupation had lately been.

"Too much detail!" Myra started.

"Oh! how you startled me!" she exclaimed.

"I must apologise," said the stranger, bowing, but without lifting his panama hat. "The fact is I was talking to myself."

Myra was silent; she was not desirous of conversation with a total stranger. The man in grey did not move.

"It's true, all the same," he said, "there *is* too much detail."

"Are you an artist?" enquired the girl.

"Am I? I'm not quite sure. Years ago, I forget how many—centuries surely—I exhibited pictures at the Royal Academy."

"Why not now?"

"Oh, my health broke down. Come now, there's a freemasonry among artists. Your style is good, your soul is artistic. Let me give you a few hints," and without waiting to hear any protests, the stranger proceeded to give advice with regard to the sketch, which Myra could not but own was excellent.

Under his directions the picture grew into life; the girl's artistic nature responded readily to the guidance of a master hand, till the very drowsiness of the air, and even the indescribable sounds of a warm day by the river seemed to mingle in the colours of the sketch.

Myra thanked him, and as she did so, noticed for the first time the look of refinement, the clear eye, the broad, intellectual forehead, the sensitive mouth. But what struck her most forcibly about the man was the sadness of his dark brown eyes; even though the lips were smiling, always there seemed to be gazing from those eyes the hopeless misery of a soul in prison. He was smiling now.

"Look!" he said, "isn't that a delightful corner? You see where I mean! The back-water runs up toward the farm, and the light just catches the red tiles of a roof, while all the rest takes the shadow of the trees. There's the splash of red in the water again, and the leaning willows are reflected, too."

Myra arranged her easel afresh, and prepared to pencil in the outlines.

"You must see how much you can remember of my teaching," said the man, with a far-away look in his eyes. "I'm going to tell you a story. Stop me when you're bored, and ask me anything you want to know."

HE lay, full length, on the grass, and, feeling in his pockets, produced a cigarette case and a box of matches, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"The story I'm going to tell you," he began," is true. It all happened ten years ago. I am thirty-five now, though I must look over forty. . . . . A friend of mine, an artist like myself, was guardian to a little cousin of his, a girl fresh from school. They had grown up together, and were just like brother and sister, for Rosalind was an orphan. We will call my friend 'Thomas,' because that wasn't his name.

"Thomas' father and mother both died before he was of age, and he was left in rather an awkward predicament. He would have found a home for Rosalind somewhere, for his own quarters were rather Bohemian and uncivilised, but she wouldn't go. They were devoted to each other, those two. Not in a sentimental way, you understand. Thomas had a very strong prejudice about cousins marrying, and he never thought of Rosalind in that way at all. He just loved her!—loved her with the best kind of love there is; and you may take it from me, that between him and his old housekeeper there was good order kept at his place when the men came buzzing 'round to smoke and talk and sing, and get a glimpse of Rosalind. She was pretty, too! Of course she soon grew up, more quickly than most girls. There's something about keeping a host of admirers at bay that quickens a girl's wits and teaches her self-possession. Not that she was spoilt; a more unaffected, simple-hearted girl it would be difficult to find. She was just a good comrade to all the men, and if she had favourites, none knew it.

"It was her desire to be independent, of what she considered charity from Thomas, that led to the trouble of which I am going to tell you. He was then very poor, and she had just a small annuity, enough to buy her own clothes by exercising strict economy. The idea that possessed her was that she could earn money on the stage. Thomas at first protested, but finally gave in. He saw the force of Rosalind's argument, that if she could earn her own living, there would be no anxiety about the future.

"'I don't want to have to marry for money,' she said, 'and I don't want to marry any one at all unless Mr. Right comes along. Just think, dear old boy, if you were ill and couldn't work, we should be up a very tall tree!'

"So it was settled. There were several men whom they knew who had a little influence in stage-land, and between them they found a place for Rosalind in a very small part. With the money so obtained she was enabled to attend a School of Dramatic Art, where she made many girl friends, and it was through one of these that she met Brunton. Brunton was an idler, cursed with a comfortable competence. He did nothing useful, and the old adage about idle hands and the Devil, came true in his case. Thomas did not know him. In fact, he hardly knew of his existence till the engagement was announced. There was no doubt that Rosalind had altered her lover's life; it was this sense of power that made her love him. Her maternal instinct yearned over this young scapegrace, and for three years the man kept straight. He gave up drink altogether. Thomas was not pleased, and the more he learned about his antecedents, the less pleased he was.

"Still, the girl had made up her mind, and nothing could shake her. A year after the engagement was announced, they were married. As I said, Brunton kept straight for three years under Rosalind's influence. It was thus two years after they were married that the trouble began. One night Stephen Brunton came home horribly drunk. Rosalind was (*Continued on page 38*)

WILL MY DAUGHTER BE AN AUTHOR?

By ARTHUR B. FARMER
Head of the Psychological Clinic, Memorial Institute, Toronto

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SCIENCE

Mrs. Clara Speight, Humbertson—great energy, endurance and activity indicated in the wide head, the prominent chin, and the large nose, broad and full at the root. The lower part of the forehead shows an observant, scientific type of mind, and the thin lips ability to appeal to the intellect.

A CLEVER man once said that the reason so many want to write is because the reader has no "come back" at them. There is some truth in this; but there are other and more weighty reasons.

We all want and seek some means of self-expression; we have all felt the needs of "talking ourselves out" and we have tried this on one long-suffering friend after another, frequently with the result that the unsympathetic effect produced has caused us to "close up like a clam," and we are turned back, in on ourselves without relief or satisfaction.

But in writing we can "write ourselves out," and the reader has but two choices—to read to the end or throw the letter down, and, usually, curiosity holds him to the last wailing line. If we are one of those who boast that, "I just can't stop writing, my pen simply runs away with me," we yearn for a larger audience, a wider field, in which to exploit our inner selves, and we find it much easier to do this to an unseen and unknown reader than to any one face to face. So we begin mailing manuscripts to unknown editors in the search for an unknown but sympathetic reader.

How Many Words Do You Know?

In literature there are almost as many departments as there are types of mind and of disposition; but in every department, literary work calls for intelligence of a very high order. The writer deals with ideas and seeks to present facts and conclusions in a way that will reach, interest, and influence other minds, and by no other means but the written word. The speaker can reinforce his thought by gesture, attitude, expression of face, tone of voice; but the author must depend on words alone, and should, therefore, spend unlimited time and patience in the mastery of this, his only means of expression.

The English language stands without a rival in the number of words it contains; it is as extensive as almost any other two languages combined; and in view of this wealth of words it is a matter of surprise that the ordinary person finds a mere 300 words amply sufficient for his daily needs and conversation. Place over against this the 30,000 words that are often used by the person of unusual mental capacity and broad experience. What a difference in the subtle shades of meaning, in the variety of expression, those 30,000 words afford!

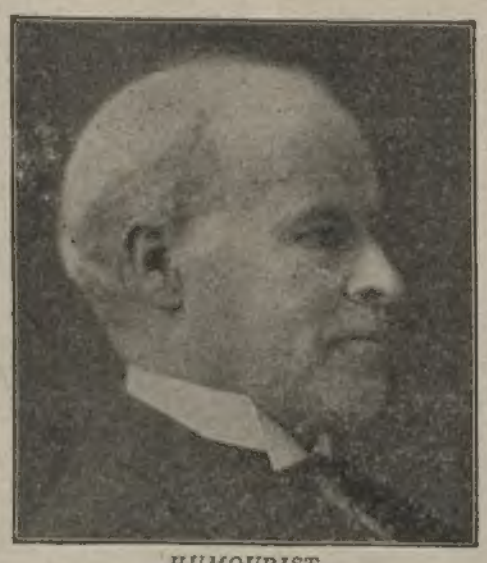
It is often considerd a confession of weakness and an admission of ignorance to use the dictionary, but it has been my experience that men of scholarship and culture are constant students of the dictionary; and my first counsel to any one ambitious of entering the field of literature is to secure the very best dictionary you can, and make it your continual companion. Every time you read, or hear, a word with which you are not familiar, or of whose meaning you are not sure, go to the dictionary, find the word, study it, think about it, until you have made it as much your own as the most ordinary words you commonly use.

Check over, once in a while, the words that you can truthfully say you know in every shade of their meaning. This will probably not be much of a task at first, but if you make it a rule to add even five or six words to your list each day, you will soon have a vocabulary of from 6,000 to 10,000 words, and long before that you will have become so interested in words and their meaning that the tracing of a word will be a keen pleasure and an absorbing pursuit. Very few magazines accept manuscripts from any writer having a vocabulary of less than 6,000 to 8,000 words. How do they know? The fact is plainly written all over the manuscript. Why did the writer use "get" when she meant "receive," and "admittance" when it should have been "admission"?

The power to remember words and to use them with ease is more easily developed by some than by others. More than a century ago Dr. Gall, of Vienna, discovered that this particular power of expression was related to the development of the brain just above and behind the eye; and for this reason persons with prominent eyes find it easier to remember and to use words than those whose eyes are deep-set; but it does not follow that because your eyes happen to be prominent and words come easily that you are, therefore, destined to become a writer. Many persons with prominent eyes are simply verbose, and these wordy writers are finding a smaller and smaller market for their work. To succeed, you must have something to say and be able to say it in clear, concise, well-chosen English.

To Be a Good Writer

The essentials of good writing may be reduced to the idea, the something worth saying; the words with which to express the idea; and the ability to use words to express ideas in a pleasing manner. Readers quickly tire of writing that is jerky in style and unmusical in rhythm. The importance of the musical sense in writing is recognized in poetry, but often overlooked in prose. The thought expressed in a manner that offends the musical sense may be expressed in a more attractive form if it be rewritten and again rewritten. No wiser advice was ever given to the writer than the old maxim that "easy writing makes hard reading and hard writing makes easy reading."



HUMOURIST

J. W. Bengough.—Note the height and breadth of the upper part of the forehead, indicating sympathy, insight, humour and felicity of illustration.

PRIMITIVE POETRY

Robert W. Service.—A fine intellect with plenty of poetic imagination. The square built, muscular type loves the open life of which he writes in such vigorous verse.

NEWSPAPER EDITOR

A. E. Smyth.—Newspaper work calls for extraordinary powers of observation and memory, quick decision and untiring industry. Note the extraordinary development of this head around the eyebrows and the width of the head at the ears.

HISTORIAN

Miss Janet Carnochan.—The high, narrow forehead, full in the centre, indicates the historical writer. The full eyes indicate facility of expression. The large chin and broad face with nose of medium size, give the capacity for patient research.

The article or poem that you dash off in a moment of inspiration, and mail without revision to the patient editor will, in all probability, not be read beyond the first half-dozen lines, but the poems and articles you read with so much pleasure that seem to run so smoothly and with so little effort, were written, rewritten, and written again and again, corrected and polished before they were considered good enough to send out for publication. In my own experience a twenty-line statement of argument was written by one man, rewritten by another and then two others spent four hours polishing and improving the use of words in those twenty lines before the meaning intended was expressed in the best possible manner.

Tennyson was once asked if he could have expressed the thought contained in a certain line of one of his poems in any other way. "Probably not," he said, "I smoked only seventeen cigars writing that line."

The patience and the thoroughness that are needed by the writer who will write and rewrite, change and correct, review and polish, calls for powers of both body and mind much above the ordinary. Persons of weak vitality find the close mental application and confinement, that are necessary, very trying, and are usually able to do but a few hours of really good work each day. The writer of the active, energetic, muscular type, while often vigorous, is frequently lacking in the finish that is required in the higher order of literary work. No less important than patience and thoroughness is the ability to criticize, impartially and correctly, one's own work; this calls for a fine artistic sense.

Can You Arrange Your Ideas?

To vocabulary and style must be added the ability to arrange ideas in a form and sequence readily grasped by the reader, and this requires the same mental ability as that needed by the inventor in designing a new machine and by the architect in planning a building. Ingenuity and originality in the arrangement of materials is of the highest importance if one's writing is to be effective, but even with a high order of inventive genius there is need for great patience and much labour before one's work is ready for the critical eyes of an editor. Amateurs, and many who have passed beyond that stage, should remember that "genius is a capacity for taking infinite pains;" your possibilities and prospects in the field of literature may well be measured by the number of hours you can spend in correcting and improving a single page.

Thus far we have spoken chiefly of language and the expression of thought; facility and skill in these come only with labour, time and patience. But more important than all is the something to say. Of greatest importance in all writing is the thought. Thought, of course, unless properly expressed, is dead, but the finest jewelled English, no matter how pleasingly it may fall on the ear, counts for nothing, except it be a means of conveying a thought worth while. The whole problem of authorship is to find something worth saying and to put it into a form that will give pleasure and delight in the reading. To do this the writer must be a student of human nature, a keen observer, and given to analysis of thought and action; he must have a personal interest in life, a love of nature, sense of justice, insight into character, vivid imagination, and the power to feel deeply and strongly every human emotion, for only as thought is coloured and enriched by feeling will it ever appeal to the minds and hearts of those who read.

FICTION

L. M. Montgomery—a face of balance and refinement. The smooth high forehead shows love of stories and sympathetic perception, the height and squareness above the temples and the arched eyebrows suggest poetic feeling and artistic taste, while the full eyes show facility of expression.

The power to feel! To those who realize how precious is this attainment all fortune is good fortune, even misfortune is to be welcomed as an opportunity for acquiring a wider and richer experience of life, a deeper understanding of all that others feel. To suffer without being crushed develops the character, refines the personality and brings one into closer touch with the great heart of humanity. Without this human touch the written word is powerless; charged with feeling the written word may not only hold and inform the mind but awaken the soul and inspire the will to action.

The Five Things Needed

Shakespeare, the greatest poet, dramatist, historian, and all-round writer that the world has ever seen, has a head showing the five points I have emphasised: head unusually long from the ears forward; forehead, high, broad, smooth, and well rounded—a magnificent intellect; eyes prominent, giving the ability to remember and the facility in using words; well developed chin showing endurance, and the form of face that goes with an unusual capacity for mental work. The head is high and broad above the ears and at back part of crown indicating, not merely a desire for publicity, but the ambition that becomes a real, consuming desire for attainment; the generally well developed and well rounded appearance gives the capacity to touch the emotional life of man on every side.

The principal fields in the literary world are the magazine and newspaper. Newspaper work offers opportunities for the beginner to earn a little money and to gain valuable experience. The right place to begin is one of the simpler forms of reporting. Too often beginners think they should write editorials and that their effusions should be double-spaced on the editorial page.

Shorthand and typewriting, while not absolutely necessary, are of very great value to any one wishing to succeed in any line of literary work. After three or four years' practice and experience, a person of good ability who has "a nose for news," and a gift of narration and description will usually earn from $15.00 to $30.00 a week; when, and if, capable of handling more important assignments she may get, perhaps, $40.00 to $50.00. Those whom the city editor considers fit to assign to book reviews, to report lectures and exhibitions have a splendid chance to learn the public taste and may become contributors to other papers and perhaps magazines.

The editorial chair, to which the beginner always aspires, requires the very highest degree of ability, both literary and executive. The editor must be a manager; he must understand human nature, that he may assign to each in his employ that work for which she is best suited: the sporting reporter is a failure at garden parties, and the woman who writes entertainingly of the election that returned the first woman representative to Parliament, is seldom any use in the Household Department. Add to this that he must keep peace between rivals for choice assignments and it is readily seen that his position is no sinecure. He must be a critic, severe, unrelenting, but just, firm and discerning. He must have a retentive memory to keep in mind valuable information regarding all important matters attracting public attention; to remember what has already appeared in the paper, thus avoiding repetition and contradiction; to guard against the imposition of those who would submit matter as original that has already appeared in print; to keep in touch with the leaders of thought that he may call on their resources of knowledge and judgment when needed. Because of the high requirements of the position, really great editors are very few and very far between.

The Magazine and Short Story

The magazine presents a wide field for a large number of persons of many and varied tastes. The articles, as a rule, are written by specialists each in her (Continued on page 47)

"Whoopee folk!" burst in Dick. "I beat you to it, old fellow. You'll have to find another girl for your job!"

A CONTRACT FOR LIFE

By DOROTHY PIERCE LEHMAN

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

I AM not strong on creed, that is, the orthodox creeds. I rarely get through the Apostle's without mumbling or trailing along behind my neighbour, but all my life I've believed so strongly one precept that it has come to be one—no, *the* article of my faith.

I've seen so much of fitting round pegs into square holes that if a child of mine, (purely figurative, since I'm just a big, gaunt, old maid), as I said, if a child of mine should manifest an unmistakable talent for pushing a hand organ through the streets, I'd hustle around lively to get a monkey to complete the outfit, and start him out with my blessing.

Dick is a living monument to the saneness of my theory; modesty forbids any mention of myself. I was destined to be a school-teacher, but gave destiny the slip, and painted china instead. To be sure, I painted dozens of pot-boilers in the shape of inane bread and butter plates with forget-me-nots and wild roses galore; but it was brother Dick's pot I was boiling, so it was justifiable. The call of Paris and the Ecole des Beaux Arts was stronger than the voice of a mediocre shystering law-practice, so he went.

Now that he is a big, prosperous young architect, the bread and butter plates have gone to their well-earned rest, and my fancy runs riot in wonderful pieces of symbolic colour and meaning that people may buy or leave, as they choose; strange they always choose to buy so much more readily when necessity no longer drives my brush. I'd like the tongues of men and angels when I see my theory scorned and violated, but my wrath always gets the better of me and I must boil in unconvincing silence. When I look at Virginia Ainsworth in her pampered helpless widowhood, sacrificing her three daughters to her own selfishness and the little god of convention, words fail. It was bad enough to see Edith's good nature and Grace's good looks going in the grind of the school-room, but when brown-haired Betty, just out of high school, was the next, it was more than I could stand. Teaching, to Mrs. Ainsworth, meant the quickest, surest way, regardless of any special aptitude or fitness, of getting returns for what she, so feelingly, reminded the girls she had spent on their education.

In the days before my city studio was a possibility, I painted in a little room in Hillsdale, overlooking the Ainsworth back yard, and the glint of the sun on Betty's brown curls had warmed the cockles of my heart (whatever they are) many a time when things looked blue and Dick was far away. She fell into the habit of bringing her little girl troubles to me instead of to her mother who was too busy to listen to her, busy treasuring a beauty that had been faded these fifteen years gone.

I hadn't seen Betty since early summer when she had tremulously announced her mother's decision about the school.

With October came my yearly desire to get out to the fields and woods, so out to Hillsdale I went. I had the perfectly good excuse that I wanted some milk-weed for a wonderful vase I was painting. I could see their silvery down and gray-green pods against the background of sunset hues; but I knew, too, that I wanted to refresh my nostrils with the tang of the wild crab-apples that were falling in the thicket at the foot of Trevor's Hill, and to watch the patriarch red squirrel gather his hickory nuts on the hillside beyond.

When I got to Hillsdale, I walked straight out the mill road from the station. It was getting late afternoon, and I should have no time to spare. Just when I was thinking that I shouldn't like to miss the rustle of the frost-nipped leaves and the strange homing sense that always comes to me with the fall eventide, I came to the crab-apple thicket and Betty Ainsworth with her head down on the old rail fence, her slim young body shaken with big sobs. At my exclamation of surprise, Betty raised her head and accepted my presence as naturally as though I had been dropped from the skies to be her special comforter. It came out in little sobbing, broken bits of woe.

"It's that d—dreadful school, Caroline! I can't do things right. Everyone talks p—pedagogy and psychology and I don't know what they're talking about. It's so stuffy and chalk-dusty and Mattie Reeves can't get long division!" And a little whimsical Betty-smile came out for an instant.

"Oh, Caroline, her braids stick straight out, she works so hard, and I think I must be as stupid as she, for I don't know how to help her and"—another big shivery, choky sob—"Mother says it's the only respectable thing for girls to do and I just mustn't give up. If I *only*," desperately, "had some talent!"

"You have, Betty," I said, glad of the chance for a moment to think. "You can—"

"Oh, Caroline dear," with a shaky laugh, and quick as ever to forget her troubles, "I know it's going to be the muffins. But what's the good of a talent with no commercial value, I can't peddle muffins about Hillsdale; but come on home with me and I'll exercise my lone talent in your behalf. Mother's at a Guild Meeting, and Grace and Edith are writing a paper for a teacher's convention, so I'll have to get supper. There'll be muffins and strawberry jam and puffy omelet and orange pekoe in that thinnest cup that you like so well."

It sounded alluring as only Betty's soft, coaxing. little voice could make it sound. I'd almost forgotten my milkweed and the last train was at five-thirty, with Dick waiting for me in the studio.

Besides, a plan was beginning to form in my brain, but all I said was: "No, Betty, I don't think I'll go with you to-night; I have half an idea that we can beat this teaching business and I want to get home and start things."

"Oh, Caroline," with a long, blissful sigh and never a question as to what it was, "do you suppose Mother would let me do it?"

"Mother be hanged!" was what I wanted to say, but instead I said, most diplomatically: "I think I'd better interview your mother, Betty, so you had better contrive to be gone from ten until twelve Saturday morning, and I'll run out again."

I left Betty at her gate after she had darted up to the side verandah for a few sprays of frosty blue-berried woodbine to give me.

DICK was lounging in the dusk of the studio when I let myself in and growled something about being hungry enough to eat a "mule stuffed with firecrackers," but I went straight to the telephone, turning on the light so that I could read Professor Sidway's number.

"Professor Sidway?" I asked, although I knew his voice at once—I just wanted to hear Dick's snort.

"Yes, this is Miss Marsh. I wish you could find time to call to-morrow. This evening? Well—let me see—('Dick, how long will it take to go down to the Venetian for a bite of dinner?') Dick's information took the form of inarticulate mumblings, so I settled the matter myself.

"Hello—I think I may say eight-thirty, Professor. Good-bye."

"Now, Dicky boy, calm yourself," I said to the biggest, strappingest piece of manhood I knew. "Your old-maid sister has no matrimonial designs on Professor Sidway. She is just acting as understudy to Providence. You remember that little Betty Ainsworth who was so desperately afraid of your old Mac dog? Well, her mother has her cooped up trying to teach a lot of wooden-headed urchins things she's very shaky on herself, and it's simply killing her, that is, killing the real live, fun-loving Betty. The only thing the child can do is cook, she must have inherited it from her Irish grandmother. I've heard that they want an assistant for the domestic science teaching, and I'm trying to get Betty the job. Of course, she hasn't any training, but it seems they just want a young girl who can actually do things; and for the practical side of it, Betty can't be beaten. Now, young man, if you understand, I'll borrow your expression and suggest that we 'beat it' for the Venetian. The professor will be here at half-past eight."

Dick, mollified by the explanation, muttered something about having seen a good deal of that "old gink" hanging round of late, and mumbled a few threats about what he'd do to any man trying to get his sister; all very unnecessary for no phalanx of suitors waited just outside our door to nab a china-painting spinster of thirty-eight. Yet, I didn't look so bad when Dick had hooked me into a gray chiffon frock just the colour of my eyes, and I had pinned on a cluster of Betty's blue woodbine berries.

WE got back from dinner to find Professor Sidway on our steps, and we went in together. Talk of dragon-like chaperon! Dick would star in that role. We had been walking briskly in the cool fall air and I know my colour must have been pretty good, and frost always does make the curls come out around my ears, but Dick wouldn't give the professor time for more than one glance. His errand was business, and Dick ensconced himself with his pipe in his big old chair, resolved to see that he attended to that business. It all worked out beautifully, however, except that the position wouldn't be open before, possibly, the second half-year.

"You see," the professor explained, "we are putting in some new equipment to accommodate the extra class of girls. Until that is installed, Miss Gleason will have no real need of an assistant. If your young friend could retain her present position until the holidays, we shall be ready for her."

With that matter settled, Professor Sidway started out to make himself entertaining. Dick was drawn in by a remark he let fall about Paris, and when he closed the door on the professor at eleven o'clock, it was his with official sanction "clever old chap!" Does forty-five seem so patriarchal to twenty-seven, I wonder?

My enthusiasm waned a little by Saturday morning, when I counted that Betty would have at least forty-eight more days of slow torture in that school-room, and on my way out to Hillsdale, I decided that relief must be immediate. The jerky suburban train must have joggled my brain cells into unusual activity, for my plan was ready when I got out at the station. Of course, Virginia Ainsworth looked on it with the amount of common-sense that one might expect from her. When I proposed that Betty should come to me as cook until the professor's position was open, I don't think she could have experienced a deeper humiliation if Betty had been tendered a berth in the almshouse or jail, but Betty herself clinched my arguments when she came in from a self-imposed errand and found me still there.

"Be your really cook, Caroline," she cried joyfully, "in that dear little kitchen! Oh, may I, Mother?"

Mother gave a grudging consent, and I warned Betty that she would find "that dear (*Continued on page 49*)

THE FIGHT THAT DEFEATED RACE TRACK GAMBLING

The Most Profitable Business in Canada

By ELIZABETH BECKER

An actual photograph of three typical race track gamblers in the act of "coaxing" their horse past the winning post. This class of men—once thrifty business men—were quickly degraded by race track influence.

Winning the race. A few men would win money, but the vast majority selected the wrong horse, for even the surest tips are untrustworthy. The only certainty about a horse race is its uncertainty.

A GLORIOUS day of tingling, spangling, spring sunshine, a perfect oval of emerald turf and, fluttering here and there like a bevy of early butterflies, an ever increasing crowd of smartly and gaily gowned women and a still larger crowd of men. Old men, young men, middle-aged men, men in the smartest of racing toggery, men who look as though they wore a suit only once, but a very long once, men who bear the hall mark of gilded youth, men showing the marks of toil, men with the keen face of the Anglo-Saxon financier, men with the crafty face of the foreign financier, shrewd men with a Yankee drawl, and important personages with the stamp of authority in every movement. Everywhere an air of expectation and of suppressed excitement, until there enters on the scene the reason for it all—a string of thoroughbred race horses, ridden by jockeys, gorgeous in the colours of the stables they represent. Many exclamations over the good points and the records of the entries are heard; but they are certainly far from beautiful, these gaunt, rangy, long-legged, long pedigreed creatures.

The horses are lined up to the tape, the starter cracks his pistol and they are off, some to a very good start, others wasting time fretting at the nearness of other horses. The field soon strings out, each trying for first place and working up to his best gait; and in a few minutes two have so far outdistanced the others as to have the field practically to themselves. The interest is intense. The crowd on the lawn cheers and the packed grand stand rises as one person to watch every movement of the flying horses. Finally a head shoots under the tape half a length ahead of the horse he has raced, side by side, for the last half mile. The audience goes mad with excitement, cheering the winner to the echo as he skims along. The horses are trotted back at a leisurely pace; the jockeys slip off to be weighed, and the horses, carefully blanketed, are led away looking like the weary steeds of the ancient crusaders, who went forth, not to win a race, but to rescue a nation.

This was the original race meet; a gathering of sportsmen and their friends to see the races run for varying purses and cups put up by equine admirers; but the greed of commercialized sport, that pollutes all it touches and sees in a horse race only a means of getting easy money from dupes, degraded this once legitimate amusement until it became so serious a menace to the morals of the people, that those awake to its blighting influence, secured action to prohibit the gambling that had become the chief feature of the races—a prohibition that is in force only for the duration of the war.

The fight is against the gambling and not against the sport. The race track and the jockey club were known in Greece 2,500 years ago, and for over twenty centuries the Arab has given a loving care to his horse that is usually bestowed only on human beings, while in England and America the sport has flourished for more than two hundred years; and yet the promoters of the races state, in all seriousness, that without betting, either with book men or the betting machine, the race course and the thoroughbred would soon disappear.

Mr. W. E. Raney, who fought the race track gambling, tooth and nail.

Horse Racing an Old Amusement

Germany has long been notorious for its lotteries and its other forms of gambling. With their usual thoroughness in making everything profitable, even vice, their race tracks are public institutions, under state regulation. In 1911, the betting machines took in seven and a half million dollars, of which the State took one-sixth as a tax. Both horse racing and gambling have for many years flourished in France, and finding it necessary to regulate the gambling, the Pari-Mutuel system of betting was established there in 1891. This system replaced the disreputable system of book-making on the majority of Canadian tracks.

Nor is horse racing a new thing in America. In South Carolina, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, race week was a great event, and it was quite without the vices of the races of to-day. Dr. Irving, the secretary of the famous South Carolina Jockey Club, describes the occasion thus: "The best idea we can give of the moral influence of race week is to state that the courts of justice used daily to adjourn and all schools were regularly let out as the hour for starting the horses drew near; with one consent the stores in Broad and King Streets were closed; in fact, it was no uncommon sight to see the most venerable and distinguished dignitaries of the land, clergymen and judges, side by side on the course, taking a deep interest in the animated scene around them."

While betting is not new in America, the book-maker was unknown until about thirty years ago in the United States His rise and fall have taken place in this time, and now Maryland and Kentucky are the only States of the Union that permit this form of gambling.

If we believe, with Matthew Arnold, that the aim of all true education is to help men to see clear and think straight, "then," said Mr. W. E. Raney, K.C., who appeared in support of the Miller Bill before the House of Commons in 1910, "a law that makes a given act lawful here and to-day, and criminal elsewhere and at another time, will not help men to see clear and think straight. Such a law confuses ideas of right and wrong and tends toward mental and moral anarchy. It causes the average man to inquire, as did the York County Grand Jury in 1909:

"'Why is it any more wrong to place a bet in a cigar store than on a race track? Is it because fashionable society are the offenders oft-times there, or is it because the wealth represented in these institutions has terror for the law-makers?'"

"When we learn of the dishonesty, the hardship, that comes on many a home through the folly of the father or mother, the disgrace which follows many a young person's get-rich-quick efforts; when, worst of all, we awaken to the tolerance of public opinion to institutions which have so outraged public sentiment in other countries that they have completely prohibited them, we fear not only for the good name of our fair country, but for the moral honesty, without which no nation can maintain her prosperity and her safety."

The Outlaws Enter Canada

Canada has always rather prided herself on maintaining a higher moral tone than some of her neighbours, but while she was thanking the Lord that she was not as other nations, unjust, usurers, and gamblers, the enemy had accomplished her downfall. In 1894 the States of New York and Michigan enacted legislation prohibiting the business of race track gambling. Driven out of these states, the neighbouring country where no such law existed presented a convenient and safe harbour for all pirate gamblers who chose to prey on her people, and in 1895 the race tracks at Fort Erie and Windsor were estab- (Continued on page 42.)

A line of gamblers waiting to place bets. Each is certain he is now going to make his everlasting fortune.

Operating the pari-mutuel machine. These machines registered the bets and were regulated by the Government.

"What a rotten little hole this is," said Tony savagely. "The women are all cats!"

"I suppose you know that the—ah—cats have hung your scalp at her belt," returned Mrs. Shane, mockingly. "Does she say 'yes' or 'no'?"

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

By ISABEL PATERSON

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX

New Readers Begin Here

DREAMY, and living much in the dreams she fashioned from the old romances she read, Hope Fielding lived in a world unreal, but real to her.

To her father's lonely ranch in Alberta came three strangers, talking of the railroad that was coming through; one of these, Conroy Edgerton, who had a daughter about Hope's age, sent her a box of chocolates. When the railroad did come, Mr. Fielding, who was a path-maker and not a money-maker, moved back farther north.

Hope was ambitious and needed money to pay her way through the Normal School. She went to the city and engaged as housemaid in a hotel where Evan Hardy—one of the men—was boarding. Here Conroy Edgerton came and she recognized him instantly. He was interested and they met a few times. Jim Sanderson—a boarder—had been pursuing Hope for months and finding her alone made himself so objectionable that she knocked him down with the butt of a revolver. Then she left the hotel and went home.

Hope taught school and found life flat and unprofitable; she made friends with Mary Dark and Mrs. Patton, and with Allen Kirby, who happened to be Edgerton's chauffeur. He took her motoring until Edgerton came—then Edgerton took her. Edgerton offered to send her to college but Hope refused. Ned Angell took her to the Tennis Club dance, where she met Tony Yorke. She also saw Jim Sanderson, but kept her self-possession and appeared not to recognize him.

Hope and Mary Dark took rooms together, and presently Hope became engaged to Tony, but the engagement was not announced. Mr. Edgerton's daughter, Emily, came to visit her father and after a dinner at Mrs. Shane's paid her duty call, meeting Tony again.

CHAPTER XI.

"AVIN fizz, quick, Tony," said Mrs. Shane, yawning and stretching out a trim pair of ankles. "She's a darling child—but ten minutes more and I'd have expired. *Dio mio*, to think that ten years ago I was just like her!"

"The grace of God has stretched a long way in ten years," said Tony cryptically, going to the sideboard. She smiled vaguely, losing the allusion. When she smiled, Cora Shane was singularly sweet. The ten years seemed to melt into the dimple at the corner of her red mouth; the curve of her cheek was flawless; even her bulk—she was a large woman—only gave her an infantile softness. And her lovely, lucent, sapphire eyes seemed to gather a tender light. One forgot that she had an ugly nose and no waistline.

"Oh, yes," she assented, musing. "Really, really, I was the *nicest* child— By the way, any progress?"

"Nothing new," said Tony. "Didn't friend husband report?"

"Yes, but you saw Edgerton afterward. Pull hard, Tony. It means Europe for me. I don't want to wait three years, as I must if this falls through. Besides, I'd like to see you win."

"It's good to have a friend," said Tony, and, as she took the foaming glass, kissed her wrist. It was only his way; she knew it—but she liked it.

"How I'll hate to give you up, Tony," she sighed.

"Well! Is Lent approaching?"

"Oh, don't be stupid. I was just thinking ahead. This will cut your rope; you'll go away too, or marry. High time you did, and stop philandering. Seen Miss Fielding lately?"

She prided herself on her bluntness. And she did not miss the quick, calculating look he flashed at her.

"Oh, twice a day or so," he assured her jestingly. "Rather *apropos des bottes*, aren't you? You do get the weirdest hunches, Cora."

"I thought you might have, with the Edgertons," pursued Mrs. Shane coolly. "What do you make of that, anyway?"

"Of what?"

She shrugged. "Oh, you know what people are saying. A man in his position, too! Men are all fools."

"Guilty in general," said Tony. He was gazing at a pattern of the wall-paper. "But do be more explicit. Who's been doing what?"

"Really, how should I know? Eleanor Travers was here yesterday, and was absolutely up a tree about the invitations for their dance next week—you're going, of course. Some one has said something. Wanted to know if she should ask Miss Fielding. She has to ask the Edgertons, and Mary Dark, and Lisbeth Patton. Either way, she's afraid of committing a *betise*. I told her I'd ask the devil if I wanted. But I only shocked her." She laughed.

"But what did she hear?" asked Tony gravely.

"I tell you I don't know. Jim Sanderson has some story; says he used to know her—"

"Jim?" said Tony, darkening. "Did he tell you so?"

"No. I had it all second, third, fourth hand. You ask him. And she goes out in Edgerton's car."

"What a rotten little hole this is," said Tony savagely, because she did go out in Edgerton's car. Had he not seen her once? "She goes out with Miss Dark sometimes. In the motor, I mean. And she's known him for years. There's a clever girl, that Miss Dark. I believe she could almost swing this deal for us. The women here are all cats—saving your presence, ma'am." He wanted to turn it off lightly. And he wanted to hear more, if more there were.

"Oh, well, I have nothing against her," conceded Mrs. Shane handsomely. "She seems a queer little waif; I've never heard her say a word but yes and no. Ned Angell led us to expect an intellectual prodigy. And of course you know the—ah—cats have hung your scalp at her belt. Does she say yes *or* no?"

"Both, as you observed," returned Tony promptly, his surface unruffled. "Damn the cats!" So he sold her, with that kiss on Mrs. Shane's wrist ten minutes before. "She *is* clever, really; sketches the quaintest things."

"Why couldn't she turn the trick for you," asked Mrs. Shane amiably, "if Mary Dark won't? And then there's still another chance."

"Show it to me," said Tony.

"I said it was time you married. There's Emily. What more could you ask?" She studied him covertly.

"Cora, you will absolutely drive me to a blush," said Tony equably. He was inwardly conscious of a slight exasperation, a feeling that Cora was capable of forgetting good taste. "I could ask no more, and should get a great deal less. Why are you so set on springing the fatal trap on me? What have I done to *you*?"

"Stolen my young heart," said Cora, with a ringing laugh. "Never mind; at my age it isn't serious. But if you had sat out three dances with me the first time I saw you, heaven knows—"

He reddened.

She said no more. But, after he had gone, she was distinctly irritable, pondered over her dinner, and snubbed her husband until he took himself off to the club. And her own idle suggestion took root in her mind. Emily Edgerton—why not? Could he be such a fool as to be thinking seriously of Hope Fielding? A little outsider! That was her grievance, crystallised. Those who credited the report that she had a deeper right than mere friendship over Tony forgot how exquisitely selfish (*Continued on page 36*)

Demonstrating a fire rescue. Girl Guides are thoroughly trained for such hazards

THE NEW PERFECT WOMANHOOD DEVELOPMENT

How the Girl Guide Movement Promises a New Race of Canadian Women

By G. C. MARY WHITE

Carrying a disabled comrade in a stretcher improvised with a blanket and two broom handles

KING SOLOMON'S assurance that "there is no new thing under the sun" was given unique emphasis when a man, a young man, with perceptions yet undulled, found a parallel between the "virtuous woman" of whom the wise king sang so beautifully and the ideals of the Girl Guide movement.

Conversation has drifted from one thing to another, as it so often does, one day at the tea hour not long ago till, finally, a little group of women settled into a serious talk upon the Guide movement. The men of the party were for the moment forgotten, and there was a little gasp of astonishment when the young man referred to, broke in on the discussion demanding to know if it were really true that the Guides are taught to be the good wives, mothers and housekeepers he had overheard one of the ladies declare they were. "If they are it isn't the new-fangled nonsense of drill and all the rest of it I thought it was and I shan't try to stop my sister joining it," he said, handsomely.

Someone quoted for his benefit a sentence or so from a pamphlet issued by Headquarters Office, 22 College Street, Toronto, which says that the aim of the movement is "to make girls more capable in womanly arts—cooking, washing, sick-nursing, the care and management of children that they may be better mothers and guides to the next generation, and, finally someone else produced the Ten Commandments of the Guides, the first of which declares, "A Guide's honour is to be trusted." He studied the slip for a while and then looked up with a whimsical smile.

"Sounds as if the system might produce a sort of Solomon's 'virtuous woman,' doesn't it? 'Heart of her husband doth safely trust in her' kind of thing, you know."

Only one or two in the little party caught his allusion, but one of those, when she went home, looked up the last chapter of Proverbs, that wonderful Book which lies, in our English Bible, between the Psalms of David and the "Song of Songs", and fascinatedly drew comparisons between the "virtuous woman" as Solomon pictured her there and the woman who would naturally develop from the girl who has kept the Guide laws.

A Guide, she found, promises "on her honour" to be loyal to God and the King; to keep herself pure in thought, word and deed; to perform, when possible, every trust committed to her charge, and to be tender and kind to all living creatures. That is the way the Guide law fits the eleventh verse of that wonderful chapter of Proverbs, and you who may, with her, compare King Solomon's ideal and the girl that the Guide law aims to produce will find, all along, the same close parallel.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness," is the poetic phrasing of the twenty-seventh verse, and akin in spirit though differing in letter, is the tenth law, "A Guide is thrifty." And she is taught to be so not only that she may have wherewith to keep herself but that she "may have to give to him that needeth."

"A Guide is a friend to all, no matter to what social class they may belong." This is the fourth of the Guide commandments, and in the "Handbook for Guides," this law is amplified by a reminder that a Guide must never be a snob, for a snob is one who looks down upon another because she is poor, or who is poor and resents another because she is rich. A Guide is like Mr. Kipling's Kim—"Little friend to all the world!"

Exquisitely did King Solomon touch on these same essentials of gentle breeding—"She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

Solomon even forged a weapon of defense against those—and their name is Legion—who contend that the Guide movement is unfeminine.

"I am quite sure that the writer of the Proverbs never mentioned 'Athletics' when he was speaking of a nice woman," said one of the objectors the other day, when she happened to hear that Biblical light was being thrown on her pet aversion.

"No, perhaps he didn't use the word 'athletics,' but he does say of his perfect woman that, 'she girdeth her loins with strength and strengtheneth her arms.' And I have no doubt at all that Solomon would say that a girl could do both more effectually to-day by rambling through the woods, and learning the ways of God's beasts and birds, by swimming and by doing the many other wholesome things required of a first-class Guide than by sitting playing bridge in someone's drawing-room, from which the golden afternoon sunshine has been shut by heavy window curtains."

King Solomon who sang of the glories of spiritual love in the days when "love" meant little beyond the passing passion for a pretty face, more than once placed woman, like a jewel, in a perfect setting in surroundings of the out-of-doors. In his "Song of Songs" the beloved is compared to the loveliness of the garden wherein they linger, and so exquisite is she that he dreams of her birthplace as being beneath the apple boughs. So when he speaks of the 'virtuous woman whose price is far above rubies," it is not strange that he should sing also of her as one who has bought a field which she has "considered" and found desirable and as "planting a vineyard with her hands."

Guides wearing badges of proficiency won by passing severe tests. The third from the left is Silver Fish, having won all honours attainable

Again, the happy parallel. Last year, when the first warning went out over the country, sent by the wise men who foresaw the food shortage of this year, little companies of Guides heeded that warning wherever possible. Young girls, busy with their school, busy sometimes helping their families by wage-earning outside the home as well as by helpfulness within it, could not hope, at the sudden call, to grow many bushels of potatoes, many pecks of tomatoes, many quarts of beans. But what they could do they did and many dollars made from a corner of the home garden or from plots of vacant land given them by sympathisers with their practical patriotism, came into the Guide treasury for the wants of the soldiers overseas.

THIS year the Guides all over Canada turned themselves definitely to production and by the end of May, Miss Mairs, General Secretary, had received word at Headquarters that almost every company and patrol throughout the Dominion had land under cultivation. And these girls are working, not in any haphazard, amateurish way, but under experienced gardeners, so that their labour will not be merely a labour of love and patriotism, but labour which will be crowned in harvest by the joy of bringing in the sheaves.

INDEED, thoroughness, if it is not one of the Guide laws, is one of the universal practices. This was illustrated a year ago at one of the Guide fetes held at "Casa Loma," the home of the Chief Commissioner for the Canadian Guides, Lady Pellatt. Twilight was falling; the audience which had covered the green lawns was moving off, and various companies of the Guides had broken formation and were surrounding the heroines of the day, the members of the particular company which had been enacting a fairy play written by their captain. Into the babel of laughter and praise the voice of an official from Headquarters broke with the word that a brooch had been lost in the grounds. Instantly the captain of the play-actresses stood stiffy at the salute and all her youthful company straightened up like soldiers on parade. Then the captain's clear young voice rang out,

"No. — company, organize a search party, and don't just look for the brooch, find it."

Scarcely had the command been given and the girls scattered to the search than the lieutenant of a junior company came up.

"Captain ——," said she, "your girls are tired with the play." May the girls of No. — search instead of them?"

"Bravo, the Guides," said the onlooker softly. "Discipline and sisterliness all in one breath."

As it was Solomon who said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," it is not surprising that he gave the impression of a happy woman in his picture. He says in one place, "She shall rejoice," and in another "Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her." Solomon evidently did not associate the perfect woman with a long face nor with grumbling over difficulties. Neither did the founder of the Guides, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, sister of General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, for the 8th Guide law is an order to "smile under all circumstances."

Her religion is expected to play a very real part in the Guide's life and while captains and Guide mistresses are bound "on their honour" not to attempt to influence a girl to change the creed which she professes, they are equally in honour bound to foster in her the true observance of her faith. Her badge, given to her at her very solemn enrolment as a Guide, is called her "life" and this may be taken from her for a day, a week, a year even, or until such time as she does works of sufficient merit to have it restored to her again.

But most of the ethical training of the Guide comes through practical means. "Be prepared" is the Guide motto, and some years ago when Miss Baden-Powell, who was one of those who looked forward and saw that in the not-far-distant future there would be need of women carrying sound minds in sound bodies who would regard all work as sacred, she gathered little groups of girls, and took them with her to the open where the winds of God would blow from them the taint of artificiality which had begun to creep into even the child life of the world, and there, under the guise of games, she nourished love for life's simple things and taught them that laughter must spring from "mirth that has no bitter springs." Gradually the movement spread, crossing to Canada just at the time when home training was at its lowest ebb. It was not so much that girls were unskilled in domesticity—skill might come with experience—but deep in their hearts they had begun to feel that there was degradation in working inside the home, that social advancement and a place in the public eye were the highest good in life, the care of children irksome and that "motherhood was naught."

They know how to enjoy the woods. The woodlands are an open book to them.

THEN the Guide movement appeared, drawing to it thinking women who had longed for some attractive method of bringing Canadian girls to see the true things with clear eyes. The uniform itself was a lure and the semi-military discipline of the Guides carried the suggestion of romance. Not realizing her transformation, the girl slipped little by little from under the shackles of a false environment and into the light-hearted fredom of obedience, and finding that the first fruits of Guide membership were pleasant to the taste she was ready to reach after the later-ripening growths. So one by one, as she grew in womanly grace, she added the badges of proficiency to her arm—the iron which proved she had passed the test as laundress; the scissors which showed she had qualified as a needlewoman, under competent examiners; the two keys proclaiming her knowledge of housekeeping, the spur which showed she was wise in tests of horsemanship; the green cross of the child-nurse graduate; the white cross that proved her skill in the sick room; the gridiron of the past-mistress of kitchen mysteries.

There are many Canadian Guides who have won the all-round proficiency cords for passing seven of the tests mentioned, but so far only one who has attained the "silver fish" the sign of one who has made her way successfully against the stream of difficulties in life and the highest honour a Guide can win. Her badge went with her across the ocean a few short weeks ago, when she left as a bride with her soldier husband, ready to turn her Guide knowledge to whatever service the old land may require of her, and had her fellows known what beautiful tributes to fully-equipped womanhood were to be found in the writings of the poet-monarch they might have transcribed for her the 29th verse of that chapter which we have been studying: "Many daughters have done excellently, but thou excellest them all."

All over Canada the leaven of the Guides is working. There are now about 300 companies, some of them in Nova Scotia by the sea, some in remote corners of the prairie lands of Alberta and Saskatchewan, some in the heart of Old Ontario and Quebec, and some on the Pacific slope. Wherever the movement has been wisely begun, under good and devoted leadership, there are to be found girls growing up to be counterparts of the "virtuous woman whose price was far above rubies," and in days to come there will be no need for written defence or spoken apologia for the Canadian Girl Guides for "their own works will praise them in the gates."

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SHADOWS IN DREAMS

By EVAH McKOWAN

Illustration by CYRIL P. BRADY

AS the city clock struck the hour of five on a late spring afternoon, Jerusha Abbott pushed back the papers on her desk, rose, and opened the office window.

The air that was warm, yet cool, played with her hair and soothed her temples. Idly she watched the traffic below while her stenographer finished and put away the day's work, and her secretary arranged the work to be first attacked in the morning.

When the two had departed, together with the draughtsmen and clerks from the outer office, Jerusha came back to her desk. Outside, the spring called to her. Inside, a mountain of work was calling quite as insistently. The heating plant in the new public library was not working satisfactorily and demanded her immediate attention. The excavation for the Children's Hospital was costing double the amount she had anticipated. Finally, but foremost in her thoughts, the City Fathers had returned her design for the new gateway into the Natural Park; had returned her dignified Ionic design in gray granite, and asked for something to cost less, preferably of cobblestones.

"Cobblestones!" she said aloud. I'll have to see Mascera. I'll take this home and make a design in cobblestones to show him the difference."

She took down the coat of her man-tailored suit, put on her plain but expensive hat and gloves, and emerged into the slanting yellow-gold of the sunlight. Just around the corner her machine was drawn up at the curb—a long, low, imported racing car with untold reserve power, that was, someway, typical of its owner.

As the car wound its way among the congested five-o'clock traffic, she was aware that both she and it were the cynosure of many eyes; aware that townspeople, who had strangers with them, pointed her out.

"That's Jerry Abbott, our rising architect. She has the city council eating out of her hand. They build what she tells them, when she tells them, where she tells them, how she tells them. Don't know how she does it, but she is force personified. Yes, a great car. Cost her five thousand dollars."

To Jerusha, threading her way adroitly, the homage of the multitude was merely a natural phase of her success; merely the earned increment of years of almost dynamic work and ambition.

As she passed the Polson building she was hailed by a well-dressed man emerging from the doorway. She swung her car to the curb, a little surprised.

"Good afternoon, Grant," she said, opening the door for him to enter.

"No thanks, I'll walk for the exercise. But I wanted to ask you to drive with Richard III. and me on Saturday. Can you get off? I've something I want particularly to show you."

"Saturday? Oh, no, I couldn't. Not this week."

"I thought you took Saturday afternoon off."

"I do, officially. But I'm always too busy to plan anything. I could go Sunday, I suppose."

"Sunday, then. Only Saturday always seems more like a holiday; more like truant pleasures."

"Shan't we take the car? I haven't been out to really let it go this year."

"No. We'll drive Richard III. A horse is the only thing for this errand. At ten, then, Sunday morning."

Pursuing her way, Jerusha wondered much at the strangeness of Grant Wetherel's request. He was the only other architect in the young city of Waterford, and of late Jerusha had felt a certain shyness about meeting him, knowing, as she did, that she had encroached greatly into what had once been his territory. She knew the feeling was foolish, for he, man-like was always affable and easy in her presence, but she simply could not help it.

And his errand—what could he want to show her? Did he want to ask her advice about something? But no, his pride would forbid that.

In her exquisitely furnished apartment, she ate a solitary and expensive dinner, served by a solitary and expensive French maid. And all through the meal and her mail and evening paper, curiosity as to the purpose of Sunday's excursion persisted, to be finally crowded out by the matter of the cobblestone gateway.

A brilliant sun shone in a sapphire sky when, on Sunday morning, Richard III. mounted the crest of the long hill leading from Waterford, and, with neck arched as though proud of his task, sped down the road, beating the turf with flying feet.

The two, in the comfortable seat of the trap, settled in deep contentment. The earthy smell of growing things came from the greening fields, mixed at times with the breath of the haws and briars in the fences.

"Penny for your thoughts," she said at length.

He turned and looked at her, and she noticed how steel-blue and straight were his eyes.

"I was wondering what the spring—all this riot of colour and fragrance and song means to you."

"The spring?" she repeated, putting up feminine defences. "For several years it has only meant more buildings and harder work."

HE took her cue. In the silence that followed, she reflected how conversationally safe one always was with Grant.

"I see you're resigning from the school board," he ventured at length.

"Yes. Why?"

He only smiled, and she asked again.

"What do you read in that?"

"Oh, I imagine it must be a new school somewhere. Probably the high school; it's the worst. Am I right?"

"Yes, they're going to put in a new collegiate. I have more than I can do now, but I simply could not sit by and see some firm who have always built cut-and-dried red brick atrocities come in here and inflict that style on us.

He smiled again; "Yes, that would be terrible."

She turned to him impulsively.

"Grant, don't you get it—my dream? A little city nestling among its hills and built of the gray granite quarried from them; shaded with its native trees and paved with its own cement: with all public buildings in harmony, both in design and material, and no false notes anywhere. We've caught it young; why may it not be one of the most beautiful cities in the country, or even in the world?"

"Still," he answered, "while false notes are not desirable, a minor chord here and there but accentuates the beauty of the harmony. And there is such a thing as deadly monotony."

"Nonsense," she said, crisply. "You have been in old Quebec villages, or little towns in England and Normandy. There was monotony, as you call it, in those places. That is, they were all of one material and practically one design. Yet the effect was distinctive and restful. That is what I am after, a town designed with distinction. We have all the materials within our gates. I wonder you didn't get it going before I did."

He shook his head.

"Not I. I'm an individualist. I don't try to iron out an Alberta farmer to fit an apartment, or put a clergyman into a flippant summer cottage. For a lion, I would design a jungle, not a cage. I'm not even ashamed of that big pile I did for the Gregsons on the North Hill Road. It's fitting. They wanted something to shout, 'We have more money than any one else.' It shouts all right, and every one's expectations are fulfilled."

JERUSHA reflected that all the people she knew who lived in Grant's houses were rapturous over the just-what-we-wanted-ness of them.

"I call monotony the crowning sin," he went on. "Every time I drive by the cement village out south, that you designed for Garford, I think of that. Everything is orderly and convenient to the n'th degree. but all individuality is stamped out. The English couple, who love to putter around a rose garden, live in a house of the same size and design as the Dutch neighbour next door who has ten children, each of whom has a different animal pet. I keep saying Smith lives here, and Smith lives here, and Smith lives here, all down the street The one is as sensible as the other."

Jerusha sat very still with her hands clasped tight. Grant Wetherel was the first man in Waterford to criticise her work directly to her. She flashed him a look from her strong, deep, brown eyes.

"No," he said, answering her thought, "I'm not jealous. The only one I envy is the man who owns a beautiful piece of God's earth somewhere, who has his health and the job he was made for, and a wife and children to work for. He is the only successful man. City success, so-called, does not appeal to me."

She was watching him intently.

"Do you know, you were really made for a poet," she told him.

"Even so," he answered, "I think my work can stand all the poetry I can put into it. We don't agree on that; but I certainly did not bring you out to-day to quarrel about it."

"I know," she said. "When is my devouring curiosity to be satisfied?"

For answer he turned in at a gateway with stone pillars, on each side of which were regal Lombardy poplars, and passing her the reins he opened the gate; then, as they drove up the curved, grass-grown gravel drive, her eyes grew wide with delight. The house of blue stone was almost hidden by huge, old trees; the walks were flaggings of the same stone (*Continued on page 30*)

THE ALPINE PATH

The Story of My Career

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of the Island," etc.

(Third Instalment)

At fourteen I wrote "The History of Flossy Brighteyes," the biography of a doll. I couldn't kill a doll, but I dragged her through every other tribulation and then allowed her a happy old age with a good little girl who loved her for the dangers she had passed through and overlooked her consequent lack of beauty.

I HAVE spoken of the time I realized physical pain. My first realization of the mental pain of sorrow came when I was nine years old.

I had two pet kittens, Catkin and Pussy-willow. Catkin was a little too meek and pink-nosed to suit me, but Pussy-willow was the prettiest, "cutest" little scrap of gray-striped fur ever seen and I loved her passionately.

One morning I found her dying of poison. I shall never forget my agony of grief as I watched my little pet's bright eyes glazing, and her tiny paws growing stiff and cold. And I have never laughed with grown-up wisdom at my passionate sorrow over the little death. It was too real, too symbolical! It was the first time I *realized* death, the first time, since I had become conscious of loving, that anything I loved had left me forever. At that moment the curse of the race came upon me, "death entered into my world" and I turned my back on the Eden of childhood where everything had seemed everlasting. I was barred out of it forevermore by the fiery sword of that keen and unforgettable pain.

We were Presbyterians, and went every Sunday to the old Cavendish Presbyterian Church on the bleak hill. It was never a handsome church, inside or out, but it was beautified in its worshippers' eyes by years of memories and sacred associations. Our pew was by a window and we looked out over the slope of the long western hill and the blue pond down to the curving rim of the sandhills and the fine sweep of the blue Gulf.

There was a big gallery at the back of the church. I always hankered to sit there, principally because I wasn't allowed to, no doubt, another instance of forbidden fruit! Once a year, on Sacrament Sunday, I was permitted to go up there with the other girls, and I considered it a great treat. We could look down over the whole congregation, which always flowered out that day in full bloom of new hats and dresses. Sacrament Sunday, then, was to us what Easter is to the dwellers in cities. We all had new hats or dresses, sometimes, oh, bliss, we had both! And I very much fear that we thought more about them than we did about the service and what it commemorated. It was rather a long service in those days, and we small fry used to get very tired and rather inclined to envy certain irresponsible folk who went out while the congregation sang "'Twas on that night when doomed to know." We liked the Sunday School much better than the church services. Some of my sweetest memories are of the hours spent in that old church with my little mates, with our testaments and lesson sheets held in our cotton-gloved hands. Saturday night we had been made learn our catechism and our Golden texts and our paraphrases. I always enjoyed reciting those paraphrases, particularly any that had dramatic lines.

The London *Spectator*, in a very kind review of "Anne of Green Gables" said that possibly Anne's precocity was slightly overdrawn in the statement that a child of eleven could appreciate the dramatic effect of the lines,

"Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day."

But I was only nine when those lines thrilled my very soul as I recited them in Sunday School. All through the sermon following I kept repeating them to myself. To this day they give me a mysterious pleasure and a pleasure quite independent of their meaning.

So ran the current of my life in childhood, very quiet and simple, you perceive. Nothing at all exciting about it, nothing that savours of a "career." Some might think it dull. But life never held for me a dull moment. I had, in my vivid imagination, a passport to the geography of Fairyland. In a twinkling I could—and did—whisk myself into regions of wonderful adventures, unhampered by any restrictions of time or place.

Everything was invested with a kind of fairy grace and charm, emanating from my own fancy, the trees that whispered nightly around the old house where I slept, the woodsy nooks I explored, the homestead fields, each individualized by some oddity of fence or shape, the sea whose murmur was never out of my ears—all were radiant with "the glory and the dream."

I had always a deep love of nature. A little fern growing in the woods, a shallow sheet of June-bells under the firs, moonlight falling on the ivory column of a tall birch, an evening star over the old tamarack on the dyke, shadow-waves rolling over a field of ripe wheat—all gave me "thoughts that lay too deep for tears" and feelings which I had then no vocabulary to express.

It has always seemed to me, ever since early childhood, that, amid all the commonplaces of life, I was very near to a kingdom of ideal beauty. Between it and me hung only a thin veil. I could never draw it quite aside, but sometimes a wind fluttered it and I caught a glimpse of the enchanting realm beyond—only a glimpse—but those glimpses have always made life worth while.

It goes without saying that I was passionately fond of reading. We did not have a great many books in the house, but there were generally plenty of papers and a magazine or two. Grandmother took Godey's Lady's Book. I do not know if I would think much of that magazine now, but then I thought it wonderful, and its monthly advents were epochs to me. The opening pages were full of fashion plates and were a perpetual joy; I hung over them with delight, and whiled away many an hour choosing what frocks I would have if I could. Those were the days of bangs, bristles, and high-crowned hats, all of which I considered extremely beautiful and meant to have as soon as I was old enough. Beyond the fashion pages came the literary pabulum, short stories and serials, which I devoured ravenously, crying my eyes out in delicious woe over the agonies of the heroines who were all superlatively beautiful and good. Every one in fiction was either black or white in those days. There were no grays. The villains and villainesses were all neatly labelled and you were sure of your ground. The old method had its merits. Nowadays it is quite hard to tell which is the villain and which the hero. But there was never any doubt in Godey's Lady's Book. What books we had were well and often read. I had my especial favourites. There were two red-covered volumes of "A History of the World," with crudely-coloured pictures, which were a never-failing delight. I fear that, as history, they were rather poor stuff, but as story books they were very interesting. They began with Adam and Eve in Eden, went through "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," down to Victoria's reign.

THEN there was a missionary book dealing with the Pacific Islands, in which I revelled because it was full of pictures of cannibal chiefs with the most extraordinary hair arrangements. Hans Andersen's Tales were a perennial joy. I always loved fairy tales and delighted in ghost stories. Indeed, to this day I like nothing better than a well-told ghost story, warranted to send a cold creep down your spine. But it must be a real ghost story, mark you. The spook must not turn out a delusion and a snare.

I DID not have access to many novels. Those were the days when novels were frowned on as reading for children. The only novels in the house were Rob Roy, Pickwick Papers, and Bulwer Lytton's *Zanoni;* and I pored over them until I knew whole chapters by heart.

Fortunately poetry did not share the ban of novels. I could revel at will in Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, Scott, Byron, Milton, Burns. Poetry pored over in childhood becomes part of one's nature more thoroughly than that which is first read in mature years can ever do. Its music was woven into my growing soul and has echoed through it, consciously and subconsciously, ever since; "the music of the immortals, of those great, beautiful souls whose passing tread has made of earth holy ground."

But even poetry was barred on Sundays. Then our faithful standbys were Pilgrims' Progress and Talmage's Sermons. Pilgrims' Progress was read and re-read with never-failing delight. I am proud of this; but I am not quite so proud of the fact that I found just as much delight in reading Talmage's Sermons. That was Talmage's palmy day. All the travelling colporteurs carried his books, and a new volume of Talmage's meant then to us pretty much what a "best seller" does now. I cannot claim that it was the religion that attracted me, though at that age I liked the Talmage brand much; it was the anecdotes and the vivid, dramatic word-pictures. His sermons were as interesting as fiction. I am sure I couldn't read them with any patience now; but I owe Talmage a very real debt of thanks for pleasure given to a child craving the vividness of life.

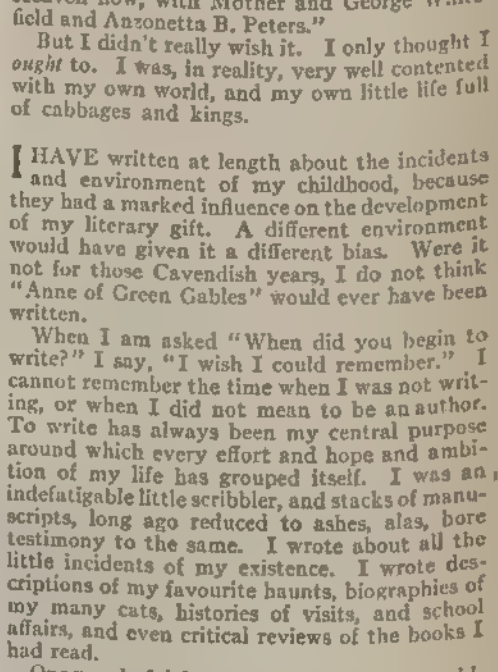
My favourite Sunday book, however, was a thin little volume entitled "The Memoir of Anzonetta Peters." I shall never forget that book. It belonged to a type now vanished from the earth—fortunately—but much in vogue at that time. It was the biography of a child who at five years became converted, grew very ill soon afterward, lived a marvellously patient and saintly life for several years, and died, after great sufferings, at the age of ten.

I must have read that book a hundred times if I did once. I don't think it had a good effect on me. For one thing it discouraged me horribly. Anzonetta was so hopelessly perfect that I felt it was no use to try to imitate her. Yet I did try. She never seemed by any chance to use the ordinary language of childhood at all. She invariably responded to any remark, if it were only "How are you to-day, Anzonetta?" by quoting a verse of scripture or a hymn stanza. Anzonetta was a perfect hymnal. She died to a hymn, her last, faintly-whispered utterance being

"Hark, they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away."

I dared not attempt to use verses and hymns in current conversation. I had a wholesome conviction that I should be laughed at, and moreover, I doubted being understood. But I did my best; I wrote hymn after hymn in my little diary, and patterned the style of my entries after Anzonetta's remarks. For example, I remember writing gravely "I wish I were in Heaven now, with Mother and George Whitefield and Anzonetta B. Peters."

But I didn't really wish it. I only thought I *ought* to. I was, in reality, very well contented with my own world, and my own little life full of cabbages and kings.



My "red letter day" came when I was nineteen and received my first cheque for a short story. I did not squander that five dollars in riotous living, nor invest it in necessary boots and gloves; no, I bought five volumes of poetry with it. I wanted something I could keep forever in memory of having "arrived."

I HAVE written at length about the incidents and environment of my childhood, because they had a marked influence on the development of my literary gift. A different environment would have given it a different bias. Were it not for those Cavendish years, I do not think "Anne of Green Gables" would ever have been written.

When I am asked "When did you begin to write?" I say, "I wish I could remember." I cannot remember the time when I was not writing, or when I did not mean to be an author. To write has always been my central purpose around which every effort and hope and ambition of my life has grouped itself. I was an indefatigable little scribbler, and stacks of manuscripts, long ago reduced to ashes, alas, bore testimony to the same. I wrote about all the little incidents of my existence. I wrote descriptions of my favourite haunts, biographies of my many cats, histories of visits, and school affairs, and even critical reviews of the books I had read.

One wonderful day, when I was nine years old, I discovered that I could write poetry. I had been reading Thompson's "Seasons," of which a little black, curly-covered atrociously printed copy had fallen into my hands. So I composed a "poem" called "Autumn" in blank verse in imitation thereof. I wrote it, I remember, on the back of one of the long red "letter bills" then used in the postal service. It was seldom easy for me to get all the paper I wanted, and those blessed old letter bills were positive boons. Grandfather kept the post office, and three times a week a discarded "letter bill" came my grateful way. The Government was not so economical then as now, at least in the matter of letter bills; they were then half a yard long.

As for "Autumn," I remember only the opening lines:

"Now autumn comes, laden with peach and pear;
The sportsman's horn is heard throughout the land,
And the poor partridge, fluttering, falls dead."

True, peaches and pears were not abundant in Prince Edward Island at any season, and I am sure nobody ever heard a "sportsman's horn" in that Province, though there really was some partridge shooting. But in those glorious days my imagination refused to be hampered by facts. The season had sportsman's horns and so forth; therefore I must have them too.

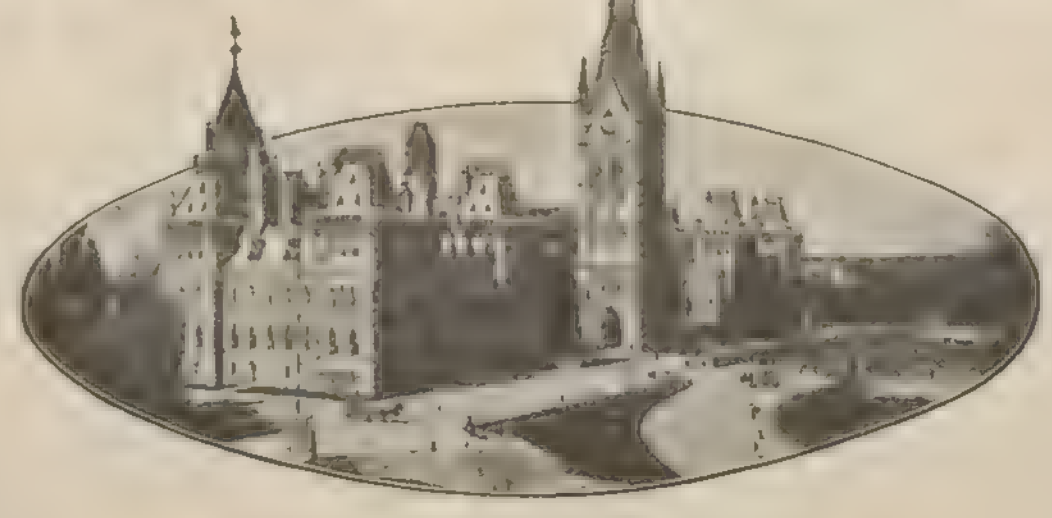
Father came to see me the very day I wrote it, and I proudly read it to him. He remarked unenthusiastically that "it didn't sound much like poetry." This squelched me for a time; but if the love of writing is bred in your bones, you will be practically non squelchable. Once I had found out that I could write poetry I overflowed into verse over everything. I wrote in rhyme after that, though, having concluded that it was because "Autumn" did not rhyme that Father thought it wasn't poetry. I wrote yards of verses about flowers and months and trees and stars and sunsets. And I addressed "Lives" to my friends.

A school chum of mine, Alma M—, had also a knack of writing (Continued on page 32)

My old home at Cavendish, Prince Edward Island, taken from the front. In the grove to the left was our playhouse with the wonderful door that we made ourselves.

NATIONAL SERVICE FOR THE WOMAN

A Page for the Canadian Woman Who Wants to Help the Empire Win The War



Edited by KATHLEEN ELIZABETH STEACY

Serve Your Country Your Country Serves You

WHAT are you doing to serve your country—you woman with the vote?

Every male voter belongs to one party or the other and he votes with his party. And *every male voter advises the woman with the vote to* "KEEP OUT OF PARTY POLITICS."

Party politics is not National Politics. Get into National Politics and strike at the root of the corruption that hampers alike both the Government and the Opposition. Otherwise you are only lopping off the leaves and the branches. The root of the evil is the Patronage System. Do you know what the Patronage System is? Read Professor Wrong's editorial in the July number.

Study politics. "Canadian Civics," by R. S. Jenkins, M.A., is a good little book with which to begin; it gives a good, ground idea of National and Provincial Affairs; 40 cents, post paid, The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, or from The Ontario Citizens' Association, 205 Yonge Street, Toronto. Get "The Federation of Canada," by Professor G. M. Wrong, Sir John Willison, Z. A. Lash, K.C., and President Falconer, issued by the University of Toronto, and published by the Oxford University Press; price, 50 cents. Read "The Dawn of a New Patriotism," by John D. Hunt, Clerk of the Executive Council of Alberta, and published by The Macmillan Co., Toronto; price, $1.00.

Of the older books, Ruskin's "Two Paths," price, 35 cents; Henry George's "Free Trade and Tariffs," price, 40 cents; and Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," price, $1.50, may be had from, or ordered through, all booksellers.

Read these books and judge for yourself. Don't take your politics from husband, lover, son. Remember, men have not made a success of governing the country. Man is in party politics; woman must go into National Politics.

The Canadian Problems Club, previously known as the National Problems Club, is for the purpose of studying National Problems, and numbers both men and women. It has, and is forming, branches all over the country. If there is one near you, join at once. If there is not one in your community, city, or town, write to Professor R. M. MacIver, Medical Building, University of Toronto, Toronto. Professor MacIver will be glad to give you all information, with directions for joining or forming a club. The fees are merely nominal.

Ten Seconds for Safety!

Ten seconds to avoid injury, perhaps death! Stop making cripples—you can't make them whole again. The War is making many cripples, but carelessness has made, and is making, more.

The Workmen's Compensation Board of Ontario deals with accidents that cause a loss in time of one week or more. In 1916 they dealt with 16,192 accidents, all of which happened in 1916, and in addition to this enormous number from 800 to 1,000 cases were left to be adjusted in 1917. A total of about 17,000 for one year. Of these, 256 died and 418 were permanently disabled—nearly 10 per cent. And these are the figures for one province only.

Accidents can be prevented. *One think before an accident is worth a million thinks afterward.* Don't gamble with life and limb. If you lose a hand or foot, you are not worth so much to yourself or your country as though you were whole.

17,000 drivers of motors and other vehicles were watched at an important crossing. Of these 3,300 ran at reckless speed, and 11,815 did not look in either direction to see if a train were coming—they trusted to luck.

Teach children that "hooking" rides on the back of rigs is dangerous: that walking on the railroad track is against the law and common sense: that the roadway is not a skating ground: horses have a right there, children haven't: to cross roads and streets at the crossings—that's why they are there: to turn down boards that have nails pointing up—it may prevent a case of lock-jaw: to look before crossing a street-car or railroad track—cars run on tracks and cannot dodge you.

Ten seconds for safety or a life-time for regret—WHICH?

The Empire's Call to Service

To-day, with Conscription a living reality, a vital necessity, the Empire calls to Canadian women to stand, not back of our men with comforts, sympathy, cheer, hope, but shoulder to shoulder with the soldier in the trenches.

Conscription is not of men alone, but of service—service for the nation. The Empire calls for food, woman must produce that food; the country demands that business go on, woman must do that work; the army must have shells, woman must make them; the nation calls for sacrifice and woman must answer with service.

Conscription rounds up the shirkers from among men, and Conscription must round up slackers from among women. There is work for every woman, every girl, to do.

Don't wait to be asked to do this or that; the real live men and women are too busy to go after you. It's up to you to go after the thing you can do well, and see to it that you are a help and not a hindrance. Don't let self stand in your way, rise higher than self or any selfish consideration.

Sink your petty jealousies, your likes and your dislikes, your shrinkings and your inclinations; *sink yourself in the Nation's Cause!* Don't pass up your opportunity. The call is Empire-wide; the need is world-wide; to-day's opportunity comes but once in history.

Find out what you can do, and do it with all your might, as you would do it if the German were at the gate!

Have You Bought a War Bond Yet?

The Government gives every one—that means you and me—a chance to "do our bit," and if we do not do "our bit" we are quitters, and how shall we face "the boys" when they come home? The Government issues War Savings Certificates for $21.50, $43.00, and $86.00 each; these mature in three years at $25.00, $50.00, and $100.00; that means that the Government pays interest at the rate of 5 2-5 per cent. The Post Office Savings Bank pays 3 per cent.; banks pay 3 per cent. Make 2 2-5 cents on every dollar by buying War Savings Certificates!

But listen! The country pays this interest and "the country" means you and me. You and I pay this interest every time we buy a postage stamp, every time we pay a War tax on anything, and we pay it without getting anything for it, unless we buy a War Savings Certificate ourselves! When we buy these we get 2 2-5 cents on each dollar, above the bank interest, and this helps us pay the extra War taxes. At the end of the first year you may have your money back with interest, if you wish. If you cannot save $21.50 yourself, form a club and make that extra 2 2-5 cents.

The National Service Board are publishing advertisements in newspapers and magazines all through the country showing the necessity of buying National War Savings Certificates and Bonds. Read these carefully and understand for yourself the urgent necessity of loaning your money to the Government. Remember that the Government pays a higher rate of interest than the banks, and that your money is absolutely safe.

Fire a Shot for Germany!

Waste a slice of bread and fire a shot for Germany!

If every one of the 3,600,000 homes in Canada wastes a slice of bread a day weighing about 1 oz. and containing almost ¾ oz. of flour, we are throwing away 2,600,000 ozs. of flour every day. That means that 162,500 lbs. of flour is wasted a day, and at the present price of flour, we throw away $12,992 in flour each day.

Counting 4⅓ bushels of wheat to make a barrel of ordinary flour we waste 3,654 bushels of wheat a day. That little slice of bread we waste may be made up of a crust we thought too hard to eat, of a piece left in the bread box, of the crust cut off of our morning's toast, but no matter how we waste it, it amounts to 3,654 bushels of wheat a day!

Allowing 6 lbs. of flour to make 9 lbs. of bread, this amount of flour would make 243,750 loaves of bread of 1¼ lbs. each!

Read England's message to Canada through the Director-General of Food Economy:

"Canada can help by avoiding waste and decreasing home consumption. If every one in Canada cuts down the daily consumption of bread by one quarter, many thousands of tons would be added yearly to the wheat available for export. Those unable to join Canada's army, whose deathless exploits in themselves added a glorious chapter to the history of the civilized world, can all do their bit by increasing production, or decreasing consumption."

We can cut down our consumption of bread by raising vegetables and using them instead.

But we can cut down our waste by saving that crust of bread!

England is making the waste of any kind of food a punishable offence. How many Canadians would be out of jail if waste were punishable here by imprisonment?

Would you?

The Object of This Page

THE tide of National Service is sweeping the Empire from the centre of its throbbing heart in London to its farthest bounds in the islands of the sea; and we, in this broad and wide, prosperous and resourceful Dominion are not behind in our wish to accomplish, in our desire to "do our bit."

Woman is serving the Empire well—in recruiting, in caring for the soldier, in giving of her best. But in these great works, which are most imperative, others equally important have been neglected.

The Government is now bringing these less imperative, but equally important, subjects before our notice, and we shall, each month, give you practical information on definite ways and means by which you may take your part in the public life of the Nation and "do your bit" in winning the War.

The Government stands back of us with its accurate and reliable information, its pamphlets, publications, statistics—free for the asking—and its demands for your hearty co-operation.

"National Service for Women" will be incorporated in our new department, "Public Life for Women," which begins in the September number. This change has been made advisable since the entrance of women into the Political Life of the Nation.

Address letters of enquiry to "The Editor of Public Life for Women, Editorial Annex EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 307 Hamilton Trust Building, Toronto, Canada."

3,000,000 Bushels of Wheat Wasted!

30,00,000 bushels of perfectly good Canadian wheat are wasted every year because the housewife insists on buying white bread.

Why? Because it looks nicer than the brown; because she thinks that since it is "refined" it must be better! 3,000,000 bushels of wheat wasted for looks!

3,000,000 bushels of wheat would be saved if the millers stop turning out white flour and, instead, roll out the whole wheat in one uniform flour.

The coarser parts of the wheat berry—the parts that contain the most nourishment and are healthiest—are now used for animal feed—given to the animal that the child may go undernourished or hungry!

The millers will stop this wholesale waste if the housewives ask and insist on having whole wheat bread.

Whole wheat bread for health! Whole wheat bread for wealth! Whole wheat bread for economy! It rests with you.

Fire! Fire! Water!

Sir Clifford Sifton, Chairman of the Commission of Conservation, says, about Canada and Fire:

"As a result of the Conservation Commission's enquiry, we find that Canada has the greatest fire loss per capita of any country in the world from which statistics are available. The per capita loss is constantly increasing. Conditions are growing not better, but worse. Fire losses in Canada during the last fifty years have amounted to $350,000,000. In the year 1914 the loss had increased to $21,500,000. In other words, while from 1890 to 1914 our population increased about 67 per cent., our fire loss increased 200 per cent. Fire losses and fire protection combined cost Canada in the year 1914, no less than $15,000,000 exclusive of losses by forest fires."

At the lowest calculation 50 per cent. of these fires was preventable. The most prolific cause of fire is carelessness and bad house-keeping.

Don't drop matches on the floor and leave them there; some one may step on them. Don't leave matches where a child will get them; the child who plays with matches is an innocent criminal or victim, depending on whether you must turn in an alarm for fire or send for the doctor—whether the child eats the sulphur or ignites it.

Don't look for a gas leak with a lighted match, nor use gasolene where there is a fire or light—one second! and it's too late. Don't leave wood shavings and waste paper near a fire; these are used to light a fire, not left to start a fire. Pull the plug out of an electric iron after using or you'd better turn in a fire alarm. Don't leave the lamp on the table where the baby can pull it down; if you must do that, send for the doctor first.

Water: 365 days in the year, and in Ontario alone there were 367 persons drowned during 1915. How many were drowned in your city, town, or community?

Learn to swim, and have your children taught to swim before venturing on deep water, and don't forget that two inches of water can drown if it be in the right place. Don't rock the boat; a small boat on the water is no place for play.

It is the mark of good citizenship to prevent accidents. Canada needs you and needs your children.

Fire: During the year 1916 the Fire Rangers reported 1,455 fires, of which 343 covered over ten acres each.

The total area burned over was 905,828 acres and the quantity of timber destroyed was 223,908,000 feet board measure, and of smaller sized trees 2,415,921 cords. These totals do not include fires along the Hudson Bay Railway line or fires in the most northern parts of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, in regard to which reports were not received.

Of these, 246 were caused by settlers and 410 by campers and travellers.

"Campers and travellers"—that's you and I! A match or cigar stub thrown away carelessly: a camp fire left to die itself, and the result is the loss of many thousands of dollars in trees that the country cannot spare.

Who gains by this loss? No one

Who loses by this carelessness? You and I.

MONARCH-KNIT

THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY, LIMITED

Wool Sweater Coats combine beauty of design with perfect comfort and fit. Pure wool and fast dyes make for lasting satisfaction.

The model illustrated above is one of the many striking Autumn models.

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Monarch Knitting Co.
Head Office
Dunnville, Canada

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Send for Booklet "W"

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DELATONE is an old and well known scientific preparation, in powder form, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growth no matter how thick or stubborn they may be You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water, then spread on the hairy surface After two or three minutes rub off the paste and the hair will be gone When the skin is washed, it will be found to be smooth and hairless—as smooth as a baby's. Delatone is used by thousands every year, and is highly recommended by beauty authorities and experts.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original one-ounce jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL COMPANY
339 So. Wabash Ave. Dept. CV Chicago, Illinois

EARLY AUTUMN BLOUSES

No. 9980.—Ladies' Blouse with long shoulder, and with double collar and chemisette, Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 40-inch material with ¾ yard 24-inch contrasting goods, and ¾ yard plaiting. The chemisette may be of crepe or silk voile, matching or contrasting in colour with the blouse. One-piece sleeves in either long or short length. Pattern 15c.

No. 9994.— Ladies' Blouse. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36 inch material, with ⅛ yard 30-inch contrasting goods. Pattern, 15 cents.

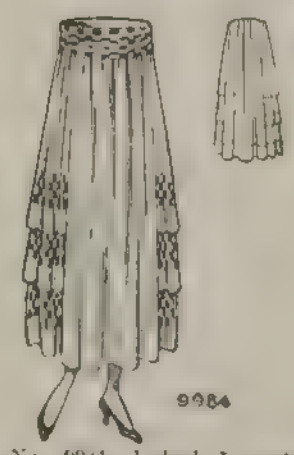
No. 9988.—Ladies' Blouse with fronts crossed and extending into belt. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 27-inch contrasting goods. This makes an extremely fancy waist when figured and plain crepe are used in the making; fashion gives the preference to long sleeves. Pattern 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 14810 is 10 cents.

No. 9983.—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse to be worn over or underneath the skirt. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch material, with 3¼ yards edging and 3 yards ribbon. Front and back are gathered to shoulder straps. Narrow plaiting is the very latest trimming, and makes the prettiest kind of a finish. Pattern, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 14465, 15 cents.

No. 9975.—Ladies' Blouse. Sizes 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material, with ¼ yard 30-inch contrasting goods. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9999.—Ladies' Blouse, made with yoke, and to be slipped on over the head. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material, with 3-8 yard 22-inch allover lace, 1 7-8 yards 10-inch flouncing, 1¾ yards picot edging and 2¼ yards 9-inch silk for girdle. Sleeves may be either full length or short. Pattern, 15 cents.

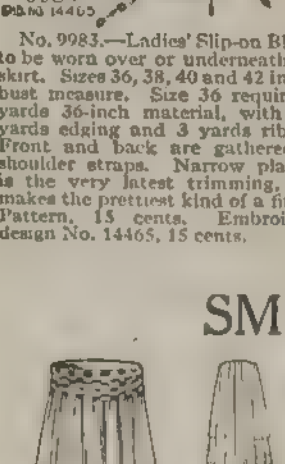
SMARTLY TAILORED SKIRTS



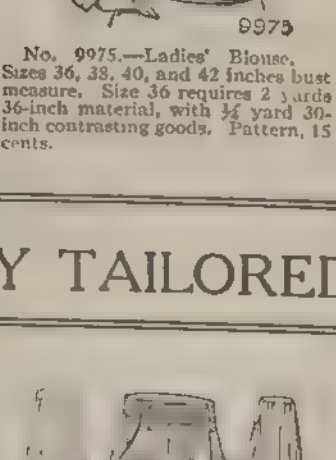
No. 9941 -Ladies' Four-piece Gathered Skirt. Cut in sizes 24 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Any size requires 6 yards 44-inch material with 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting goods. Though gathered all around, this skirt is made with panel effect, front and back, having deep tucks on both sides, slightly raised waistline, and measures 3 yards at lower edge. Pattern 15 cents.

No. 9976.—Ladies' Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material. At lower edge, 2 5-8 yards. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9978.—Ladies' Four-Piece Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch material, with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting goods. Gathered at the sides, panels front and back, and separate belt. Very few skirts now are made without pockets; those on this dress are of a good useful size. At lower edge skirt measures 2½ yards. Pattern, 15 cents.



No. 9989 Ladies' Four-Piece Skirt. Sizes 21, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires ¾ yards 44 inch material with 3¾ yard 36-inch contrasting goods. This style looks well with a tailored shirt-waist. Front and back panels, gathered at the sides and slightly raised waist-line. The unique pockets give just the touch that makes this skirt so fashionable. Pattern, 15 cents.



No. 9965 Ladies' Two Piece Skirt with barrel effect Sizes 24 26, 28, 30 and 32-inches waist measure. At lower edge, 2 yards Pattern, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 14812, 15 cents.

No. 9991.—Ladies' one-piece Gathered Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Any size requires 3¾ yards 40-inch material; and skirt measures 2¼ yards at lower edge. This skirt has straight lower edge, and can be made with or without the draped sides, which accentuate the new outline showing the skirt narrower at the bottom than at the hips. Pattern, 15 cents.

Patterns are 15 cents each, post paid. When ordering write very plainly, give name and address, number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns may be obtained from dealers handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

FOR AFTERNOON AND MORNING

No. 9929.—Ladies' Dress, closing at back, long or short sleeves. The two-piece skirt is gathered to a yoke, in slightly raised waistline, and measures 2½ yards at the lower edge. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch material, with ¾ yard all-over embroidery, 2 yards insertion, 3½ yards edging and 3½ yards velvet ribbon. Pattern 15 cents.

No. 9971.—Ladies' Dress, closing at back, long or short sleeves. The two-piece skirt is gathered to a yoke, in slightly raised waistline, and measures 2½ yards at the lower edge. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch material, with ¾ yard all-over embroidery, 2 yards insertion, 3½ yards edging and 3½ yards velvet ribbon. Pattern 15 cents.

No. 9921.—Misses' and Small Women's Dress, with front rolled to form revers, one-piece short sleeves with flare cuffs, or plain full-length sleeves. The three-piece gathered skirt is 2¾ yards wide at lower edge, belt is separate; dress is finished with double collar. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material with ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting goods. Pattern 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 14240, 10 cents.

No. 9997.—Ladies' Dress with separate waist closing at left side. The gathered skirt measures 2¼ yards at lower edge, is in four sections held together with French tacks and joined to the underbody in slightly raised waistline. This is rather an ambitious design for the home dressmaker, but it fully repays the trouble. A very stylish dress. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9944.—Misses' and Small Women's One-Piece Dress; double belt and side pockets; one-piece sleeves in full length or short. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Sizes 16 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material, with 1¾ yards 36-inch contrasting goods. Buttoning all the way down the front as it does, makes it easily laundered. The fashionable side pockets give the necessary finishing touch. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9969.—Ladies' Dress with two-piece gathered skirt, closing at left side. Skirt is 2½ yards wide at lower edge. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material, with ½ yard 22-inch contrasting goods. This dress makes up very nicely in soft, heavy silks, or light-weight woollens. Patterns, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 14819, 15 cents.

No. 9953. — Ladies' Apron, slipped on over the head and buttoned on shoulders. Sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material, with 6½ yards bias binding. A more simple design for a practical apron could hardly be found. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 9973. — Ladies' House Dress, having 3 gored skirt gathered in slightly raised waistline, with or without belt or pockets. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material, with ½ yard contrasting goods. Either full length sleeves with band cuffs, or short sleeves with turn back cuffs may be used, but for house work, experience has proved that the short sleeves are better. Pattern, 15 cents.

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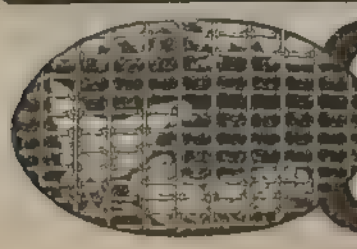

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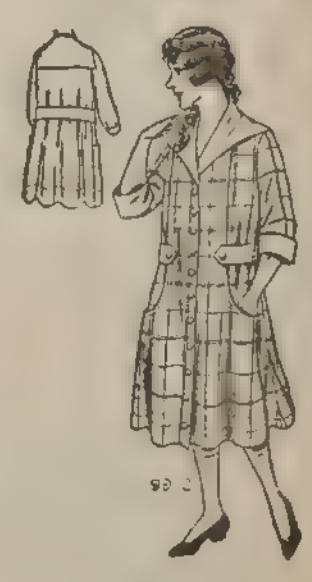

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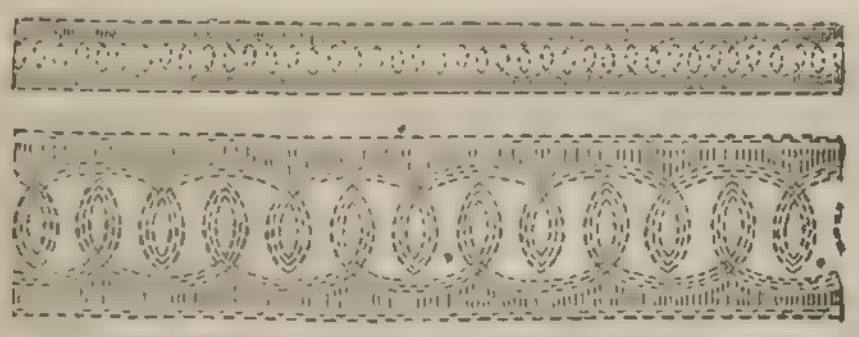
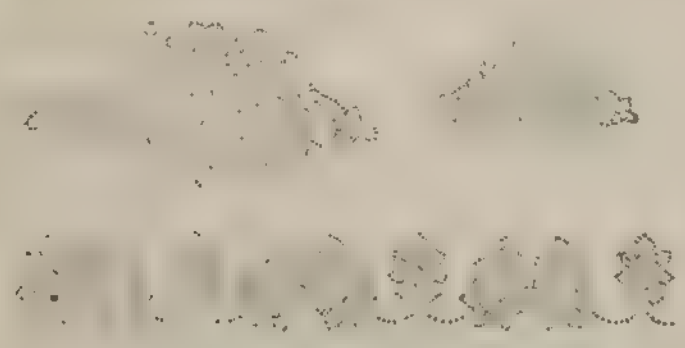
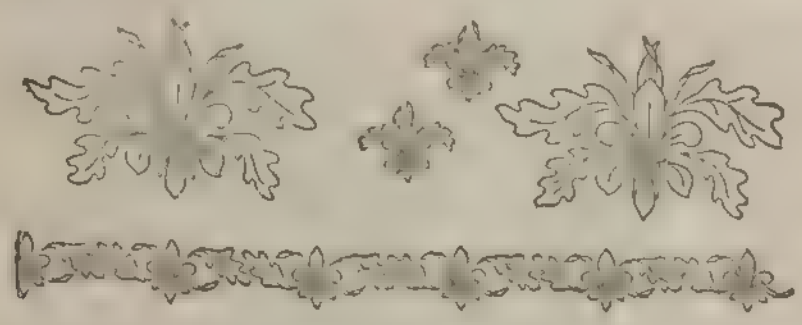
No. 14815.—Sunburst Motifs and Borders for Beading. Two motifs and 3 yards of border contained in each pattern. These motifs make unusually effective trimmings. They may be worked in steel, gold, or coloured beads. Pattern, 15 cents.



No. 14818.—Wide and Narrow Borders. Widths, 5 inches and 2 inches; 3 yards of each in pattern. These borders are worked in the running or darning stitch. One, two, or several colours may be chosen in silk, cotton, wool, chenille or metal thread. Pattern, 15 cents.



No. 14814.—Motifs and Border for Beading or Embroidery. Three motifs, 8⅜ by 4½ inches; 3 motifs, 5¾ by 2¾ inches, and 3 yards of border, 2½ inches wide in each pattern. To be worked in beads of one or more colours or in embroidery silks. Pattern, 15 cents.



No. 14816.—Fleur de Lys and Oak Motifs and Border. Two motifs, 10¼ by 6½ inches, two motifs, 3½ by 3 inches, and 2¼ yards border, 2¼ inches wide contained in each pattern. In embroidering this design, the stitches are run crosswise, except in the narrow upright leaves, where they run lengthwise. The veins of flower and leaves are done in a heavier thread. Pattern, 15 cents.

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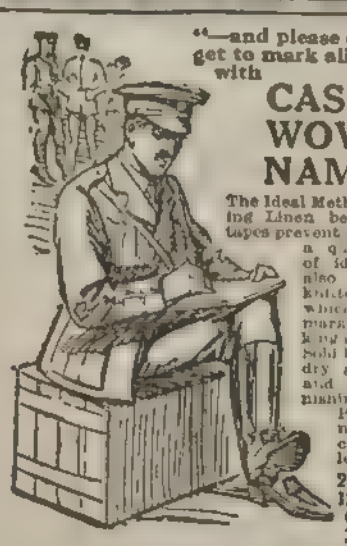

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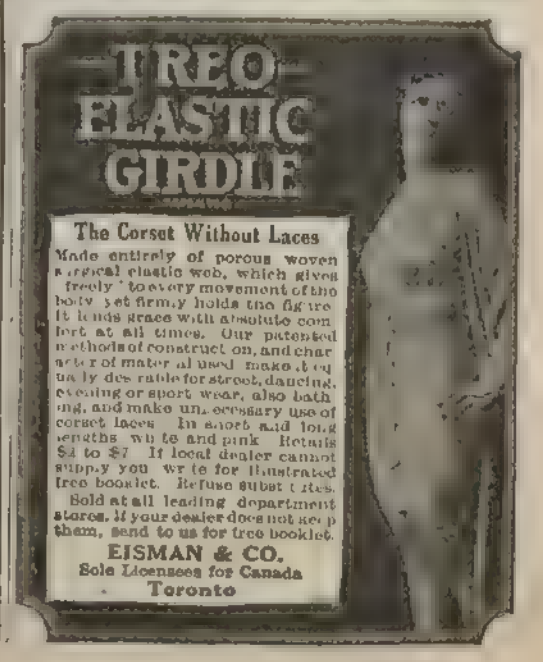
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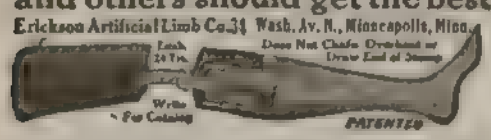

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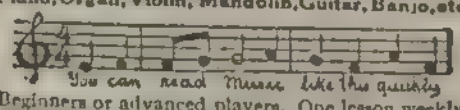

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THE COLLEGE GIRL

THE GIRL WHO LEARNS TO THINK AT COLLEGE

A Message to Undergraduates

By MARY E. LOWREY

THERE were six of us, gathered informally around a grate fire and enveloped in the pleasant calm that accompanies tea and knitting, when Caroline King, apropos of nothing whatever, remarked with sudden energy:

"I wish I had college to live over again!"

"Every one does," I said soothingly, filling her cup for the fourth time.

"I was talking to a little cousin of mine who is coming to college in the fall," went on Caroline, disregarding both interruption and tea, "and I asked her what course she intended to take, and she answered that she didn't know. I asked her what profession she wanted to be fitted for, and it had never occurred to her. So simply out of curiosity I inquired just why she was coming to college at all, and she said with a good deal of surprise, 'Why, I've grown up with the idea of going to college!'

"And then I remembered," continued Caroline, "that I had gone through college in much the same hap-hazard fashion. Up to my third year I really hadn't any more practical idea of life beyond graduation than of life beyond the grave. I remember realizing quite suddenly one day at the end of my third year that very soon I should have to start to earn my own living, and resolving that whatever happened I should never teach school. And yet here I am! And I believe that ninety per cent. of the girls who go through college without a definite purpose drift into the teaching profession simply because there seems to be nothing else for it."

There was a little awkward silence; as a teacher, Caroline is frankly a misfit. Then Clara Ellis remarked:

"A man said to me the other day that there are just two kinds of college girl—the kind that comes to college solely for purposes of education, and the kind that comes solely for purposes of co-education."

"That isn't true," declared Margaret. "The fact is, as Caroline says, that most girls go to college simply because they have 'grown-up' with the idea of going. If college women were as definite in their aim from the beginning as college men, no doubt they would achieve bigger results than they are doing. But it's possible to take it too seriously. I remember that some of the girls who went through college with that awful intensity of purpose were a little trying at times. I think if I were advising your little cousin, I should tell her to make friends first of all, for she will never have the same opportunity again. The trouble is that a girl usually enters college at an age when she is most intolerant toward others and most sensitive toward herself; most inclined, too, to take her prejudices seriously. Do you know, the biggest thing I learned at college was just how to like people'"

Most of us felt just then that Margaret's education had not been wasted; for her friendship is a privilege that somehow loses none of its preciousness for being widely granted. Most of us remembered, too, the days when she was an unapproachable little freshette who met every friendly overture with a kind of frigid shyness.

IT was Clara Ellis who put in a word for System. Clara is a business woman, and the most orderly person I have ever known. She always speaks in figures—mathematical figures—and from her conversational methods, one feels somehow that her brains must be arranged in neat rows and not at all after the scrambled fashion of brains in general.

"What your cousin needs most, Caroline," she declared, "is, in the first place, a knowledge of the necessity of method in her work. Academic life is simply a systematized combination of four phases of life—mental, physical, social and spiritual—and the girl entering college is likely to live every one of them more intensely than she has ever done before. She must have a working system—a sort of time table of activities—if she is to develop herself continuously and symmetrically. Do you know the percentage?"

"Don't get statistical, Clara," pleaded Caroline. "Remember this is a tea party, not a board meeting."

"Clara is quite right," declared Margaret warmly, "she was the only one of us who wasn't taking caffeine nights in her last year, and who hadn't actually to crawl out of bed to graduate. It seems to me that if there were less of that hit-or-miss spirit during college there would be fewer nervous collapses after it."

Nell Gardner, who teaches English in the High School, spoke for the first time.

"I gave my third form an essay to write on Sir Isaac Newton the other day," she said, "and six out of thirty began, 'Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation.' So, simply out of curiosity, I investigated and tracked the whole party to the Reference Library. I cancelled them all, gave out a subject they could use their imaginations on, and warned them that every sentence in it had to be original. And I wish," she added, "that my High School teacher had had enough sense to do the same.

"The fact is, I have the reference habit pretty badly myself," she went on. "I don't think I ever wrote an original, critical or thoughtful essay in my life. Whenever I had to form an opinion, I went to the Encyclopædia for it. If I were going through college again I should think for myself, no matter how crude the results might be, but when I try now I find myself in a sort of mental vacuum. This reference system is—dementalizing," she concluded indignantly—she had just dropped four stitches and was feeling a little bad tempered. "I don't consider Andrew Carnegie a public benefactor; he's the patron saint of the lazy-minded."

"BUT no one can afford to be independent of other people's ideas," objected Nan, who is a librarian. "Of course, if you let your reading take the place of your thinking, it is 'dementalizing.' But college is supposed to train one to read the things that stimulate to more thought, even if they don't amuse or even appeal to one. There isn't any royal road to real knowledge."

"In other words, if you want to know the unknowable, you must read the unreadable," suggested Caroline.

"I often think," Nan went on, "that when we go to college we become so absorbed in the process of being educated that we forget the object of it. We don't go there simply to attend a certain number of lectures, to read the prescribed texts and to pass examinations. We go to make ourselves accessible to ideas, to learn to think more widely and more tolerantly. It's one's attitude of mind and not one's class standing that is the final test of education."

"It's a pity," said Margaret reflectively, "that we take so long to acquire a real conception of college. At first it seems like a sort of sublimated high school. We don't realize that, while the object of the high school is simply to teach us, the object of the university is to teach us to teach ourselves."

"'Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,'" quoted Nell. "That's the basis of real education, because the whole of one's development depends on self-realization. The trouble with our present system is that it works backward. Self-realization comes as the result of education, when it should be the starting point."

Nell has very advanced ideas on the subject of education, and she knows more about child psychology than the man who invented the term. I have sometimes wondered what her pupils think of this efficient young woman, who charts every phase of their development and scrutinizes their helpless little mental processes with an eye that nothing can escape.

"Some one should write a book and dedicate it to undergraduates," said Margaret, after a pause.

"They wouldn't read it," Caroline declared cynically. "Undergrads never read anything they can avoid—unless it's illustrated by a nambypamby artist."

Too often when a girl leaves college all thoughtful reading is dropped, as though her education were finished when, as a matter of fact, it is really only begun.

If she can think, she is in a position to reason out all those problems which must, sooner or later, confront her and which she must settle for herself. This ability to think—not only along the surface of things, with the superficial part of her mind—and to reason, carries with it the power to analyse, to distinguish between the true and the false, and to recognize and appreciate the true values of life.

Back in Colonial Days

HOW GRANDMOTHER REMEMBERS CITY LIFE IN CANADA

By AUBREY FULLERTON

THERE are five honourably old cities in Canada, now records show and richly storied, whose how greatly we have changed our ways of living. Slowly enough the changes came, and for many years city life was a mere expansion of country life; but in due time these five old capitals, having grown from pioneer posts to villages, and from villages to towns, took on the garb and manner of urban grandness. In the course of that evolution were developed the differences that make the cities of to-day what they are. Montreal was not built in a week, nor did the dignity of Halifax grow overnight.

Where the Duke of Kent used to go to escape from the social duties of Quebec.

ONE characteristic of city life in Canada has obtained from the first, subject of course to the interruptions of history. Away back in the time of the early French *regime*, when conditions were sometimes far from favourable, there was a really remarkable social life in the few wilderness outposts, and notably at Quebec. That city had only about seven thousand people even at the close of the French period. As far back as 1700 there were famous dinner parties and state functions, at which as high a standard of etiquette was observed as in Paris itself. There was elaborate dressing, too. A writer of the time says that the ladies of Quebec were "fond to the last degree of dress and show;" and another, writing of the society women of Montreal, says: "They are attentive to have the newest fashions, and they laugh at one another when they are not dressed to one another's fancy."

In Montcalm's time old Quebec was gay with dinners and balls. "Rooms well lighted, excellent order, excellent service, plenty of refreshments of every sort all through the night, and the company stayed till seven in the morning," writes Montcalm himself of one such ball. When the English occupation came, the round of festivities continued, and it was by a wise and tactful display of his social good-will that Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, helped greatly in winning the hearts of the French-Canadians for British rule. The Prince, during his three years in Quebec, 1791-94, was always glad, however, to escape now and then from the social duties of the city, and holiday at his favourite retreat by Montmorency Falls.

The old nightwatchman on his rounds with lantern and staff at Montmorency Falls.

IT was in those early Colonial times that men dressed picturesquely. The *gentilhomme* appeared at dinner in all the glories of peruke, velvet, lace, knee-breeches, silk stockings, with his hair curled, powdered, and tied in a queue, and over all a natty three-cornered hat. One would expect gracious manners with such a garb as that.

Bountiful and excellent, too, were the spreads upon the festive boards. The tables might be laden to groaning, and spread with fine glass and silver, but the guests were expected to bring their own knives—there were none laid for them. Each gentleman carried a knife in his pocket, and the ladies brought theirs in sheathes of leather, silk, or birch bark. And if a guest wished to wash his hands before sitting at the table, he found a basin in a corner of the otherwise stately dining-room.

IN its way as notable as any feature of Quebec's social life was the merry record of the old Beaver House in Montreal. There existed in that city from 1785 to 1824 an organization known as The Beaver Club, whose membership, restricted to fifty-five persons, was made up of the heads of The North-West Fur Company and their friends. It was purely a social club, governed by unusually strict rules, one of which was compulsory attendance. For forty years it held fortnightly meetings, which began always with a feast of prodigal proportions and an invariable list of toasts, and concluded with an all-night programme of fun and revelry. Such meetings could not be held to-day, but in its own time The Beaver Club was not only a social power in Montreal, but a political influence throughout Canada.

The theatre, as well as the dinner-hall, had its place in the social life of the old time cities, and its art reached a really surprising degree of excellence. One of the first stage performances in Canada, if not actually the first, was in the winter of 1693-94, when Count Frontenac, still youthful at seventy-four, encouraged an amateur production by his officers, assisted by some Quebec ladies. Two plays were acted, "Nicomede" and "Mithridate," and they were received with great approval by all except the priests. A second performance was planned, but the bishop paid a sum of money in consideration of its being stopped.

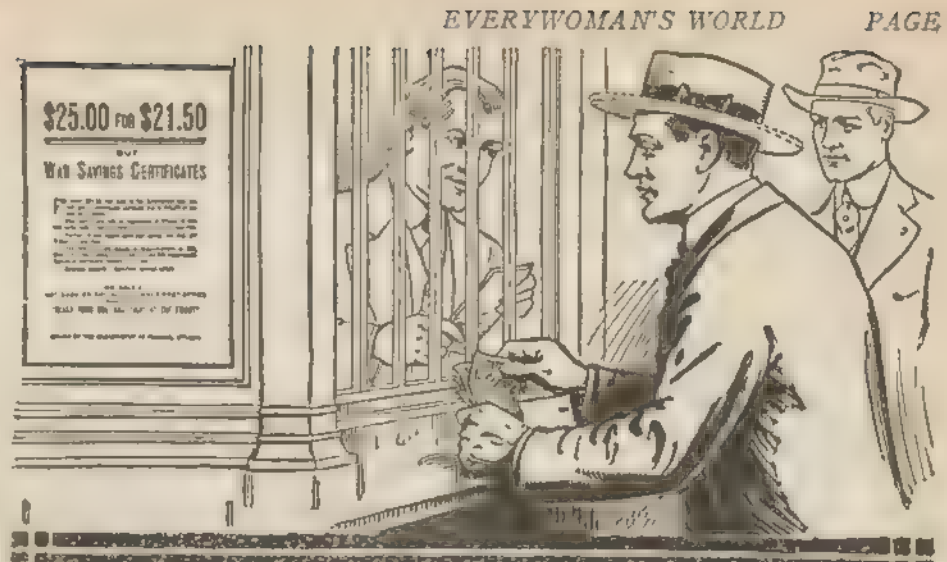
HALIFAX was a theatre-loving city. Eighteenth century Halifax, with its garrison and fleet of warships, was always gay, and besides numerous balls and banquets it had many and excellent dramatic events. "The Merchant of Venice" was advertised in 1789, at five shillings for a box, and three shillings for first pit. "Beaux Stratagem" was put on a month later. The management, through the public press, requested the ladies "to dress their heads as low as possible" for the sake of those behind.

The pulpit of an old-time church; note the sounding board hanging from the ceiling.

There is something un-Canadian about a sedan chair, but as late as 1794 society women of Halifax went to and from their engagements in little box-like vehicles propelled by man-power. Sedan chairs stood for hire on the main street, and were at the disposal of the public for a shilling or a shilling and sixpence per trip. A special rate of sixpence was made for Sunday conveyance to church. By 1810, however, the sedans

(*Continued on page 24*)

With all the grace and formality that attended these elaborate feasts, there was a strange interfusion of primitiveness. The



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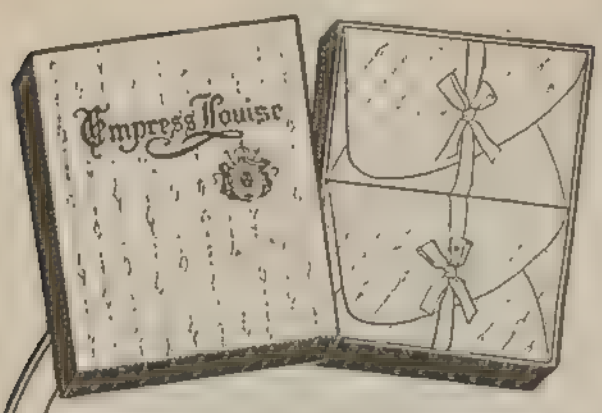

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The National Service Board of Canada.
OTTAWA.

18

HOW GRANDMOTHER REMEMBERS CITY LIFE IN CANADA

(*Continued from preceding page*).

had given way to hackney coaches, which marked one further step toward rapid transit.

Until a strangely late date there were no street lamps, and only such light as came from the houses and shops broke the narrow lanes of darkness. In 1801 some one in Montreal suggested a system of street lighting, but not till 1815 was the suggestion acted upon. Curiously enough, but surely with entire propriety, the first public lighting in that city was undertaken in order, as so announced, "that ladies might be induced to visit their friends much more frequently." The west end of St. Paul Street was experimented on with twenty-two lamps, then the east end of the street, and after that Notre Dame Street. Three years later an act was passed providing for the general installation of street lamps and the appointment of twenty-four night-watches to trim them.

In 1850 it was stated in print that the citizens of Montreal groped about in the dark because the authorities would not come to terms on an outlay of $3,900 a year. By that time the lighting was by gas instead of candles. In Kingston gas lamps were introduced in 1847, and attracted a great deal of attention. Incidentally they made a wonderful change, there as elsewhere, in the life and social habits of the people.

"Service at early candlelight" was a frequent form of church announcement a hundred years ago. Toronto churches were lighted by clusters of tallow-dips even up to 1820. The great high pulpit, under its umbrella-like sounding board, had on either side a sconce in which were set a number of candles, and it was a part of the sexton's duties to go up to the pulpit and snuff these candles just before the sermon began. The introduction first of oil lamps, and then of gas, made no greater difference anywhere than in the churches.

Who has not heard of "Muddy York," by which unkindly name Toronto was once known? There was a time when it well deserved the name. In 1820 the owner of one acre of land at the corner of Yonge and King Streets offered to exchange full rights and title to it for a pair of boots; the acre-lot was a mud-hole surrounded by other mud-holes, but boots were valuable property.

One of the earliest attempts to put the privileges of Toronto Bay to social use was in 1837, when the Royal Floating Baths were built at the foot of Bay Street. They were fitted with cold and warm baths, accommodating two hundred persons, and reading and refreshment rooms were also provided. It was hoped to make the Baths a popular resort, and for a year or two they promised very well; but the enterprise afterward failed.

City life a hundred years ago was less dependent on the post office than to-day. Beginning in 1817, mails passed between Kingston and Toronto by stage once a week, and there were no means then of hurrying them up. The roads were bad, and the distance was accordingly greater than now. The trip was made in three and a half days each way, for which slow, but reliable, transportation the passenger paid a fare of eighteen dollars.

Postal rates were extremely high, and were graded according to distance. A letter from Toronto to Kingston cost fifteen cents per half-ounce; to Montreal twenty-three cents; and to Halifax fifty-five cents. Postage was paid in coin, for there were no stamps until 1851. Before that date the lowest rate anywhere in Canada was seven cents, and it is not to be wondered at that letters were sent only on the most important business, or by private carriers.

Few letters and no newspapers must have helped to make a restful kind of life in the old Canadian cities. In the days when mails were infrequent, and before the press had begun its public mission of news-telling, people depended more largely on word of mouth for what they knew of current goings-on. The bellman or town-crier, whose business it was to proclaim the news through the streets, does not seem ever to have been as marked a feature in Canadian city life as in either Old or New England; but in one way or another he did exist. There were court-criers, who shouted out official proclamations; there were bell-ringers, who summoned the members of assembly to their meetings; and there were watchmen, who made the rounds with lanterns and staffs. In Montreal the men who were appointed to trim the street lights also served as night-watches, and were expected to do whatever police work was necessary during the hours of rest.

Uncle Peter's Competition

The six prizes for the drawing competition in the May issue were won by the following Bunnies, to whom they have been sent :—

Eileen K. Scott, Killam, Ont.; Olive D. Mouat, Nelson, B.C.; Tom Durand, Brockville, Ont.; Viola Bickers, Lyons Brook, N.S.; Bessie Hiedel, High River, Alta.; Viola Milsap, Stayner, Ont.

The drawings for the competition in the June issue were very much better than the ones sent in for the May competition; it would seem that the Bunnies are fond of birds. The prize of One Dollar has been sent to Doris Thompson, Alameda, who made a very nice and very careful drawing. The three other prizes went to Russel N. Sleighter, Cowley, Alta.; Beatrice M. Howard, Weir, P.Q.; and Charles I. Haslett, Jarvis, Ont. Two extra prizes for good work were sent to Agnes Morris, Sheppardton; and Leda Turcotte, Denzil, Sask. Uncle Peter hopes that you will all go in for the competition in the August issue.

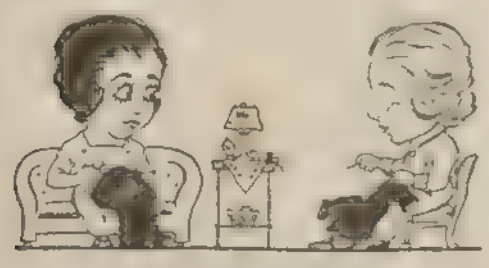
LAUGH TIME TALES

Funny Things That Happen People

A CLEVER REVERSE

The captain of the local Volunteers was explaining his system of personal canvass with a view to obtaining recruits. "Be brief in your general explanation," he said, "and dwell on the respective merits of Classes A, B, and C under the new Volunteer Act. Will Corporal Jones now step forward and give us an example of how he would canvass?"

Corporal Jones, stepping forward and saluting, said: "If the order of the Classes were reversed, the matter would be greatly simplified. All you would have to do then would be to 'See men,' tell them to 'Be men,' and getting their answer say 'A men'."



MENDING TROUSERS

Two pastors' wives were visiting together. One said: "I don't know what we will do—my husband is so discouraged. Somehow his people do not care to hear him preach, and our salary is far behind. My husband feels so blue that he does not like to visit the people and pray with them, and so he sits around at home nearly all the time." The other sister said: "We are getting along fine. My husband spends much of his time visiting, and the people like to have him kneel and pray with them in their homes. Our congregations are always good, and our salary is paid up promptly." While the two sisters were talking, they were mending trousers. One was mending her husband's trousers at the seat; the other was mending her husband's trousers at the knees.

* * *

WITH A DIFFERENCE

The witty lawyer, whose ability brought him to the front rank in his profession, ultimately became a Member of Parliament. In course of a debate on one occasion he roused the temper of a Member of the opposite party.

The latter jumped to his feet and angrily retorted: "The honourable Member for P., as every one knows, has rooms to let in his upper story."

The lawyer merely smiled as he replied, "True, I have rooms to let. But herein lies the difference between the honourable Member for Q. and myself. Mine are furnished."

JUDGING BY THE EPITAPHS

Little Clarence: "Father!"

His Father: "Well, my son?"

Little Clarence: "I took a walk through the cemetery to-day and read the inscriptions on the tombstones."

His Father: "And what were your thoughts after you had done so?"

Little Clarence: "Why, Father, I wondered where all the wicked people were buried."

* * *

HAD TO SING

A little girl of four was happily singing one day when her mother impatiently said: "Mary, stop your singing."

"Why, Mother, the sing is in me, and it has to come out."

* * *

HARD ON THE DOG

"They tell me that Smith was arrested to-day because he drowned his dog in the river," said Jones.

"How could they arrest him for drowning a dog in the river?" demanded Brown.

"Why, they claimed that a sunken bark obstructed navigation."

* * *

NO NEED FOR A DOCTOR

Sandy took a big bite from his apple and began to splutter.

"I believe I've swallowed a worm!" he exclaimed.

"Well, well, mon, and what if you did?" encouraged his Scottish friend. "'Twill put new life into ye!"

* * *

OVERHEARD

"That new girl of mine breaks everything."

"How about the Ten Commandments?"

"Oh, I don't care so much about those; they're not mine, you know."

UP OR DOWN?

"This War is making everything more expensive," complained Father. "I see by the paper that even castor oil is going up."

"That's nothing in my young life," said little Johnny. "The only time it worries me is when it's going down."

* * *

HIS WORK

A street singer, who was followed in his slow progress through the thoroughfare by a procession of children, turned on the biggest with an exasperated: "Now, then; ain't yer got nothin' better to do than follow a pore man about like this? Why don't you go to work? You're big enough, and old enough, by the look of you."

"This is my work," retorted the urchin, a ragged boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age. "I'm a [illegible]."

"Inspector of pollution?" sarcastically inquired the itinerant vocalist.

"No," grinned the urchin; "inspector of nuisances."

* * *

I SEE

Smith, the hotel manager, and Jones, a manufacturer's agent, were talking one day about their respective business interests.

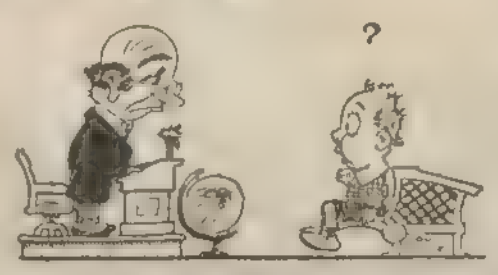
"I say," remarked Jones, "how ever do you use such an enormous quantity of pears and peaches?"

"Well," replied Smith, "we eat what we can, and what we can't eat we can."

"Indeed!" said the other. "We do about the same in our business."

"How is that?"

"We sell an order when we can't get it, and when we can't, we can get it."



COMMANDING OFFICERS

The school was breaking up for the summer holidays, and the head master was addressing a few remarks to the pupils.

"In conclusion," he said, "owing to the shortage of tutors, so many of them having enlisted, we shall have to rely on you next term to do a great deal of private study, but—"

"Hooray!" cried the school.

"But, as I was about to remark," continued the Head, "if we find that Private Study is inefficient, we shall have to call in the aid of Corporal Punishment!"

* * *

A FIRELESS HEATER

Hubb: "I just read an account of two girls getting lost in the Alps in midwinter."

Wife: "Terrible! Were they frozen to death?"

Hubb: "No; they warmed themselves on the mountain ranges!"

* * *

AN INCH IS AS GOOD AS A FOOT

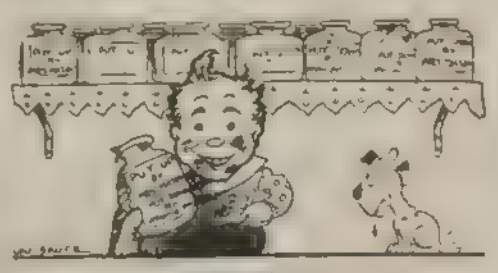
An old gentleman was viewing some statues. Standing by one of the largest was a porter. Going up to him, the old gentleman said:

"That's a massive statue, porter!"

Porter: "Yes, sir. The hand is just eleven inches across."

Old Man: "Is that so? I wonder why they didn't make it twelve?"

Porter: "Och! Sure, then it would have been a foot."



UP AND DOWN

The fond mother of a smart boy was making a lot of nice preserves one day, and as she sealed them up she labelled them thus: "Gooseberry jam, put up by Mrs. Mason."

Johnnie soon discovered the shelf on which they were deposited, and fell to work. Having emptied one of the jars, he took his school pencil and wrote underneath: "Put down by Johnnie Mason."

* * *

SURE SUFFERING

District Visitor: "Well, one must do something for the suffering poor."

Friend: "Quite so; but are you sure that they do suffer?"

District Visitor: "Oh, yes. I visit them, and talk to them for hours at a time!"

Buttons to the neck—the coolest working garment.

Can be slipped off as easily as an apron

Three-quarter sleeves—coolness and freedom

Roomy at the hips—the skirt underneath will not wrinkle nor crease.

Perfect freedom of movement, gathers no wet, no dirt—no danger of tripping when climbing.

Adjustable ankle bands—fit snugly

The Vogue of the Overall for Women

Canadian women who work (and in these war times what woman does not work at some thing) in the house, in the fields, in munitions, have all adopted the sensible overall.

Housework, back yard gardening, berry picking, dairying, factory and munition work can all be done better in overalls than in the old clinging skirt.

Carhartt's Women's Overalls

[illegible] all [illegible] in slip-over or [illegible] as illustrated. They are the original garment designed specially for women, and their pleasing materials, styles and good tailoring commend them to all women. Protect yourself by demanding the original Carhartt's.

The materials used in Carhartt's Overalls for women, are all hard wearing non-transparent [illegible] to the fancy prints and percales usually used in women's overalls.

Your dealer has Carhartt's Overalls for women, or can get them for you. If you have any difficulty in getting the original, write to the

Hamilton Carhartt Cotton Mills Limited

Toronto - Ontario

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Few drops stop soreness, then the corn or callus shrivels and lifts off. Try it and see! No humbug!

This tiny bottle holds the wonder of wonders. It contains an almost magical drug called freezone. It is a compound made from ether.

Apply a few drops of this freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a hardened callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so shriveled and loose that you just lift it off with the fingers. It doesn't hurt one particle.

You feel no pain or soreness when applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the skin.

Just ask in any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. This will cost but a few cents but will positively rid your poor, suffering feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, or the tough calluses on bottom of feet. Genuine freezone bears the name of Edward Wesley

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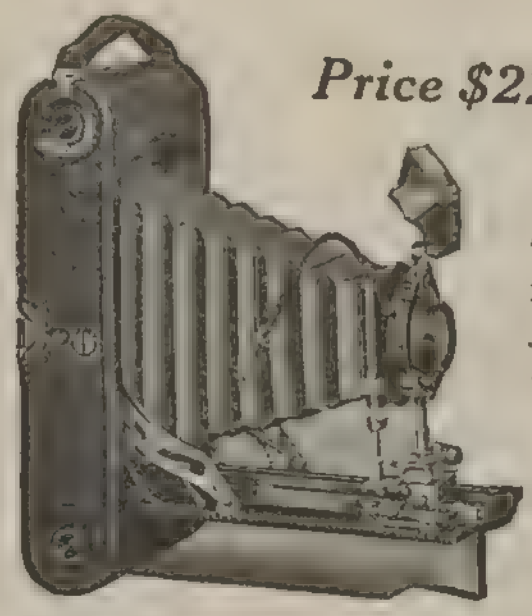

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709A Spadina Ave., TORONTO, ONT.

GETTING TRAINED

MATRIMONY AND MATRICULATION

The influence of the one on the other, viewed in the light of common-sense

By LOUISE MORRIS

SEPTEMBER is with us, the time for schools and colleges to reopen, and "sweet girl graduates" are much *en evidence* with gowns and mortar boards in our various "Halls of Learning," and the question arises in the minds of mothers and fathers whether a girl is benefited by a collegiate career, handicapped as a "fair co-ed," or better equipped to become what every mother should wish her daughter ultimately to be—a good wife and mother. Some years ago this question was a live one, when colleges for women were in their infantile state; and it was a much-discussed subject, "if a college education unfitted a woman for a happy married life."

Many mothers and fathers, especially mothers, are now debating very seriously the advisability of sending their girls further on in the pursuit of knowledge, or allowing them to stop at the completion of their regular school course, keeping them at home to teach them all the secrets of housekeeping and home-making, lest a life in college may destroy the germs of domesticity and love of simple things. A mother wonders if, by giving her daughter a collegiate course, she is weaving for her a rope with which to hang herself and eliminating in her all that goes to make the simple things of life worth while.

The advice to parents who are debating this question is: If your girl is *anxious* to drink deeper of the fountain of knowledge, if the school education does not satisfy her and she wishes to know more of old things and new, by all means let her do so. It would be a slur on the intellect of the average father or mother to think that too much education would unfit their daughter to become a home-maker. No one could in these enlightened days of emancipated womanhood wish a girl to be as she was in the pre-college days, when a woman was satisfied with the three R's. Instead of a collegiate career being detrimental to matrimonial happiness, it should give an added charm.

ASSUREDLY every man prefers the companionship of a wife whose ideas and thoughts are not *all* centred on the three deadly D's of the inevitable summer "porch perchers"—Dress, Disease, and Domestics. It is too sweeping an assertion to make, to say a college life unfits *all* women for domestic affairs; as a matter of fact the college life itself has very little bearing on the case. It is the *woman herself*, not the home or the college, that makes or mars her as a man's helpmate. If she have the love of home and domestic propensities well developed, then all the lectures on science, all the studies on art will never kill it.

Place a girl in college, and if she be a home-loving girl her room will show that fact. She will have her drapes, her cushions, her inevitable chafing dish, her five o'clock tea cups, all the innumerable little household gods that some women love to surround themselves with. She will be just as clever, just as bright, but her love of home, order, neatness and hospitality is bound to come to the top. She will have a warm welcome and a cup of hot tea for her fellow workers, notwithstanding the fact that she has been attending lectures or studying the classics for several hours.

Because her brain has been occupied with abstruse matter is no reason why her gregarious instincts should be dormant. A college girl is not a machine of learning. She's just an ordinary, living, breathing girl, and any qualities she possesses *as* a girl can not be buried beneath the lava of learning. A college education does not prevent a girl who has the love of home and domesticity well inculcated in her from becoming a most sensible, companionable wife and capable, intelligent mother. She is better able to grapple with life's problems since she has mastered the problems in Euclid. A trained mind can accomplish better things in less time than an untrained one. As Pope says: "'Tis education forms the common mind." System, order, and punctuality are very necessary to a college life, and these three attributes are the fundamentals that go a long way toward the foundation of a domestic structure.

No one could ever think that greater knowledge would handicap a woman to fill the position in life that nature intended for her. A wife and mother needs all the education, all the knowledge that she can get. But domestic qualities are not for all women. Education does not influence a woman's real character whatever. Housewives, like poets, are born, not made. Education is a trimming and embellishment for which every woman is the better. There are any number of girls who could not answer an ordinary question of the elemental three R's, who as wives are a failure, girls who have a profound contempt for housekeeping, and who think all domestic work menial, yet where real knowledge is concerned are profoundly ignorant. Would this kind of girl, if given a college course, develop into a paragon of domestic virtues? Not a bit of it. Her domestic protensities would be more in the background than ever. From her lofty height of learning she would look down with contempt on the little woman to whom home, husband and children mean the real things of life.

WHEN Eve ate of the tree of knowledge, she was thrust out of Eden, but possibly if she had eaten more apples she would have known how to remain in her paradise—"a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Our Eves of to-day eat of the tree of knowledge that grows in our gardens of learning, eat heartily, and their mental digestion is good. Every woman is better for the higher education; it broadens her mind and deepens her thoughts, and, while it does not affect her actual character or her possibilities of developing into a wife who makes her nome happy, yet at the same time a college course must and will have the tendency to bring out all the best and highest in a woman; if that woman have good instincts in her, it will accentuate the good and eliminate the bad; education is not a magical wand to transform a woman's nature, but a "perfect woman nobly planned" is more perfect and more noble if the crown of learning be on her head.

Many claim that our grandmothers were loving wives, devoted mothers and hospitable home-makers, and to them the higher education of the masses was a sealed book. But this is an age of progression. We should not care to go back to the light of the tallow dip or the stage-coach mode of travel.

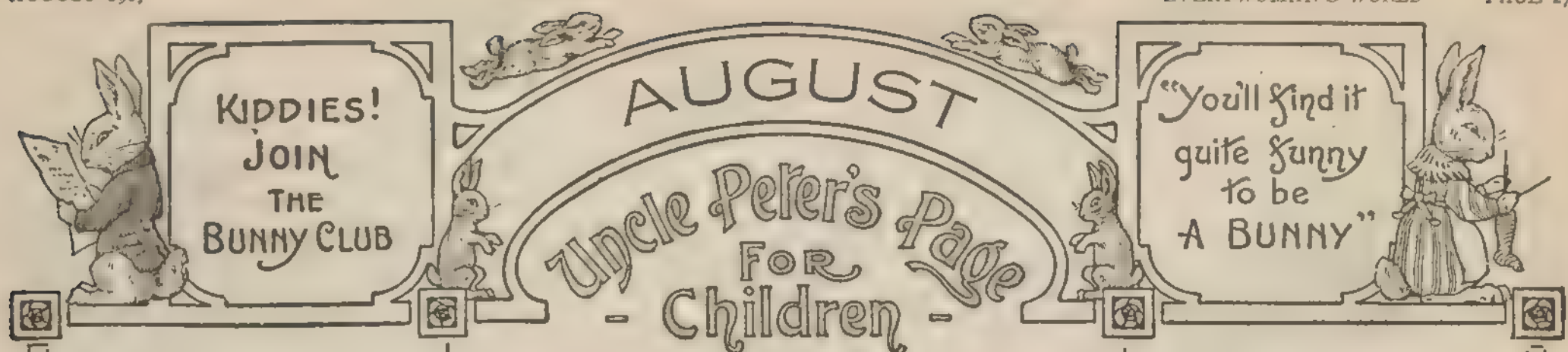
So you mothers and fathers, if your girls want to go to college, let them go. Let them go out in the world well equipped to fight life's hard battles. If you could afford it in the Winter, would you not wish your girl to have all the warm furs she could; a cloth jacket might keep out the cold just as well, but a fur one not only protects from the frost but adorns the wearer, and she feels that confidence in herself which is inspired by handsome clothes.

SO it is with an ordinary and a college education—just the difference between a cloth jacket and a fur coat. Put all the "fur" lining that you can possibly afford into your girls' brains, you mothers and fathers; let their minds be as well nurtured as their bodies for all the mental storms of life, and whatever kind of stuff is in them will be the better for all the extra layers of learning you can afford to put on. An old, rather vulgar, but trite saying is: "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," neither can you make a home-lover or a successful home-maker out of a girl who looks down upon a saucepan and eyes a duster with disgust, whether she be a valedictorian or merely a graduate from the public school. If your daughter greatly desire a college education, give it to her, if you can. It will never make one iota of difference in her capability of becoming a happy wife and mother.

CONSIDERATE

He: "I wish you'd drop the 'Mister,' and call me plain 'George'."

She: "Oh, but it would be very unkind to twit you about your looks."



Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

My Dear Bunnies:

Our Bunny Club is growing fast, so many new Bunnies coming in all the time. Isn't it simple? If you haven't joined already, join now. That's all that is required to make our Bunny Club the biggest Children's Club in Canada. Each one does his or her share by joining right away. Look for every puzzle competition this month and try to win a prize.

Have you your own gardens this year? I hope you have, I should like to think that all my Bunnies do some work in the garden every fine day. You may be sure that Uncle Peter has his garden, and plenty of lettuce in it, too. Carrots and beets are nice for young Bunnies, and Uncle Peter has lots of all of them in his garden. They don't take much space or much trouble, and it's fine to have them growing. That's why I hope my Bunnies, or most of them, are gardeners.

Uncle Peter has finished telling stories about John Bunny and Mr. Fox for a time. Next month we shall have a story about some of the other animals. I am pleased to hear, from so many of my Bunnies, that they like my stories so much.

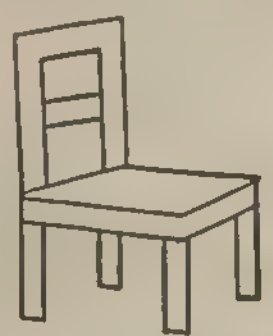
Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,

Uncle Peter.

Competition

Bunnies, here is a chair. See how it is drawn. If you look at it carefully you will see that there are twenty-five straight lines in it of different lengths.

Now, take a piece of paper, and draw something else, a box, a house, or anything you like. Use exactly fifty-five lines altogether. The lines may be any



length you like and joined together in any way you please, but each line must be a straight line. Drawings may be done in either pencil or ink, and should reach me by Sept. 20th. Address, Uncle Peter, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

Six prizes will be given for the six best drawings *according to age*. Be sure to put your name, address, and age on the back of each drawing.

Golden Rhyme

Said the Rose to the Cabbage,
"How beautiful am I!
Poor Cabbage! No flower *you* are showing."
Then there came a stormy day
When the Rose was swept away—
But the Cabbage just kept on growing!

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Mr. Fox gets interested in Lettuce.

Who is it sits by the old oak tree?
Can you tell me, Bunny dear?
Why, it's Mr. Fox, and he's waiting to see
A Bunny who'll never appear.

DOWN by the edge of the woodland, quite near to where John Bunny lives, there is a picket fence, and on the other side of the fence is Mr. Smith's vegetable garden. Mr. Smith is a wise man, and like a great many other people he has a vegetable garden where he grows lots of nice things for his table. Of course, there are lots of lettuces. The pickets in this fence are very close together, but even then, there *are* places where a knowing Bunny can get through, and Mr. Smith has plenty of lettuce planted to allow for some of it being taken away by the Bunnies who find out where it is.

Every one knows that the Bunnies will eat garden things wherever they can get them. There are no laws in Bunny-land to say whether things belong to them or not. They are like the birds, they get their meals wherever they can, only the birds have a great advantage because they can fly *over* the fences.

One morning, as John was going down quite early to the garden, Mr. Fox happened to be taking a walk through the wood. He saw John Bunny in the distance and followed him, but by the time he got to the edge of the wood John was safely inside the garden gathering lettuce. Mr. Fox looked up and down the fence, but he could not see the place where John had got through. So Mr. Fox walked over to the fence to speak to him.

"Good morning, John," said Mr. Fox. "However did you get in there?"

"Didn't you see me jump over the fence, Mr. Fox?" asked John. Mr. Fox said he had not.

"Then, perhaps I didn't jump over," said John.

"But what have you been doing in the woods this morning, Mr. Fox?" asked John. Mr. Fox said he had been picking flowers. John laughed; it really did seem funny to think of a fox spending his time picking wild flowers!

"Do you know anything about flowers, John?" asked Mr. Fox, to keep the conversation going.

"Well, yes, I do," said John. "Mrs. Bunny always lets me know when dinner is ready by ringing a *hare-bell*, and the other day when I was drinking milk out of a *butter-cup*, she asked me what made the *bull-rush* when he saw the *cow-slip* and heard the *cro-cus*. Do *you* know, Mr. Fox?" asked John. Mr. Fox had to admit that he didn't know at all. "When I saw you coming, Mr. Fox," proceeded John, "I *rose* to meet you, and although you are not what I'd *cauliflower*, it *beets* all how *sage* you have *bean* most of the *thyme*. *Lettuce* hope you'll *turnip* often to watch *parsnip* lettuces for lunch. I am not at all afraid of you as I often eat bigger animals than you, Mr. Fox."

"Is that so?" asked Mr. Fox.

"Certainly," said John Bunny. "Why, only this morning I had a *dande-lion* for my breakfast. But your hands seem cold, Mr. Fox, hadn't you better go into the woods and get some *fox-gloves?*"

"My dear John," said Mr. Fox, "do please talk about something else. I see quite well that you know a lot more about flowers than I do. By the way, I think I shall wait for you and help you carry your lettuce home."

Now, John Bunny did not like this last idea at all. He had very much wanted to take some lettuce home with him, but it began to look as though he could not get away with them at all, as Mr. Fox seemed to have made up his mind to sit right there by the fence and wait for him. There are two sides to a fence, and John knew Mr. Fox well enough to be sure that he would stay on the other side of the fence, and that he could easily follow him down the fence as far as he might go. "If I can only get Mr. Fox's attention on to something else, or get him to go away for a little while, I shall be able to slip out," said John to himself.

"How long do you think you will be, John?" asked Mr. Fox.

"Well," said John, "I'm not in any hurry, I think I'll stay right here for a long time yet, as I certainly do want to get together a good pile of lettuce first," and John went back and started picking lettuce, and after awhile, when he had gathered a nice pile, he brought them over and pushed them through the fence to Mr. Fox. Then he gave Mr. Fox a piece of string and asked him to tie them into a nice bundle. Mr. Fox did so.

"Now, are you ready to come home, John?" asked Mr. Fox.

"I'll go back and get some more lettuces first," said John, and going back, he sat quietly in the shade in the lettuce patch, having a good feed. By-and-by Mr. Fox began to get tired of waiting, sitting there in the hot sunshine. "When *are* you coming, John," said he. "I'm tired of waiting here in the heat."

"You don't have to wait if you don't want to," said John. "I never asked you to wait."

"Oh, I'm going to wait," said Mr. Fox. Then he lay down in the shade. After awhile, as John did not show any sign of coming, Mr. Fox began to get quite mad. He called out to John, that he couldn't wait any longer and that he was going home. Then he went behind a big tree and waited. "John won't go home without his lettuce, anyway," said Mr. Fox to himself. From where he sat he could see the pile of lettuce quite plainly. "I'll certainly wait until he comes for them," said Mr. Fox.

So soon as Mr. Fox was out of sight, John quietly worked his way out through the back of the lettuce patch and round the other side to another hole farther down the fence. He didn't care any more about lettuces. All he wanted was to get safely home. And back by the tree, Mr. Fox still waited patiently in the quietness, while the birds chirped up in the branches and the bees hummed in and out of the flowers.

Quite a lot later that morning, Mr. Owl flew by and wished him "Good-day."

"Good-day, Mr. Fox," said Mr. Owl. "Have you turned vegetarian, or are you going in for vegetables on account of the High Cost of Hunting?"

"I'm waiting for my friend, John Bunny," said Mr. Fox with a frown. He did not like being made fun of by Mr. Owl.

"Why," said Mr. Owl, "only a few minutes ago I met John Bunny close to his house, and he asked me to give you his very kind regards."

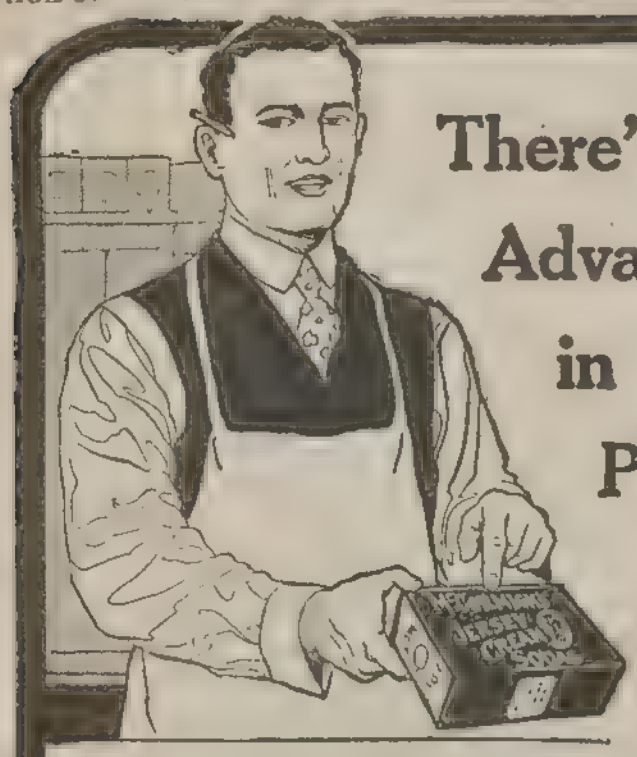
Mr. Fox felt so mad he could have done almost anything, but unfortunately there was nothing for him to do except go home. So off he went in a rage, and Mr. Owl, being, as you know, a good-natured old fellow, picked up the pile of lettuce leaves, all nicely tied up with string, and flew with them over to John Bunny's house, where he dropped them at the front door.

"Children," said John Bunny that night, "never have too much conversation with people who are not friendly toward you, unless there is a good stout fence between you, and more than one way of going home."

"I shall certainly have to start a garden of my own, my dear," said John to Mrs. Bunny. "Every one is doing it, and it's a good thing, with the cost of living going up all the time."

Mrs. Bunny quite agreed with John, and so does

Uncle Peter.



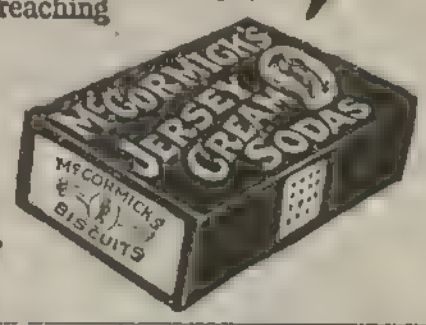
There's a Big Advantage in Buying Package Goods

Any grocer will tell you that "package" goods are much cleaner and fresher than "bulk" goods, because the sealed package preserves the quality and keeps the contents free from dust, dirt and disease-germs.

McCormick's JERSEY CREAM Sodas

are baked in white enamelled ovens by men in spotless white suits. They are then elevated to an airy, sunny room, neatly packed in boxes lined with waxed paper and tightly sealed to insure them reaching your table fresh, crisp and delicious.

Sold Everywhere in Different Sized Packages



76

Ask Your Druggist for Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

See You Get This Box

Tilley Road, N.B.
May 1st, 1915.

"My trouble was gravel in the bladder. My case was very serious and my death was daily expected. No suffering could be worse than I had to endure. I beg you to publish my letter so that people may know what Gin Pills had done for me. The first box relieved me a great deal. Eight boxes were sufficient to cure me entirely and to bring me back to perfect health.

Isadore Thomas."

Your druggist sells Gin Pills—50c. a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50. Sample free if you write to

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
Toronto, Ont. 52

U. S. Address—Na-Dru-Co, Inc.
202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

The Connor Ball Bearing Washer

is the most simply constructed and easily operated washer. The slusher is attached to the cover and when open, drains into the tub—no slops on the floor. There is no post or other obstructions in the tub for the clothes to wind themselves around or wear and tear on. Large steel ball bearings carry the weight of the tub and enable you to swing it, even when full, with your finger tips. The powerful coil springs automatically reverse the swing of the tub.

The Connor will wash a tubful of dirty clothes in 5 or 6 minutes, cleaner and whiter than half an hour's rubbing on the washboard will do. It is sold on a money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Won't you send for descriptive booklet to-day?

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STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
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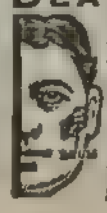
DEAFNESS IS MISERY



I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD
Suite 202, 150 5th Ave., N.Y. City

MADE-AT-HOME

A HOME-MADE GARAGE FOR MILADY'S CAR

By MELVILLE ROBERTSON

OUTSIDE the fire limits of cities, the most satisfactory and inexpensive garage for the housing of one car is a squat, substantial frame structure, such as any man with a liking for tools and amateur carpentry can put up easily. Such a garage costs but little—from $50.00 to $75.00—for materials, and can be finished in three or four afternoons' work. The pre-requisites are the ability to drive a nail, to saw straight across a board, and to use a spade.

First in planning a garage comes the concrete floor. This and its concrete approach are of utmost importance, for they solve the two problems of durability and cleanliness at once, and cost little, if any, more than does a floor of solid planking. In making this floor and approach for a garage twelve by twenty feet in size, spade up a trench one and one-half feet deep along each of the four sides of the rectangle. In these trenches deposit concrete to make six-inch footings. Roll and tamp the ground inside these trenches so that it is level, ready for the concrete floor slab. Then carry up the concrete footings a foot and one-half above grade, and round the floor up to it at the edges so that when perfectly hardened it forms a continuous floor and wall slab. On the top of the foundation wall, iron studding sockets are embedded twenty-four inches apart. These are to receive the eight-foot studs—two-by-four inches is the size used ordinarily.

THE HOME-MADE GARAGE
Simplicity makes it easy to build, and tasteful design makes it a decided addition to almost any premises

ON these studs the drop siding, with which the garage is finished on the outside, is nailed. Up to this point the two sides and back of the garage, up as high as the level of the lower sills of the windows planned, should be finished. Then five ready-made windows—these too can be made if the amateur carpenter has sufficient patience, but usually it is better to buy them—are secured, and the drop siding continued around them up to the eaves. Two windows on each side and one at the back is an ideal arrangement, though if economy is an object three of these can be dispensed with.

Then the doors must be planned. In larger garages the doors are usually of the overhead track type, but this cannot be used in a garage of this size for obvious reasons. The best substitute is a pair of doors, heavily hinged, and held closed by bolt or padlock.

The door frame can be made satisfactorily from two-by-fours. On this hang the doors by means of three pairs of extra long wrought iron hinges

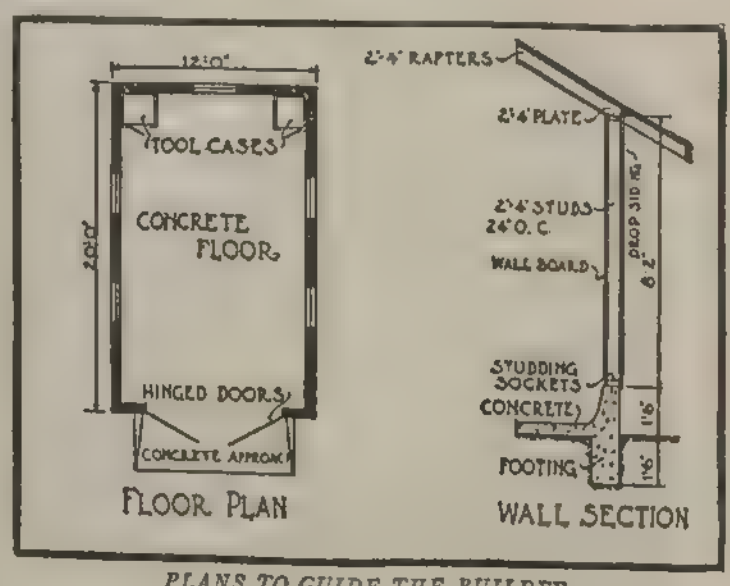
The doors themselves can be made from a double thickness of the drop siding, placed longitudinally instead of horizontally as on the outside walls. In each should be placed a small window. This, although far from necessary, relieves the blank, barn-like appearance which the locked building otherwise would have.

THEN the roof. The frame is easily and quickly made from two-by-fours; one third pitch—meaning a height at the ridge-pole of four feet above the eaves in this particular case—will finish and proportion. The eaves should overhang one foot on each side, and six inches front and back. Eaves any larger would make the building look "droopy," while an absence of them would detract seriously from its trim appearance.

The rafters can be crossed lightly by any spare uniform planking that is convenient—the siding will do, if there is any left—and then over this there should be carefully laid a good roll roofing, taking care that the edges of each overlap at least six inches. It will be found an economy in this case to use a prepared asphalt roofing material; the common tar-paper used for cribs, chicken houses and other make-shift buildings is sure to leak or blow off after a very short time.

Inside, the garage can be finished attractively with wall board. Two cupboards should be left in the corners to serve for clothes-lockers and holders of tools and utensils. Then the garage is finished.

For the man who does not feel very sure of his carpentering ability, garages similar to this are constructed by a number of firms. Each board is sawed to the correct length and numbered. All that is necessary is for the builder to fit and nail them together. This, however, is more expensive.



PLANS TO GUIDE THE BUILDER
The two plans taken together give a good idea of the home-made "one-car" garage.

THEN for those who live within the limits prescribed by cities in which no wooden buildings may be constructed, there remains the steel portable garage. This is manufactured by innumerable companies and can be purchased at a cost of $125 and up, depending mainly upon the strength and durability of the material. If one is venturesome and willing to rely upon himself, he can obtain such a garage, made from his own specifications from any iron and steel concern.

Preserved RASPBERRIES

—Delicious and very Economical

HOW you will miss the fresh fruits next winter. Fruits preserved in tin promise to be unusually scarce on account of the high cost of metals. Every jar of berries that you can preserve at home will be a genuine economy, a real safeguard for you and your family.

Don't let the fact that sugar is slightly higher than in former years prevent you from preserving plentifully. A pound of sugar is enough for three quart jars of fruit. Divide the difference between the present price of sugar and the former price by three, and you will find it is less than a cent a jar. On the other hand the value of the jar of preserves is greater than ever before owing to the increased cost of other sorts of food.

Lantic Sugar

"Pure and Uncolored"

For preserving raspberries and all other fruits buy LANTIC SUGAR. LANTIC is specially advantageous for the early fruits in which the color is hard to preserve as the "FINE" granulation does away with long cooking. The fact that no artificial coloring is used in LANTIC SUGAR commends it to the fastidious housewife.

2 and 5 lb. cartons
10, 20 and 100 lb. sacks.

Preserving labels free: Send a red ball trademark cut from a bag or from the top panel of carton and we will mail you a book of assorted preserving labels, gummed and printed ready to attach to the jar. Address

ATLANTIC SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED,
Power Building, Montreal. 170

JEAN BLEWETT'S OWN PAGE

(Continued from page 3)

The Decollete Gown

ETHEL LEGINSKA, the famous English pianiste, who has been the pet of New York musical circles for the past few years, and who is both young and beautiful, has renounced the decolleté gown. She has also denounced it as as incongruous, unæsthetic, and flippant to immodesty in the musical American. Her argument is that the artiste spends too much time, thought, money, on clothes, that her ambition should be to centre the full interest of the audience on her work, not on herself. "The real artiste," she goes on to say, "does not challenge her audience to comment on her frocks and their style, she wants people to forget her as woman, and think only of her performance—as they do with a man artist. Sex comparisons are indeed odious. A woman to excel in her art cannot waste time on side issues, such as furbelows, fish trains, and kindred finery. The real artiste does not get on the platform to demonstrate the beauty of her face or figure, to make a lavish display of her neck and arms, or her taste in dress, but to perform. She is a worker, and everything that takes from the dignity of her work should not be tolerated. There are many modest and becoming styles, so why cling to the decolleté gown which, very often, is neither.

Grandmothers' Circle

THE TEN PAIRS of socks in course of construction are of colours ranging from silver to dark grey, from khaki to cream, but the heads of the ten knitters are all white. The members of this particular Patriotic Circle are in their seventies, every one of them, though you would not suspect it. They seem quite young and are young—much younger than they were before the War stirred their patriotic zeal, and pushed or drew them into the lines of service. One of them has produced two hundred pairs of socks with her capable wrinkled hands; two or three are running her closely; and all have done well. Today they are less industrious it would seem, the needles forget to click at times. Would you know the reason? One of the circle, that dark-eyed one, born in Belgium but brought up in Hamilton, is telling the story of Catherine Breshhovsky, called lovingly by the people, Grandmother of the Revolution. It is a moving tale, God wot, of Siberian prisons, Cossack outrages, of hunger that could not weaken, and cold that could not chill a soul on fire for freedom. "She gave," goes on the impassioned voice, "her youth, her beauty, her strength, to the cause, and now the cause gives them back to her. The true, the wonderful, the 'miracle woman,' she is led in triumph to the Imperial Room of Petrograd where monarchs were wont to issue their decrees. She is hailed with acclaim. Is she thinking of the home and husband she gave up that she might work for Freedom and Justice? No. Kark! Nothing is too precious to give to the life work of man or woman, provided that life work is for the common good." The needles which have been moving slower, slower, stop altogether. "Three cheers for the grandest of Grandmothers!" cries one old lady waving her work aloft, and the circle falls into line with the earnestness of seventeen, rather than seventy. It is Grandmothers' Day, all right.

A Girl's Engagement

"GIRLS HOLD FAST TO THEIR IDEALS until they lose their hearts," was what the Cynic said when the girl came in the day after the engagement was announced to receive our congratulations. When she began to describe the life partner she was about to take, we naturally expected to hear her claim for him a few noble qualities. But no! She dwelt wholly and solely on his appearance. "The handsomest man!" she ended, all blushing pride and self-congratulation. What would have been the use of breaking in on her mood with some old maxim like, "Beauty is as beauty does," or a reminder that several persons had gone to the altar with that sort of man only to find him poor company later on! It would not matter so much with whom a girl stood at the altar if she did not have to pour his coffee, be interested in his interest, listen to his stories, laugh at his jokes, bear his babies, and, hardest of all, live her life by his rule through all the days to come. In "The Lion's Share," Arnold Bennett's heroine remarks of the illiterate Countess of South Minster, "I can understand how she captured him. If I'd been a man, I'd have married that face like a shot." And a clever spinster replied with, "It might be all right if he'd only married the face, but he has married what she calls her mind."

The Thumb-Bell

IN MY LADY'S WORK BASKET, alongside the bodkin, scissors, the embroidery rings and other accessories, reposes, when not in use, the thimble which my lady feels sure she could never sew without.

"Where is my thimble?" she asks, even before her needle is threaded. The fact remains that this article has only been in use during the last two hundred years. Before that embroidery thrived as an art, and robe-making as an occupation. In and out through wonderful backgrounds of tapestry and velvet went the needle, pushed by nothing harsher than a finger nail. The first one to devise the thimble was a youth called "Lofting, the Silversmith" who in his little shop in London beat and bent a piece of his precious metal into a bell for the thumb of his promised wife, she having displayed to him some time before a small thumb much pricked by the needle.

"Folks can brag as they please of old fashions, but new ones suit me best," she cried, and kissed the gift—and very likely the giver as well.

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SHADOWS IN DREAMS

(*Continued from page 15.*)

and they drove into a courtyard paved with them.

At a corner of the house, great lilacs were in bloom. She buried her face in them while he found his keys and unlocked the door.

Inside, the odour of carbolic and freshly scrubbed floors greeted them; even the windows glistened with recent polishing.

"Isn't this nice!" she exclaimed. "I was all ready for a dusty, musty smell. What a hall, and look at that fire-place in the living room. Tell me, who owns such a lovely place? It is just right, both inside and out."

"A client of mine has bought it and I am to put it in shape. He wants ideas for decorating and furnishing. That is why you are here. He has great confidence in your taste."

"But who is he? Do I know him?" she asked, bewildered.

"He has heard of you, and he knows your work. He has confidence in your taste and judgment, and he wants a woman's touch placed on his home," the man answered

THEY wandered through the rooms; she, excitedly planning colour schemes and fitting furniture; he, following her, his arms folded, listening to her voice rather than to her ideas.

She opened a door into the west wing and they stood in a room almost surrounded with windows—a veritable sun parlour.

"Oh!" she cried, "what an adorable nursery. Has your client children?"

"He has—hopes," he told her gravely.

They inspected the kitchen last.

"Isn't it quaint!" she exclaimed. "Whatever do they put on all those shelves! And looking at kitchens reminds me that I am about famished. How far are we from a place to eat?"

"We are *at* one. Come and see the hamper I have under the seat."

They crossed the yard to where Richard III. was standing and while he extracted a large japanned hamper she went to the horse's head. He nuzzled against her shoulder joyfully.

"He *is* a beauty," she said. "I have often wondered why you did not drive a car. I think I know now."

"Cars are for practical people. I'll carry this hamper over to that crab-tree in bloom. We can watch the river from there, and if you'll get the grub ready as a cave woman should, I'll turn Richard III. loose in the clover, and then start a fire."

"All right," she answered, "only hurry. What have you got?"

"I have beefsteak—young woman—beefsteak. I'll get a pan from the kitchen. Then when we've finished, I want to tell you about my client."

She inspected the hamper, and found snowy linen and monogrammed silver and china. Beside the steak there were mushrooms and salads, coffee in vacuum bottles, strawberries and cream and feathery angel cake; then, with surprise, she watched him make a fire and fry the steak with almost aboriginal skill. When they had finished she drew a long, deep sigh.

"That certainly was good. Marie herself couldn't beat it."

"Certainly not. No one can beat Mrs. Hammond."

"Mrs. Hammond?"

"My housekeeper. She is a good old soul if she has her queer spots. It's funny, the tab she keeps on my doings, lest I marry, and there will be no place for her."

Jerusha was brushing the crumbs from her lap, "Why don't you?" she asked.

"That brings me to my client," he said, helping her to her feet. "Jerry, this house is mine; I am glad you like it. I brought you down to show it to you because I want to offer it to you, together with its owner."

Wide-eyed she stood and faced him, framed with the crab-apple bloom, her heart beating almost hammerlike with the tremendousness of the moment but unable either to speak or move.

"I have been abrupt," he said gently, at last, taking her hand and leading her to a rustic seat above the blue waters of the river.

"You are surprised now, but—"

"Grant," she said, finding her voice and withdrawing the hand he still held. "I never even dreamed "

"I know," he answered quickly. "I am the one who dreams. Every day when I leave the office I dream that I am going to a home—not an hotel or apartment, but a home. Something like this, it has always been, with trees and a drive. And down the drive a little girl runs to meet me, with flying golden curls, and back in the shadows a woman in white waits to greet me. The little girl has always been clear in my mind, but until lately the woman has been indistinct and shadowy. Of late, however, she has taken shape from the shadows, and when, in my dreams, my little girl and I come up to her, it is always you."

Jerusha laughed unsteadily.

"I should never imagine that I am the sort of person to come out of shadows in dreams. Men talk business with me; praise me while they try to outwit me, but I am not the type that men love."

"Not the men you meet in business, perhaps. They are strong, aggressive, and much like you. People talked once of you and Senator Tillman as a possible match, but I knew it was more fitting when he married that golden-haired and useless English beauty. They mentioned you and Garford out at the cement works. He married his frail and pretty stenographer."

Jerusha tried hard to keep her colour from rising. These were the only men whom she had ever considered.

"Your practical nature would best be complemented by what you would call a poet or dreamer. Most people do not know me that way, but I am, and if you can learn to love me—tell me, do you think you can? I'll wait a year——any time——"

She shook her head.

"I've never loved anything but my work. I'm not a *debutante*, and my ideas are congealed. Then, my ambitions for my city—Grant, no—I can't give them up. They are me."

His eyes were on the river, sombre and dark.

"And if I do not ask you to give them up? You could go on with your work; keep your office and all if you wish. We could go up and come back every fine day, and have an apartment for when we wished to stay in town. I want whatever will make you happiest."

"You can't know how I appreciate that," she told him. "But I know that your ideal wife should be waiting in the shadows; she should be gracious and charming to the men you brought into your home, but you would never want her to be out among them, and to do battle with them and beat them with their own weapons—as I have done and would do. I don't, in reality, fit your dreams and I don't believe you can change them to fit me."

"I admit I was brought up with the ideas you mention," he said. "But you are you. I love you just the way you are."

After a long pause she spoke again.

"It could never be the same to me. A woman married is not an individual. Full credit for my work would never come to me. The name Wetherel would not suggest me, but you. Men would consult you about what I should do. They would send my bills to you. I should simply be a piece of property. That much for me. For you—you mentioned that your client had—hopes."

"And have you none?"

"Only those that I have striven toward all these years. Material things and their rewards. So I cannot be the woman of your dreams. I'm ever so sorry, but I couldn't give the other up."

Jerusha never remembered how she got through the rest of the day but, back again in her own apartment, she did know that a desperate loneliness, something she had never felt before, assailed her. During the evening she wandered through her luxurious rooms, and they seemed empty and hollow. The rugs and treasures from the Orient gave her no satisfaction to-night. She played a few discontented chords on her imported grand piano; even her books she viewed with distaste. She longed for human companionship, and her thoughts wandered to the friend of her girlhood.

A picture of Rose—now Rose Colborne, since she had, to Jerusha's disgust, thrown over a promising career in art and married Dr. Colborne—was on the mantel. Jerusha paused before it.

"Dear old Rose," she murmured, "You always had so much good sense. Wouldn't I love to talk to you to-night."

A resolution to see Rose on the morrow took possession of her. The Colbornes had moved to a little town ninety miles away, but she knew that, barring a meeting with police, that would not take her long.

AT the office next day matters of urgency prevented her leaving, but she worked far into the night that she might get away the next day. At noon she turned the office over to her secretary and, after a hasty luncheon, climbed the Waterford hill and opened the throttle.

It still wanted a few minutes of three when Jerusha found her way to the white gate of the Colborne place. She rang the doorbell with nervous fingers, waited, then rang again. Getting no response, she opened the door and entered a little hall fragrant with a bowl of apple blossoms, and wandered on until she stood in the blue and white kitchen.

"Isn't this just like Rose!" she exclaimed.

On the casement window—open a little so that the breezes wandered through, swaying the dimity curtains and bringing the breath of apple-bloom—stood a row of little jars, like jewels of amber and topaz. Rose had been making marmalade. On the white table before the window were four golden-brown loaves of bread, covered with a towel with a red border.

"Isn't it all too dear," sighed Jerusha. She opened the white refrigerator. Bottles of cream and a blue-banded bowl of eggs were on one shelf, a crisp pile of lettuce, tiny threads of onions and strawberries in boxes on another. Some chops on a platter, asparagus and peeled potatoes revealed the secret of the day's dinner.

A clothes rack in the corner of the kitchen hung with fresh and snowy garments proclaimed the week's ironing done. As Jerusha looked rather absently at these her heart stood still, for she saw that the ironing consisted chiefly of tiny dresses and underskirts of exquisite daintiness.

"To think that I never heard! That she never told me!" she said under her breath and turned away into the dining-room, restful in its blues and grays. From this a sunny alcove opened; Jerusha stepped on tiptoes, because, though aware of the plants in the windows, the sewing machine and comfortable rocker, her eyes were fixed on the central feature, a wicker cradle. As she drew near, little snufflings were followed by a yawn and the cradle stirred. Then, as she peered above the edge, two big blue eyes opened suddenly. Jerusha looked about helplessly.

"What will I do if he starts to howl?" she asked herself.

Instead of howls, however, a winning smile brought dimples into the little round cheeks. The woman knelt and touched a pink head. Instantly her finger was gripped with a strength she had not imagined possible, and the little head was lifted, straining to rise. She shook with excitement as she turned back the covers and lifted the willing weight, trying awkwardly to put a shawl about it.

"Jerry Abbott!"

Jerusha wheeled just in time to be rapturously embraced by the astonished and excited Rose.

"You old dear! Wherever did you come from, and why didn't you let us know?"

"You almost made me drop your son," Jerusha said severely, "and how is it that I never hear of him until I come in here and almost fall over him?"

"Let me fix him up and get his bottle while you take your things off. Goodness, Jerry, I don't know when I've had a minute to write letters. *You* think *you're* busy."

"Let's see, where was I?" she chattered, returning. "I'm so excited at seeing you that I don't know what I am doing—just a minute, greedy son. Was he starved?—Oh, yes. Well, when one has a baby there is hardly a minute to really call one's own. Just now I stole a second to slip over for the milk. Some days I have to take him. I have a woman three hours every morning to clean the place up. The rest I do myself, so I am pretty well tied. I don't suppose you think this young man worth it, but we do. I wouldn't trade him for ten times your fame and money. What do you think of that, from the Rose of old ambitions?"

As Jerusha gazed at the Rose who had, she had once thought thrown her chance to the winds, and then looked at her exquisite baby boy, suddenly her soul awoke.

"Think?" she said at last. "Rose, I think you have everything and I have nothing!"

"Jerry Abbott! Do I hear you aright?"

"You do. That bundle you are holding is worth everything I have or ever could have. You have it all."

"But Jerry, what has changed you so? I have nothing at all, home, husband, or children, that you cannot have."

"How do you know that?"

"Grant Wetherel was here. Jerry, has he spoken to you yet?

"What did he tell you?" countered Jerusha.

"He was sitting by son's cradle here, just devouring him with his eyes. Jerry, don't you just love to see a man—any man at all, but especially a well-groomed thoroughbred like Grant—adoring a baby? Finally he got up and said:

'"Rose, don't you agree with me that a kiddie like that is worth any man's swallowing his pride for?'"

I said: "'Grant Wetherel, if you think a man has to swallow his pride to be a husband and father, then you're very much better a bachelor.'"

HE walked around the table with his hands in his pockets, then came and stood in front of me.

"'Rose,' he said, 'it's Jerry Abbott.'

"I was so surprised, I almost collapsed. I saw at once where his pride came in. People were apt to ascribe his wanting you to, well, material reasons. He knew even you might think so."

"Oh, I didn't. Not for a minute," protested Jerusha.

"Well, any one might, you know. I did my best to persuade him that some one else would better fit his ideas and ideals. I know he left here awfully blue, but I couldn't encourage him. He said he meant to try."

Just at this moment Dr. Colborne came in, his brisk cheerfulness bringing sunshine into a world that Jerusha felt was strangely without any. He greeted the guest warmly, then, slipping his hand under his wife's chin, tipped her face up.

"Can you rush dinner, hon? I have to drive to Conway. I'll be gone about all night. Here, give me the youngster."

"No, you can hold him any time. Jerry wants him."

"Then I'll get busy and make all ready," he said. "Anything I can do for you, Rose?"

"No, I've everything all ready, dear."

And while they hurried Jerry held their treasure, a contented, comfortable and soothing burden, snuggling into her arm, and making her heart ache.

Later that night, the two girls sat on the moonlit porch.

"Tell me all about Grant if you want to," Rose invited.

Jerusha told her of their day together, of the homelike stone house in its beautiful setting, and of Grant's proposal and her answer.

"And, Rose, the funny part is the different view-point I have down here. There, my reasons seemed perfectly sensible and sound. Here, they are unconvincing, not to say ridiculous. Is there any lotus about this place? I don't want to do anything ever again but be a queen bee, protected and worked for as you are. When I think of the Children's Hospital and the park gate at Waterford, I could shudder. What has gotten into me?"

"You have had a glimpse of real things, Jerry. I don't suppose you ever put a baby to bed before, or had even seen it done. I used to think just the way you did. When girls spoke of their careers, I was thrilled. Now, I think of my son, and my (*Continued on page 43*).

READ THIS, PARENTS

IMPORTANT LITTLE THINGS

By KATHERINE WYNNE

Teaching Himself

PARENTS differ in their opinions as to when a child's education should begin, and authorities differ as to the best age at which he should be started at school.

The child himself doesn't care a scrap about the age when he begins to go to school; it is not a matter of so much importance as many wiseacres think. But he *does* care about the time when he is permitted to begin to educate himself, and he understands the fundamental principles of education far better than most of those who have spent years in the study of that very subject.

Education—to lead out; [illegible] to track in. There you have it: Education—to draw out that which is in one's self; investigation—to search into that which is in outside things and other persons.

The baby feels these two opposite processes, and how they dovetail into each other. He wastes no time in considering if he be old enough to begin to search into the why and wherefore of things, or if the time be ripe to draw out of the store that is within himself. Not he! Neither does he worry about the best thing on which to begin. He goes straight to the important necessity—that of beginning, and beginning at once. He investigates the thing nearest to him with his hands and tests it with his mouth.

Later, the very small child wants to investigate a button and buttonhole, but Mother is in a hurry to dress him and will not give him time. He wants to fit that button to that buttonhole himself, but he is not allowed to do so, and Mother buttons him up in short order. She thus nips in the bud his desire to be independent and to wait on himself. It is a natural impulse, but, instead of recognizing this and educating the desire—*leading out* his capability of achievement—she smothers it, dwarfs it, and weakens for life his faculty of independence.

Presently she thinks he is old enough to dress himself, but her first lesson of dependence is too strong, and he has now lost all interest in buttons and buttonholes—his mind is occupied with another and newer problem. There is food here for thought.

Put It In Writing

HERE'S an idea for the mother who finds it difficult to say just enough and not too much when she must reprove. *Put it in writing.*

The very novelty of finding a note tied to his toothbrush reminding him that "I'm here for use," will please Jimmy so much that he will try to remember next time.

A square of cardboard fastened upright to the door-mat and informing all that "This is for you. Look on the back," and when you look on the back admonishing you to "Wipe your boots," will do more toward establishing a good habit than the oft-repeated "Johnnie, wipe your feet!"

When Anna neglects to sweep her room, tie a note to the broom handle and prop it against her dresser. You can write "I want to sweep," and Anna's impulse is to pick up the broom and begin. Or write, "Mother's tired and couldn't do it," and see if she forgets so readily another time.

This idea can be enlarged to take in little, tender, loving messages and bits of advice. If these are sealed with real sealing wax, they have an added importance to the child. "Mother spoke hastily this morning, and is sorry." "Father is glad his little daughter is more tidy." "Some one forgot to water the plants—was it you?"

Children love mystery, and very soon you will find all sorts of little messages in all sorts of unexpected places that will give you a warm glow around your heart.

Some mothers find it difficult to speak the little loving appreciations that mean so much to the child, but surely every mother can write them! These little notes might easily mark the beginning of a better understanding between you and your children, and might very well lead to that confidence which is the sweetest and most lasting bond between parents and children.

Point the child to the thing he should do and not to the thing he should not do.

Isn't this better than the everlasting "Don't do this" "You mustn't do that"?

Try it and see.

The coming number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will contain 28 new departments—live, bright, and intensely interesting to every Canadian woman.

Buttoning Your Baby With Ribbon

QUEEN VICTORIA invented the safety pin for the use of her own babies in the Royal Nursery, and, in doing so, gave a convenience of untold worth to the world.

The safety pin holds its own place in the baby's wardrobe, and fills its chief use in securing the napkin; but used instead of buttons and buttonholes, it shows carelessness on the part of the mother or nurse, and may prove a source of danger to the child. Used to secure the clothing, it may slip and the point be caught in the baby's soft flesh or the hand of some one else.

But while we extol the use of the button and buttonhole, we are not blind to their faults. Buttons *will* catch in the washing machine and the wringer; and buttonholes *will* tear out. We all know that buttons disappear at the most inconvenient minute, and that the buttonhole will surrender its button when least expected.

So we thought the matter over and the result is "Button your baby with ribbon."

Cut the shoulder straps of the little shirt where they join the body part, and bind; then, above the binding on the shirt work a couple of eyelet holes; opposite these on the straps sew the end of a washing ribbon. You can now put the shirt on without any trouble, and without pulling the baby's little arms; lace the ribbon through the holes and tie to itself.

The little flannel skirts and slip skirts should be tied on the shoulders in the same way. The sleeves in the little frocks and dresses make it impossible to fasten them on the shoulders, but they are better tied under the arms, rather than in front or at the back; one side of the front should be cut double and then cut in a bias line from the neck to the underarm. Sew one ribbon to the centre of the under front, pass it around the baby, and tie to the ribbon sewed to the edge of the over front under the arm. Use ribbon instead of eyelet holes on the dresses, and tie in neat little bows.

An added advantage that ribbon has over buttons and buttonholes is that in warm weather the clothes may be left a little looser, and on a cool day drawn more closely about the child.

The Reason Why

EVERY normal child wants to know why, and will ask more questions in five minutes than a sage can answer in five hours.

The wise mother guides him into the way of answering his own questions and allows him, when it is possible, to find out for himself. A word here, a bit of explanation there, is all that is needed.

The world is, to him, a great, big, wonderful place, full of interesting things and absorbing mysteries. When Father takes him travelling, he misses a great, big opportunity if he does not use the changing panorama to teach his small son many, many things, and with the real workable object before him.

As that windmill flashes by, explain its use and the principle on which it works; if possible, make a rough drawing to help him understand. If you have a wait of ten minutes or half an hour, show him the engine, point out the different parts, and, so far as you can, explain their uses. Presently you pass a butter and cheese factory, and these furnish an excellent opportunity for a discussion that will probably last until your destination is reached.

How much better this is than to stuff the child with a lunch he does not want and is better without.

The boy's keen wish to try this and that, and his everlasting questions are but the desire to learn more of the world, the people, and the things in it. When you send him to school you pay to have him taught, but you often neglect the teaching you should give him in your daily, hourly, intercourse with him.

Many a father laments that he cannot send his boy to a Manual Training School or to an Agricultural College, but he neglects the object lessons that are lying all around on every hand. He frustrates the boy's desire to make and paint a wheelbarrow, and sees no reason why he should be allowed to build a rabbit hutch. When the boy is older and the gate is off its hinges or a lock broken, the father will think he should know how to make the repairs, forgetting that he had put obstacles in the way of his desire to learn.

Why blame the boy?

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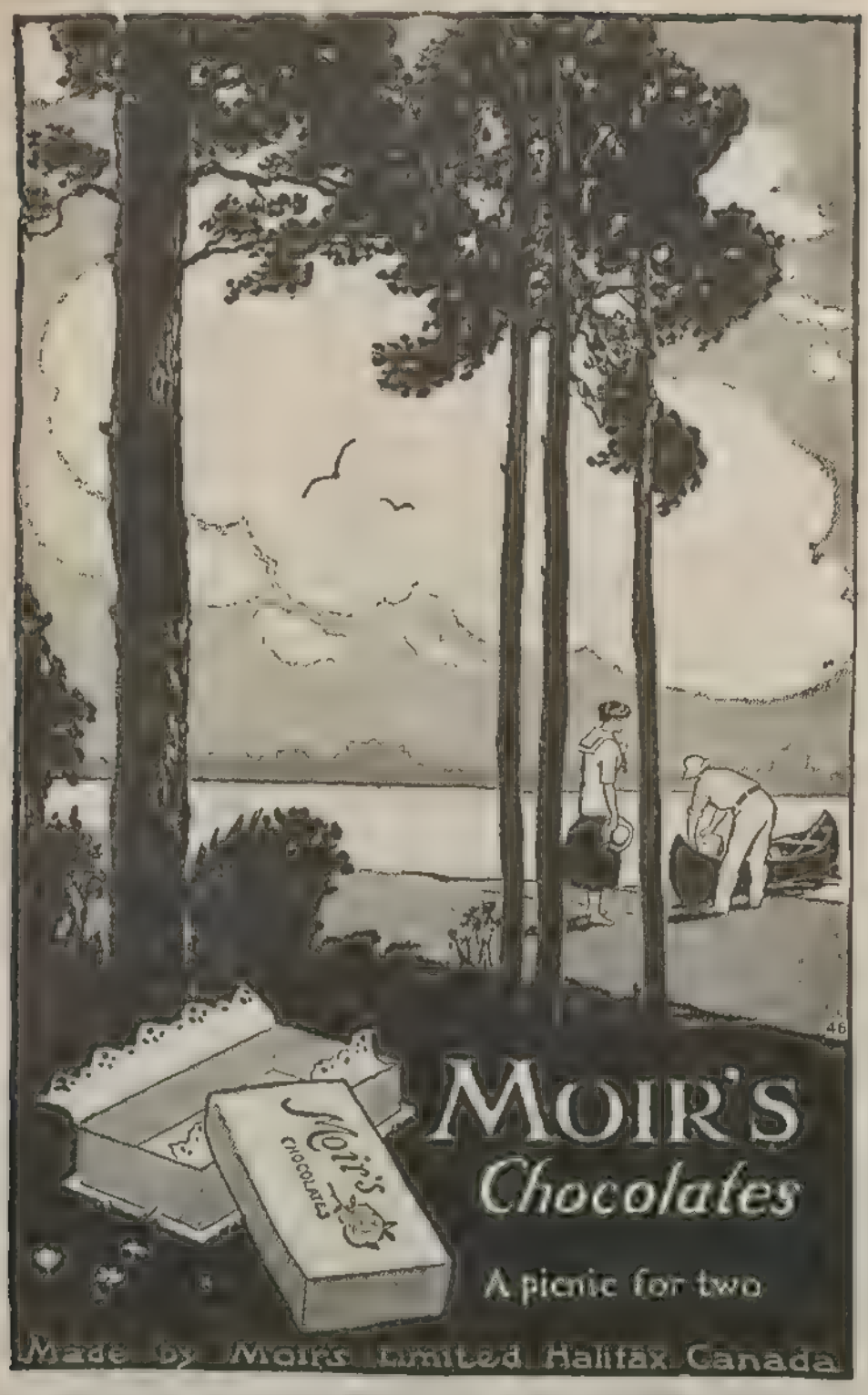

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so popular and well known and in such great demand that any boy or girl can sell it without trouble. The profit of 5c on every copy makes high earnings possible as it is an ordinary thing for a youngster to sell as many as 15 or 20 copies in a single afternoon after school, making a clear profit of $1.00 or more. We do not ask you to send any money in advance. We are willing to trust your boy and girl with as many copies as they desire to sell each month. Many boys and girls find that after ladies have read one copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD they will gladly order a year's subscription and on these subscriptions we pay a large cash profit and bonus. See that the coupon is sent to us to-day. It involves no risk of any kind to have your boy or girl try this pleasant, easy way of making money.

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Boys and girls, it won't cost you a single penny to start right in now and have copies of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to sell every month just as soon as it is out. Start right now and very soon you'll have a big list of steady customers. Many of your customers will give you their subscription orders on which you make an extra big profit which we will tell you about.

Clip off the coupon at the bottom and mail it to us to-day and we will enter your order at once, to receive just 10 copies of each issue for the next six issues. You'll get your first 10 at once and as soon as the new magazine for each month is out you'll get 10 of them because every one of your customers will like EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD so much they'll want you to bring it every month. You'll get your magazines all postage paid and we will trust you with them until you sell them. When you have sold your ten copies you keep 50c and send us $1.00. That's easy isn't it? If any of your customers give you their subscriptions, as many will, you will make 50c clear on each order.

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Publishers, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62-64 Temperance St., Toronto, Ont.

Please enter my order for 10 copies of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD each month for six months (or until my order is increased or countermanded) to sell at 15c each—my profit 5c on each copy. Send my copies quickly and I will remit as soon as I sell them, sending you $1.00 and keeping the profit 50c for myself. It is understood that I will earn extra special extra cash amounts should I secure any subscriptions.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

My First Success

THE ALPINE PATH

(*Continued from page 16*)

rhyme. She and I had a habit, no doubt, a reprehensible one, of getting out together on the old side bench at school, and writing "po'try" on our slates, when the master fondly supposed we were sharpening our intellects on fractions.

WE began by first writing acrostics on our names; then we wrote poems addressed to each other in which we praised each other fulsomely; finally, one day, we agreed to write up in stirring rhyme all our teachers, including the master himself. We filled our slates; two verses were devoted to each teacher, and the two concerning the reigning pedagogue were very sarcastic effusions dealing with some of his flirtations with the Cavendish belles. Alma and I were gleefully comparing our productions when the master himself, who had been standing before us but with his back toward us, hearing a class, suddenly wheeled about and took my slate out of my paralyzed hand. Horrors! I stood up, firmly believing that the end of all things was at hand. Why he did not read it I do not know, it may be he had a dim suspicion what it was and wanted to save his dignity. Whatever his reason, he handed the slate back to me in silence, and I sat down with a gasp, sweeping off the accusing words as I did so lest he might change his mind. Alma and I were so badly scared that we gave up at once and forever the stolen delight of writing poetry in company on the side bench!

I remember—who could ever forget it?—the first commendation my writing received. I was about twelve and I had a stack of poems written out and hidden jealously from all eyes, for I was very sensitive in regard to my scribblings and could not bear the thought of having them seen and laughed at. Nevertheless, I wanted to know what others would think of them, not from vanity, but from a strong desire to find out if an impartial judge would see any merit in them. So I employed a little ruse to find out. It all seems very funny to me now, and a little pitiful; but then it seemed to me that I was at the bar of judgment for all time. It would be too much to say that, had the verdict been unfavourable, I would have forever surrendered my dreams, but they would certainly have been frosted for a time.

A lady was visiting us who was something of a singer. One evening I timidly asked her if she had ever heard a song called "Evening Dreams."

She certainly had not, for the said "Evening Dreams" was a poem of my own composition, which I then considered my masterpiece. It is not now extant, and I can remember the first two verses only. I suppose that they were indelibly impressed on my memory by the fact that the visitor asked me if I knew any of the words of the "song." Whereupon I, in a trembling voice, recited the two opening verses:

"When the evening sun is setting
Quietly in the west,
In a halo of rainbow glory,
I sit me down to rest.

I forget the present and future,
I live over the past once more,
As I see before me crowding
The beautiful days of yore."

Strikingly original! Also, a child of twelve would have a long "past" to live over!

I finished up with a positive gasp, but the visitor was busy with her fancy work, and did not notice my pallor and general shakiness. For I *was* pale, it was a moment of awful import to me. She placidly said that she had never heard the song, but "the words were very pretty."

The fact that she was sincere must certainly detract from her reputation for literary discrimination. But to me it was the sweetest morsel of commendation that had ever fallen to my lot, or that ever has fallen since, for that matter. Nothing has ever surpassed that delicious moment. I ran out of the house—it wasn't big enough to contain my joy, I must have all outdoors for that—and danced down the lane under the birches in a frenzy of delight, hugging to my heart the remembrance of those words.

Perhaps it was this that encouraged me sometime during the following winter to write out my "Evening Dreams" very painstakingly—on both sides of the paper, alas!—and to send them to the editor of *The Household*, an American magazine we took. The idea of being paid for them never entered my head. Indeed, I am not at all sure that I knew at that time that people were ever paid for writing. At least, my early dreams of literary fame were untainted by any mercenary speculations.

Alack! the editor of *The Household* was less complimentary than our visitor. He sent the verses back, although I had *not* "enclosed a stamp" for the purpose, being in blissful ignorance of any such requirement.

My aspirations were nipped in the bud for a time. It was a year before I recovered from the blow. Then I essayed a more modest flight. I copied out my "Evening Dreams" again and sent them to the Charlottetown *Examiner*. I felt quite sure it would print them, for it often printed verses which I thought, and, for that matter, still think, were no better than mine.

For a week I dreamed delicious dreams of seeing my verses in the Poet's Corner, with my name appended thereto. When the *Examiner* came, I opened it with tremulous eagerness. There was not a sign of an evening dream about it!

I drained the cup of failure to the very dregs. It seems very amusing to me now, but it was horribly real and tragic to me then. I was crushed in the very dust of humiliation and I had no hope of rising again. I burned my "Evening Dreams," and, although I continued to write because I couldn't help it, I sent no more poems to the editors.

Poems, however, were not all I wrote. Very soon after I began to write verses I also began to write stories. The "Story Club" in "Anne of Green Gables" was suggested by a little incident of schooldays when Janie S—, Amanda M— and I all wrote a story with the same plot. I remember only that it was a very tragic plot, and the heroines were all drowned while bathing on Cavendish sandshore! Oh, it was very sad! It was the first, and probably the last, time that Janie and Amanda attempted fiction, but I had already quite a library of stories in which almost everyone died. A certain lugubrious yarn, "My Graves," was my masterpeice. It was a long tale of the peregrinations of a Methodist minister's wife, who buried a child in every circuit to which she went. The oldest was buried in Newfoundland, the last in Vancouver, and all Canada between was dotted with those graves. I wrote the story in the first person, described the children, pictured out their death beds, and detailed their tombstones and epitaphs.

Then there was "This History of Flossy Brighteyes," the biography of a doll. I couldn't kill a doll, but I dragged her through every other tribulation. However, I allowed her to have a happy old age with a good little girl who loved her for the dangers she had passed and overlooked her consequent lack of beauty.

Nowadays, my reviewers say that my forte is humour. Well, there was not much humour in those early tales, at least, it was not intended there should be. Perhaps I worked all the tragedy out of my system in them, and left an unimpeded current of humour. I think it was my love of the dramatic that urged me to so much infanticide. In real life I couldn't have hurt a fly, and the thought that superfluous kittens had to be drowned was torture to me. But in my stories battle, murder and sudden death were the order of the day.

When I was fifteen I had my first ride on a railway train, and it was a long one. I went with Grandfather Montgomery to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, where Father had married again and was then living. I spent a year in Prince Albert and attended the High School there.

It was now three years since I had suffered so much mortification over "Evening Dreams." By this time my long-paralyzed ambition was beginning to recover and lift its head again. I wrote up the old Cape Leforce legend in rhyme and sent it down home to the *Patriot*, no more of the *Examiner* for me!

FOUR weeks passed. One afternoon Father came in with a copy of the *Patriot*. My verses were in it! It was the first sweet bubble on the cup of success and of course it intoxicated me. There were some fearful printers' errors in the poem which fairly made the flesh creep on my bones, but it was my poem, and in a real newspaper! The moment we see our first darling brain child arrayed in black type is never to be forgotten. It has in it some of the wonderful awe and delight that comes to a mother when she looks for the first time on the face of her first born.

During that winter I had other verses and articles printed. A story I had written in a prize competition was published in the Montreal *Witness*, and a descriptive article on Saskatchewan was printed in the Prince Albert *Times*, and copied and commented on favourably by several Winnipeg papers. After several effusions on "June" and kindred subjects appeared in that long-suffering *Patriot*. I was beginning to plume myself on being quite a literary person.

But the demon of filthy lucre was creeping into my heart. I wrote a story and sent it to the New York *Sun*, because I had been told that it paid for articles; and the New York *Sun* sent it back to me. I flinched, as from a slap in the face, but went on writing. You see, I had learned the first, last, and middle lesson—"Never give up!"

The next summer I returned to Prince Edward Island and spent the following winter in Park Corner, giving music lessons and writing verses for the *Patriot*. Then I attended the Cavendish school for another year, studying for the Entrance Examination into Prince of Wales College. In the fall of 1893 I went to Charlottetown, and attended the Prince of Wales College that winter, studying for a teacher's license.

I was still sending away things and getting them back. But one day I went into the Charlottetown post office and got a thin letter with the address of an American magazine in the corner. In it was a brief note accepting a poem, "Only a Violet." The editor offered me two subscriptions to the magazine in payment. I kept one myself and gave the other to a friend, and those magazines, with their vapid little

stories, were the first tangible [illegible] pen brought me.

"It is a st[illegible] written in my old journal of that year. I wonder if I shall ever be able to [illegible] worth while in the way of writing. It was my dearest ambition."

After leaving Prince of Wales C[illegible] I taught school for a year in Bideford, P[illegible] ward Island. I wrote a good deal a[illegible] learned a good deal, but still my stuff came back except from two periodicals the editors of which evidently thought that literature was its own reward, and quite independent of monetary considerations. I often wonder that I did not give up in utter discouragement. At first I used to feel dreadfully hurt w[illegible] over which I had laboured and agonized came back, with one of those icy little rejection slips. Tears of disappointment *would* come in spite of myself, as I crept away to hide the poor, crimpled manuscript in the depths of my trunk. But after a while I got hardened to it and did not mind. I only set my teeth and said "I will succeed." I believed in myself and I struggled on alone, in secrecy and silence. I never told my ambitions and efforts and failures to any one. Down, deep down, under all discouragement and rebuff, I knew I would "arrive" some day.

In the autumn of 1895 I went to Halifax and spent the winter taking a selected course in English literature at Dalhousie College. Through the winter came a "Big Week" for me. On Monday I received a letter from *Golden Days*, a Philadelphia juvenile, accepting a short story I had sent there and enclosing a cheque for five dollars. It was the first money my pen had ever earned; I did not squander it in riotous living, neither did I invest it in necessary boots and gloves. I went up town and bought five volumes of poetry with it—Tennyson, Byron, Milton, Longfellow, Whittier. I wanted something I could keep for ever in memory of having "arrived."

ON Wednesday of the same week I won the prize of five dollars offered by the Halifax *Evening Mail* for the best letter on the subject, "Which has the greater patience—man or woman?"

My letter was in the form of some verses, which I had composed during a sleepless night and got up at three o'clock in the wee sma' hours to write down. On Saturday the *Youth's Companion* sent me a cheque for twelve dollars for a poem. I really felt quite bloated with so much wealth. Never in my life, before or since have I been so rich!

After my Dalhousie winter I taught school for two more years. In those two years I wrote scores of stories, generally for Sunday School publications and juvenile periodicals. The following entry from my journal refers to this period:

"I have grubbed away industriously all this summer and ground out stories and verses on days so hot that I feared my very marrow would melt and my gray matter be hopelessly sizzled up. But oh, I love my work! I love spinning stories, and I love to sit by the window of my room and shape some 'airy fairy' fancy into verse. I have got on well this summer and added several new journals to my list. They are a varied assortment, and their separate tastes all have to be catered to. I write a great many juvenile stories. I like doing these, but I should like it better if I didn't have to drag a 'moral' into most of them. They won't sell without it, as a rule. So in the moral must go, broad or subtle, as suits the fibre of the particular editor I have in view. The kind of juvenile story I like best to write—and read, too, for the matter of that—is a good, jolly one, "art for art's sake," or rather "fun for fun's sake," with no insidious moral hidden away in it like a pill in a spoonful of jam!"

It was not always hot weather when I was writing. During one of those winters of school teaching I boarded in a very cold farmhouse. In the evenings, after a day of strenuous school work, I would be too tired to write. So I religiously arose an hour earlier in the mornings for that purpose. For five months I got up at six o'clock and dressed by lamplight. The fires would not yet be on, of course, and the house would be very cold. But I would put on a heavy coat, sit on my feet to keep them from freezing, and with fingers so cramped that I could scarcely hold the pen, I would write my "stunt" for the day. Sometimes it would be a poem in which I would carol blithely of blue skies and rippling brooks and flowery meads! Then I would thaw out my hands, eat breakfast and go to school.

When people say to me, as they occasionally do, "Oh, how I envy you your gift, how I wish I could write as you do," I am inclined to wonder, with some inward amusement, how much they would have envied me on those dark, cold, winter mornings of my apprenticeship.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT HE REQUIRED

Some time back a gentleman advertised for an hostler, and mentioned that a returned soldier would be prefered. Soon a hard-faced fellow put in an appearance seeking the billet.

"Do you smoke?" asked the gentleman.

"No," was the reply.

"Swear?"

"No."

"Are you a member of the Church?

Seeing that an answer in the affirmative was required, the other said he was.

But when the gentleman asked, "Are you a total abstainer?" it was rather too close quarters for the returned hero.

"Look 'ere, mister," he said, "strike me if yer knows wot yer want. You hadvertised for an 'ostler, but you bloomin' well wants a hark-angel, that's what yer wants," and walked away in disgust.

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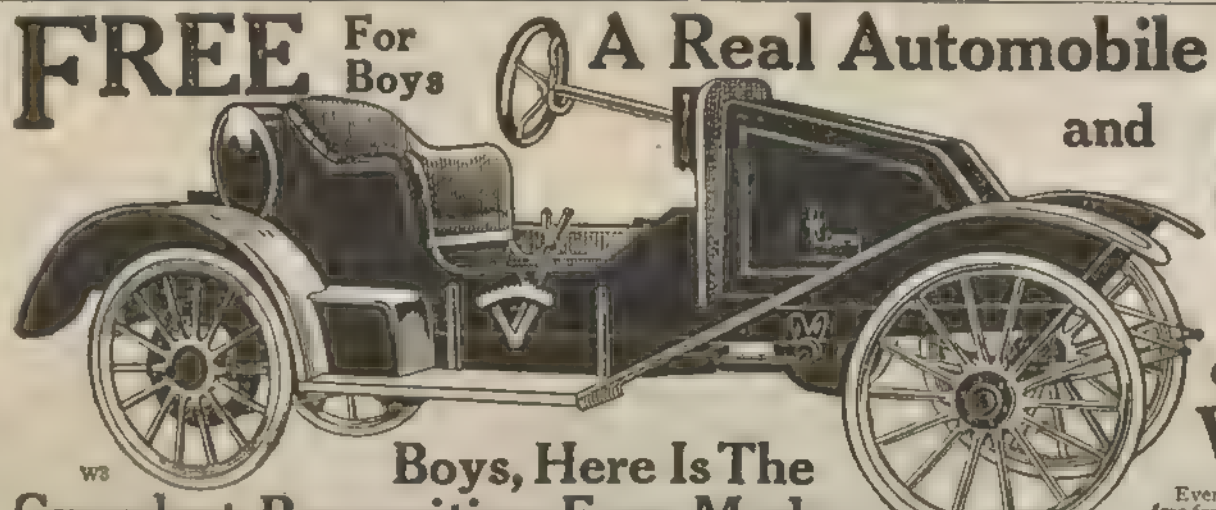

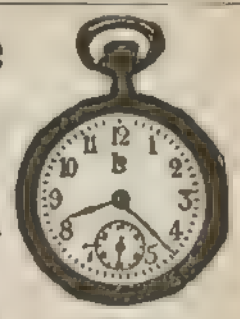

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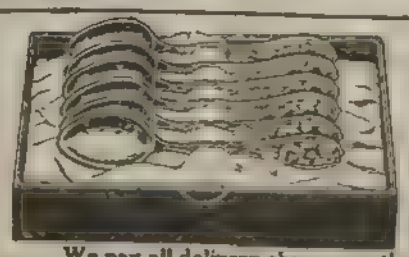

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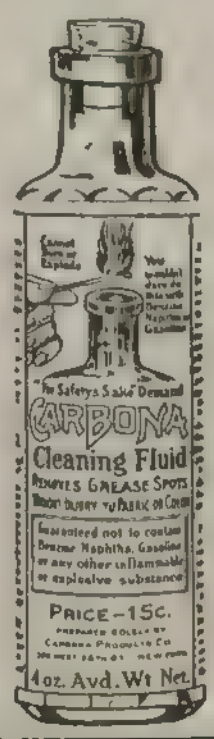

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How Clever Women Make Money

UNUSUAL WAYS BY WHICH TO FATTEN YOUR BANK ACCOUNT

By MARY AGNES BRAY PEASE

WOMEN are constantly blazing new trails in the World of Work. There is now no need of being pushed into a profession or business which is distasteful because careful search will reveal one that makes a special appeal to each particular taste.

Canadian women seldom feel that they are given the same advantages in the business world as those accorded to men. When, therefore, a woman makes a marked success in a new line of work, it is because she has special ability and an unusual amount of perseverance.

One woman has started into a line of work which should have many devotees as it fills a long-felt want. She sells bonds and other securities. Her happy hunting ground is the helpless widow or single woman left with means but with no business acumen or experience. Women in general are extremely ignorant upon all matters of finance. Many of them have read and heard so many stories of the way men swindle women that they turn trustfully to a woman who is qualified to give them the advice they need. Then again, a woman best knows the business limitations of the average feminine mind and is more patient and painstaking in the presentment of her subject.

The returns for work of this kind mount up surprisingly. Until a footing is established, bond dealers as a rule give a small salary, but after a clientele is established the income is derived from commissions, and these commissions mean a comfortable income ranging from $2,500 a year up.

Advertising claims the working hours of another woman. She is "on her own" and represents several publications for which she secures "space." One of these is a farming magazine, another a religious publication, and still another a daily newspaper. The headquarters of all three publications are situated in different cities. This work needs enthusiasm, persistence, patience, and a firm belief that the advertiser is bound to have returns for the money expended. Unlike the first described business, this one is almost entirely associated with men. Success has come after hard experience and much discouragement, but it has come and come to stay, spelling independence and freedom from financial worries.

A frail looking woman makes a tidy little income selling houses. She tries to confine her work to small houses of about the $5,000 type. She seems to have an almost uncanny knowledge of who may want to sell and who to buy. She points out conveniences or hides the lack of them in ways that would never occur to the mere man. "Just as soon as I have another $500 saved, I'm going to build some houses," she confided recently. "I know what kind of conveniences women want, and I'm going to see that they get it." The future looks rosy to such an optimist and, as a man competitor grudgingly remarked, "she sure is in on the ground floor."

RATHER far removed from these three is the "Song and Verse Lady." Musicians laugh at her playing and probably critics would laugh at her versifying, but "she comes up smiling" and, incidentally, selling. Songs for vaudeville turns are her long suit, and the particular tinkling melodies and harmless rhymes are evidently what the public wants. Her postcard verses are used by American houses who deal in these commodities for lazy or idealess people. Is your friend's daughter graduating? Send her a postcard with a suitable verse for the occasion. Has an acquaintance come into a fortune? The postcard expresses your joy thereat. Does the darling of your heart crave a valentine? It can be supplied. And these are only a few instances! Add to these suitable sentiments for menus and even rhymed advertisements, and then add again; the total averages over $2,000 a year.

The real work in connection with the foregoing is the selling, which requires what in this particular case is supplied—an interesting personality. For example, the song-lady hears a singer in vaudeville and decides that as a vehicle for one of her songs he or she is all her fancy craves. An interview is arranged; the song has a new owner, and the composer is richer by $25 or $50. Postcard verses bring about $2.00 each at the best houses. The following was sold at this price:

"I'd like to be your shadow.
My reason you'll opine;
Because your shadow often is
Beside my valentine."

In this country taxi-driving is a new departure for women. Thus far only English women have ventured. Two of these have established jitney routes and are also teaching car owners and those who hope to be, the laws of the road. The outdoor life and the excitement of the near shaves that constant driving in the heart of the town occasions seem to agree with this enterprising pair, as is testified by their steady clear eyes and ruddy colour.

The exigencies of War have made many women count up their possibilities as wage earners. One of these is a girl who had not craved the higher education and who had practically no parlour tricks. She did know food values, however, and decided to see in what way this could serve her purpose. One morning, while doing the family marketing, she got the Great Idea. A rather dilapidated motor car which she could drive was still a possession, and the next day she hied to the country some miles distant and visited several farmers to whom she made a proposition to take chickens, eggs, butter, vegetables and other farm produce on regular days in the week. She then made a door to door canvass of the street on which she lived, got names and addresses from the Blue Book, and wrote notes to those whom she found it inconvenient to call upon. She does a thriving business, as her patrons know that they can depend upon her goods. She has a standard of excellence from which she never swerves. The benefits are threefold—to herself because she is now economically independent; to the customers because they are insured good food; and to the farmers and their wives because she insists upon first class production. On special occasions such as Christmas and Thanksgiving she brings the produce to her own home and packs it attractively. The boxes of chickens and other poultry practically sell themselves. Her plucked chickens really deserve the name, and the weary housekeeper or maid does not have to spend long hours dislodging pin feathers. She is constantly studying ways and means of improvement and in several cases has induced farmers to follow out lines prescribed by poultry-raising and other agricultural experts with most gratifying results.

A MORE usual feminine occupation, but pursued under unusual conditions, is that of the Cap and Bag Invalid. Although unable to walk, this little lady has demonstrated that she is very able to use her hands. Her lounge and bedside table are a perfect riot of coloured silks and lovely laces. She tells you gaily that the work never grows monotonous because of the variety of texture and colouring. Then, too, she finds the work a panacea for pain—a veritable heart's ease. Her caps and bags go on long journeys sometimes, over to Uncle Sam's country and even to England. She begins working for her Christmas trade in the Summer time, and at the end of the year treats herself to a month's holiday before she starts in again on Easter caps and sachets. Her one conceit seems to be a discriminating taste in sachet powders. She selects these to suit the cap or bag. A gay little youthful cap gets a small sachet of faint elusive odour; one suitable for an older face a more pronounced fragrance. She weaves little stories into the colours and laces, and sometimes hates to send the little wisps of daintiness on their way lest they shouldn't marry and live happily ever after.

In the years to come, we Canadian women will be made to realize the change in outlook and fortune which we are now facing. Marriage can no longer be regarded by the young woman growing up with the certainty of former times. The casualty lists appearing daily and the constant call of the country for men, men, men, bring home to us the fact that our old life is over and done with, and that we must be ready to face new conditions. Many of our men will come back from the War unfit to take their usual place in the battle for existence, and we must fit ourselves to fight or help to fight this new battle with them. Gone will be the dream that the home should be a haven of rest in which woman remains aloof from the struggles by which that home is supported.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

IN a daily paper appears the following advertisement:

"Amateur photographers and tourists can save disappointing failures by spending a little time in the field with an expert amateur artist; everything photographic demonstrated skilfully and plainly; you can produce artistic pictures at the beginning. Terms reasonable. Address,——."

Come to think of it, the innovation is a valuable one and really fills a "long felt want" Almost every amateur wastes so much material before he is able to take and develop a decent picture with any degree of certainty, that he could well afford to pay for instruction and save both time and material.

Then, too, the artist who is teaching one or more persons the uses of a camera can make arrangements with a good firm to furnish cameras and material, allowing a commission that would be an additional source of income.

Developing and printing would be another item that those who did not care to undertake themselves would be willing to pay for liberally.

The lover of out door work finds nothing so grateful as the soil, and nothing proves this more conclusively than the yield in dollars which a small corner of the garden will invariably give in profitable returns, if a sensible choice of a saleable product is made.

At The Gate of An Enormous Market

CROWDS AT THE GATE of the Canadian National Exhibition, Sept. 4th, 1916, when 141,000 people were present during the day— less than 1-5 of the number of readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Crowds of Eager Buyers Read Everywoman's World

CAN you picture for yourself how great is the crowd of buyers—heads of families—130,000 of them—who read EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD?

Can you form a reasonably true impression in your own mind of how enormous is the crowd of people in these homes—and the greater crowd of friends and neighbours who are influenced by these people?

With only 5 to each home the total is 650,000 people! Each home will influence at least one additional family (1,300,000 people) and probably two additional families (1,950,000 people).

This vast aggregation of homes, *situated as we have them situated*, is a market the size and richness of which the human mind can hardly grasp.

And EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, *as the gate* through which to reach this market, is only just beginning to be appreciated at its full significance as a potential merchandising power.

Nothing like it has ever been available in Canada before this great Canadian home magazine was established.

What does it all mean?

IF you had stood from 8 o'clock in the morning until ten minutes to seven in the evening to see 130,000 soldiers march past you, four abreast, on the way to the firing line, you could form a mental picture of how great is this market represented by the 130,000 buyers—heads of families, who subscribe for and read EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

It takes 10 hours and 50 minutes for 130,000 troops to pass marching four abreast! This fact will help anyone to realize what the 130,000 circulation of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD really means in business.

But let us consider this circulation volume from another point as represented by EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in this rich, responsive market for worthy goods in Canada!

The 130,000 circulation of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD represents 46.42 times the seating capacity of the largest public hall in Canada, Massey Hall, Toronto, seating 2,800.

Compare the City of Toronto, second largest city in Canada, with a population of approximately 75,000 homes, and then realize that the 130,000 circulation of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD represents nearly twice as many homes as there are in the City of Toronto!

This 130,000 is equal to the combined number of homes in 251 live Canadian cities and go-ahead Canadian towns which we have listed and printed in a folder from which the text of this advertisement is taken.

Their buying power

BUT the buying power of these homes represents much more to you than mere figures could possibly indicate, because in every city, in every town, in every village, and in every rural place throughout Canada, the subscribers to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are the well-to-do people in each community—people of wealth and culture, who readily subscribe to a magazine selling at $1.50 a year.

In reality the figures representing EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD circulation do not give you any adequate idea of the volume and relative buying power represented.

This 130,000 circulation reaches approximately 10 per cent. of the homes of Canada.

It reaches fully 15 per cent. of the English-speaking homes in Canada!

Known quality

THE buying power of these 130,000 EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD homes has been ascertained by careful canvass from our subscription correspondents. We have secured data relating to 25,205 EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD homes and subscribers. On 16,450 of these we have the actual figures representing automobiles owned, pianos owned, talking machines owned, property owned.

These statistics, most carefully compiled, show that *at least* 52.4 per cent. of the subscribers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD own their own homes.

And the average value of these homes is $8,167.

Think of it! These 52.4 per cent. of our subscribers alone represent over $556,336,040 in property owned. *Their purchasing power is enormous.*

The buying power of the remaining 47.6 per cent. of our subscribers—a large percentage of which are in every probability property owners also—is obviously great. They average 4.5 to 5 members in each family and the expenditure for requirements of daily living for the commodities of life—food, clothing and shelter and for such luxuries which have become recognized as necessities—will average a very high figure, as you will see at a glance. Estimating only at $500 per home, and it amounts to $3,094,000.

Interested Advertisers and Advertising Agents are requested to write us for complete data covering property, automobiles, pianos and talking machines census as taken on Everywoman's World circulation

Other big value

THE unique distribution of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD 130,000 circulation multiplies by several times its first apparent value.

It is like good seed spread evenly broadcast in fertile ground multiplying itself many fold and producing prolific results.

It is *distributed absolutely uniformly everywhere* throughout Canada where there are English-speaking people and where prosperity abounds.

For the sake of ready comparison by those who are best informed on the situation as it is in the United States, say for the "Post," we would point out that, for Canada, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, like the "Post" in the United States, has sold its subscribers, not by old-time magazine methods but by *modern plans of commercial merchandising*. It is sold to people who have the money with which to buy, who have education to the point where they readily appreciate the need of a great home magazine.

Something new in Canada

A GREAT many Canadian manufacturers and Canadian advertisers in general have of late become *real investors* in advertising, since they have a real, active, "deliver-the-goods" merchandising force available in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, linked up as it is now with EVERYWOMAN'S STOREKEEPERS, educating the local retailers to appreciate that, in effect, they get *LOCAL CIRCULATION* in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Each local storekeeper knows that from one in every four to one in every seven or eight of his English-speaking customers are subscribers for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

The new way of buying space

CAUTIOUS advertisers, realizing this fact, are buying space in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD on a *new basis*—a scientific, logical basis, which is proof against argument or even suspicion. They buy enough space in enough issues to *everlastingly impress* the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and *the Storekeepers* with the merits of their goods! They set aside an appropriation large enough to cover this investment, then they proceed to the next strongest publication in the market, and so on down to the limit of the money they have appropriated for advertising.

A WAR-TIME GREAT ECONOMY

$3,500 to $5,000 invested in space in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD deliver greater selling force and bring in more results than can be obtained from appropriations of from $20,000 to $50,000 spent indiscriminately in various mediums scattered widely.

For interested advertisers we gladly prove this fact from merchandising records.

"More for less money" is always popular and naturally EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has come to head the list with discriminating national advertisers.

GREAT EFFICIENCY

Through EVERYWOMAN'S STOREKEEPERS the retail trade throughout Canada have come to realize that from 1 out of every 4 to 1 out of every 7 or 8 of their English-speaking customers are reading EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and are being influenced by the advertising appearing in its columns.

Now through "RURAL CANADA" we will shortly give access to an additional 10% of all the English-speaking homes in Canada concentrated in the rich farming districts—the greatest, most responsive market there is.

The Dream House

$100.00 for the Idea of the House We Want

WHAT kind of a house would *you* build? You have many ideas regarding it already. Complete it—think out just what you would like. Dream the Dream House—then put it on paper and send it to us. We want the practical ideas of everyone who knows just what such a house should be in these times when women do so much of their own house work.

What would you build the house of—stone, brick, frame, brick veneer, cement, or a combination of these materials?

How many rooms would you have in it?

What rooms would they be, and how would you arrange them for the greatest convenience?

What kind of heating would you put in? Whose make?

How would you arrange for proper ventilation?

Would you provide open fireplaces, and in which rooms?

Would you have laundry tubs in the basement? In the kitchen or pantry, beside the sink?

What height would you have your sink?

What material would you use for your foundations? Would you prefer cement? If so, why?

How would you light the house? By gas or electricity?

What fuel would you use for cooking—coal, wood, gas, electricity, oil?

What kind of floors would you have?

Would you have any metal ceilings?

Would you use weather strip for the exclusion of cold draughts?

Would you have fitted screens for doors and windows?

How would you heat your water for the bathroom and kitchen?

Would you provide clothes closets for each bed-room, and a roomy linen closet in addition?

The above questions are given in order to suggest some of the special features which you might like to have in your "Dream House." They will help to suggest other ideas which will win the prize for you.

$100.00 for the Best Ideas

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD'S new department of Home Decoration, Home Improvement and Home Building was announced in the May issue, where we asked how you would spend $500.00 on improving your Home. Now we want to know just what kind of a home you would build for yourself, and for the Dream House which is the best planned, most convenient, and best fitted to save work in the home, according to our judgment, we will give $100.00 in cash, divided as follows:—

1st Prize	$50.00 cash
2nd Prize	20.00 cash
3rd Prize	5.00 cash

and 25 additional prizes of $1.00 each for the next best 25 ideas submitted.

Send Us Your Ideas!

WANTED.—The best ideas for the "Dream House," such a house as you would want for your very own. And this house must be not merely a house, but a home. Think of all the things you can which would make a real home of it. Here is your opportunity to make something out of your wishes.

Ideas need not be submitted in finished drawings. It is the ideas that we want. Rough, crude drawings and descriptions will be quite all right. We will submit them to our architect, and have an artist draw them out complete, if worthy of publication.

Here are a Few Suggestions

They will help you to pick out the different points that go to make up a complete home. You can copy these out together with the questions given above, and arrange them in such a way as to fit in with the descriptions of the rooms in the "Dream House" that you would build.

To The Editor, Home Improvement Division
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

The following is a description of the kind of house I could call my "Dream House," and the way I would have it planned and built to be a real Home. I have described the house from basement to attic, and also enclose my plan of how the rooms would be arranged for convenience and economy in work.

Foundation walls?
Cellar Floor?
Heating System, kind and maker?
Laundry Tubs and Appliances?
Material for construction of house?
Reason for selecting this material?
Kind of floors?
Open Fireplaces?
Kind of mantels if any?
Coal, gas, or electric grates?
Finish of down stairs woodwork?
Washable finish for kitchen and pantry walls, and what you would use?
Kind of sink, and height from floor?
Laundry tub in kitchen?
Coal or gas for cooking?
Refrigerator?
Drain from refrigerator to basement?
How would you heat your water?
Front verandah?
Back verandah?
Balcony?
Ash chutes from coal grates, if any, leading to basement
Clothes closets in bedrooms?
Linen closet?
Hot pipes in linen closet (if water heating used)?
Den, or upstairs library?
Fire grate in such a room?
Separate bathroom and closet?
Sunroom off den or bedroom?
Aspect of sunroom?
Any attics or store room?
Wire in attics?
Finish of upstairs woodwork?
What brand of paint?
Would you treat the roof in any special way for coolness?
What roofing material?
Whose bathroom fittings would you select?
Washable finish for bathroom walls?
How light the house?
How to keep out draughts
Washable bathroom walls?
Any storm windows and doors?
Screen windows and doors?

There are other conveniences you would like that are not in this list; add them all.

NOTE CAREFULLY.—All replies in the "Dream House" contest must reach EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD not later than October First.

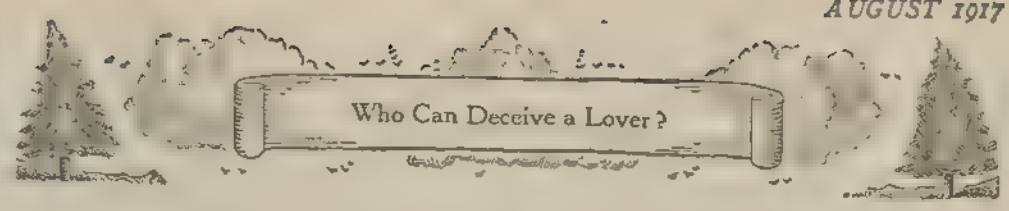
There is no expense to enter; all entries will be treated as **absolutely confidential** where so desired, so write us fully and get our help and advice if you need it, particularly if you are in a position to turn your "Dream House" into reality some time soon.

Address all entries and correspondence to:—

The Editor, Home Improvement Division

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

In an early issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, we will announce $100.00 in prizes for plans and photograph of the Best Right House a house that has actually been built somewhere in Canada, which our readers will all want to know about particularly if it happens to embody a woman's own ideas about house building. Perhaps you took part in our recent Home Improving contest, asking how you would spend $500 in improving your own home. Go in for this one as well, and the next one, too, when it appears, and see if you can win your share of the $300.00 which we are awarding in prizes, in return for the home-making ideas we want for the benefit of all of the readers of Everywoman's World.



THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(*Continued from page 11*)

she was. Sometimes that will safeguard a woman's virtue quite single-handed. And if Tony feared her a trifle, as he undoubtedly did—why else had he lied so valorously and subtly, but now?—it was half because he never cared to antagonize the really amusing social set she represented and half because she was stronger than he, in will. Besides, every man is afraid of every woman. He considers her either sub- or super- or else merely extra-human; she is a superstition with him.

As for Mrs. Shane—Tony belonged to her set. To her. That extraordinary jealousy of the unplaced women, of the gay little uncondidered privateers flying no flag but their own, so often felt by their secure sisters, had her. It has deep roots, that jealousy. The very security of such as Cora Shane, their livelihood, is menaced by those others. Have they not given up the right to their own flag for an assurance of their own menkind, and all that rests on their menkind, the whole foundation of their lives? To have him marry Emily Edgerton would not hurt. It would, on the whole, be an acquisition to their set. But Hope—that would be treachery. In short, he should not. There was an end to it. Well, she had done what she could.

It was something, also. Going the idle rounds of hotel and club that evening, Tony woke with a start of disgust to the knowledge that he had been looking for Jim Sanderson. Revulsion carried him forthwith to Hope, but there was a little devil of curiosity pricking his brain. For a long time now it had been quieted, drugged by the sweetness of her lips at first, again by the cold fact of Edgerton taking Hope out with his daughter for the world to note. But he was harassed by the knowledge that both Edgerton and Hope were greater individualists than he; he knew, instinctively, that their actions would not square with what impulses would move him to like actions. Muddled, of course, but he could get no nearer a definition of his perplexity. Ned Angell, in like case, being a sentimentalist, would never have perceived the fundamental discrepancy, and so would have been satisfied. But Tony did; and his bewilderment annoyed as much as it hurt him. He fell back, with unconscious irony, on Cora Shane's word; they were outsiders. He had let Hope into his very heart, and she was an outsider still! A horrible miscalculation, somewhere. The changing order of things has laid many traps for such as Tony Yorke; they were better off, selfishly considered, in the days when there were just two kinds of women, their own kind and the others.

SO, depressed and tormented, with the images of Edgerton and Ned Angell inimically before his mind's eye, he came to Hope's door. She answered his ring herself. She wore a big white linen apron; she had a smudge of charcoal on her nose and her hair in a braid; and she walked through the mist of his brooding reflections straight to him. They vanished; there remained only a little girl with a smudged nose and trustful eyes; and he kissed her and gave himself up to the moment. It was impossible to detect the flavour of anything *intriguante* about her; her sweet stupidity—the obverse of a directness that was itself as much a defect as a virtue—her very plainness, made the idea ridiculous. For, on analysis, she was plain; one cannot defend a title to beauty on the strength of a pair of pretty ears, a lovely throat, the limpid colour of her round sleepy eyes, and a braid of hay-tinted hair, from which two short feathery curls escaped at the nape of her neck.

A tiny dent in her upper lip, a delicate depression at the apex of her collar bone, delighted him; he kissed them, and cuddled her like a pet kitten. She was always grave and undemonstrative, like a too thoughtful child. Mostly he loved that reserve, but to-day it exasperated him. It was typical of the thing that troubled him. What was beneath it all? What was she thinking? More, what was she?

"I don't believe you care for me at all," he said at last, half teasingly, half in too much earnest. "You're the coldest creature. You just love being loved."

"No, no—I don't—I'm not—" She struggled visibly for words. The best she could offer was: "I'd—love you just as much, if I could never touch you. If you didn't care for me. If I could just see you sometimes. You don't understand." To his horrified surprise, he perceived two tears forcing themselves between her lashes. He comforted her, almost alarmed, ready for once to admit to a woman with no reservation of a smile, that he certainly did not understand. She made no more effort to explain, and he muttered again, half resentful of her admission that his caresses were not essential. "But you are cold!" and owned to himself that he had tried in vain to melt her. To turn the subject, he enquired for Mary Dark.

"SHE'S at the office yet," said Hope. "Edgerton is going away to-morrow, I believe, and they are tremendously busy with—with some new scheme or something."

"The Kenatchee Falls business?" asked Tony, eager for news.

"Maybe," said Hope dissembling badly. It was clear to him that she knew something of the matter. But it might be from Mary.

"If he'll only take it up," said Tony, and walked about the room nervously. "You know, ladybird, it means a lot to me—to us. If it goes, we needn't wait any longer. I'll carry you off in a minute." The faint red ran into her face; she nodded. "Have you any idea how he stands? You're pretty good friends, aren't you?" His tone was elaborately casual.

"Yes, in a way," she assented. "But I don't really know anything about his affairs." That was not true, and it distressed her to have to lie to Tony, but she could not betray confidences.

SHE thought it not quite fair of him to try to pump her, and was still more astounded when she caught his actual intent. He wanted her to help sway Edgerton in his favour! He did not say that exactly; his words were covered with an "if" and other indirections. But that was the meaning. At first she did not know why it hurt; but two reasons crystallised out of the inward refusal that surged up. First, she really knew nothing of the project, so far as its intrinsic merits went. It would be absurd of her to recommend it. Besides, Edgerton certainly knew both his own mind and his own business. She could not imagine him as moved by her pleading. And then, Tony should not ask help of that kind from her; it was not a man's part. He should stand on his own feet. In truth, she was dangerously unsophisticated; no one had ever told her just how much more than kissing went by favour.

"Oh, I couldn't do anything," she murmured. Her choice of phrase conveyed the exact truth.

"Well, I hope we'll get him anyway," said Tony, but somehow he felt as though he had come up against a blank wall, and the mists gathered again. Hope had shut him off from something in her mind. What was it? The door had closed in his face, just as once before; when she had spoken of Jim Sanderson. He wanted to ask her about that, but she had been so exceedingly definite in the first instance. A question would be pointedly meaningless, and he could not think of a plausible excuse for bringing in Jim's name.

"Yes, I hope so," said Hope, and she did, most earnestly. She wanted him to have what he wanted, but she wanted him to get it for himself—and for her. He had said it was for her.

"If it falls through," said Tony, suddenly moody—a rare phase with him—"it might mean waiting for years. Could you give me up, Hope?"

"Not so long as you want me." She, too, felt that cloud of unanswered queries, things unspoken, between them. "Must I, ever? I could go on working, you know."

"Good Lord, I should hope not," he said, positively startled by her view-point. What on earth would the people he knew think of such a proceeding?

She was wistful when he left; she felt as though she were reaching out to him over some gulf; they strained to each other, and yet in spite of clasped hands and meeting lips the gulf remained. He had not said that nothing should keep them apart.

Mary, arriving late and weary, brought Hope a farewell note, and observed that she barely troubled to read it through.

"Tired, dear?" she asked, reading her own sensations into the faint cloud on the girl's brow.

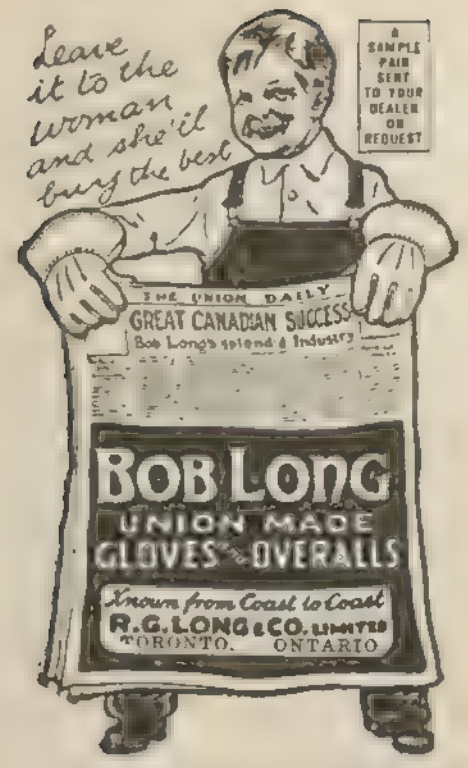
"Oh, no. No," said Hope absently. "I'll write to-morrow." She was talking to herself. "Mary, is he going to buy in the Kenatchee Company?"

Mary would have answered the question to no one else, but she knew Edgerton told Hope all the girl cared to hear, perhaps as a relief after keeping his own counsel with every one else. "I don't really know," she said. "He has an ace up his sleeve, I'm sure. He's playing them—but I don't know why. I asked him to-day, and he only laughed. He knows what he's doing, I'm sure—but I don't. These alleged business men here are babes in arms compared to him. None of them ever really made any money, as he has. They simply sat still till it grew up round them. He has a gift. It is a gift—like a strawberry mark!" She laughed. "Ah, *dio mio!* Hope, I'm tired of this town."

"But you told me—" Hope began.

"I was raving," said Mary. "Or I lied. The fact is, my child, I'm making too much money. I want fat and kick, like Jeshurun. To have money and no place to spend it is almost as bad as having none and every place to spend it. I am tired of this particular treadmill. I'm tired of setting springes for woodcocks, digging pits for fools. Every time I write a new rhapsody to lure some unsuspecting farmer into our toils I have to go out and tell the absolute truth to some of my best friends to square my conscience. As a result, Mrs. Manners won't speak to me, and Cora Shane has been telling every one that Johnny Walters must have thrown me over and soured my disposition. Dear Johnny heard it himself, and came to me with tears in his eyes to ask if it were true." She laughed again. "And I'm afraid of going to Eleanor Travers' dance lest I ask her about her brother. You know he has low tastes, wouldn't go to college, and drives a truck for a living. He is the family skeleton; he weighs two hundred pounds. I always liked him, but half the town doesn't know there is such a person."

(*Continued on next page*)


Leave it to the woman and she'll buy the best
A SAMPLE PAIR SENT TO YOUR DEALER ON REQUEST
THE UNION DAILY
GREAT CANADIAN SUCCESS
Bob Long's splendid Industry
BOB LONG
UNION MADE
GLOVES OVERALLS
Known from Coast to Coast
R.G. LONG & CO. LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Say Egg-O

Best by Test

You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. Send at once to your nearest store for a bottle of

LOCKYER'S
HAIR RESTORER

Sold Everywhere

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural color. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

DUSTBANE

keeps the carpets bright and clean. Makes your housework so much easier because it settles dust and kills any germs.

Most grocers sell Dustbane. Always keep a tin of it in the house. If you have any trouble getting Dustbane, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

The Honour of a Maid

"I [illegible] giving a dance," said Hope, still absently. "I wonder if Kenatchee [illegible] wouldn't be a good investment?"

To which Mary [illegible] coldly: "Ah, I think I shall have to [illegible] with Cora Shane." She went to the [illegible] and called up Miss Travers and [illegible] not to ten the next day.

Shortly after, Hope received a card to the dance. She looked at it listlessly, as she had at [illegible], which was yet unanswered, and said at last that she did not want to go—anywhere.

"But you [illegible]," said Mary, though she could [illegible]. Hope asked simply, "Why?"

They stayed [illegible] weeks.

CHAPTER XII.

HE had not meant to. He did not want to. He wanted to see her; he craved the delight, the full, tender tide of emotion—half-sensuous, half spiritual—that she stirred in him. But there was a [illegible] when he would go to her, he [illegible] walking into it. He could not get [illegible] even in thought, without dismissing her with it; unconsciously, he found himself wishing to put her image from his mind. Then he sought for a way through, and harked back to Jim Sanderson, as the only possible solution. Edgerton was a solution, but not in that sense possible. Sanderson was away.

Other worries crowded on him: his financial affairs were by no means in order; there were numberless petty irritations about money, the more exasperating because release from them was in plain sight but remained just out of reach. And yet in this case the association of ideas that kept him away from Hope failed to operate in [illegible] sequence. He should have begun to dislike Edgerton, as being connected with both his anxieties, but he did not. It would have been counter to both his training and his instincts. Edgerton was still Success, and he still respected Success, and liked those who had achieved it. So he honestly liked Edgerton, none the less because his one or two letters to him, touching the Kenatchee Falls business, went unanswered.

But since nothing lasts, gradually he began to lose that sense of separation from Hope, the more because a small sum of money came in opportunely and eased the other pressure. And when at last he turned into her front gate, he walked joyfully.

She came to his arms, like a nesting bird, too happy to speak. And he had his delight again.

They never were fluent with each other, since the definite engagement. They had exhausted the generalities available for first acquaintance. The significance of the fact escaped them. It was not jealousy, but the mere search for a topic led her to ask him if he had been busy.

"Very busy," he said. "And then I thought I'd square a few other accounts and I paid all my old calls. I thought I'd surely meet you, somewhere." His own words flew back and stung him. Why did he not meet her, somewhere?

"I've only been lazy," she said bravely. Though she would cloister herself, wear the willow for him in solitude, she would never, never have told him so, nor even let him guess it. "Mary tried to drag me to the Travers' dance. I don't think I want people, just now."

"Most of 'em are plain nuisances," he said, smiling, "but I need some of them in my business. Got to be nice to them."

"I don't see how you do it," she said, in honest wonder. "Have you got any further with Kenatchee?" His mention of business had suggested that, but immediately she was sorry, because he had told her that it meant their marriage. She had almost a horror of seeming to wish that it might be hastened. She wanted him not only to approve the plans, but to originate them. She wanted to be the Princess of the Glass Tower, and that he should climb eagerly to the very top for her.

"No," he answered, with sudden gloom. "Can't do anything till Edgerton comes back. I hope he hurries."

"I don't think he will, for several months," she said, qualifying it only with, "I am not sure, though."

"Did he tell you so?"

"Why no, not exactly. But he is going to New York first, maybe to Europe."

"Did he write to you?" was what he wanted to ask. It was as though he could hardly see her now for the returning cloud. But he said nothing. There *was* something back of all this. Why, if she were so close to Edgerton, could she not help him, Tony? It would be only natural, unless—unless she could ask nothing for a rival, and hope for success.

He was cold. His pride as a man and a lover was stabbed; also, he suffered more simply. Then she leaned to him hesitantly, and he kissed her, and found it hurt; something base had crept into his delight. He did not believe her absolutely. Thereafter he went looking for flaws, for discrepancies.

Still making conversation, he asked: "Is Miss Edgerton coming back with him?"

"Yes, I think so. Mary had a letter from her; she wants to come back. She's going to Europe, too."

Was that it? His relief was immeasurable. Emily had written.

But that answer was only a question too. He saw that after he had left her—

To his own creeping shame, he found himself perpetually setting traps for her. And he knew he was waiting for Jim Sanderson to come back. He hated it all so much that sometimes he hated himself. And sometimes he almost hated Hope. He did not know whether his shame was for doubting her or for ever having believed her.

It was not comfortable. And he hated discomfort above everything.

Once in a while he forgot by drinking more than enough. There were still moments when Hope herself could banish it from his mind. And increasingly he found himself at ease with Cora Shane. The absurd reason underlying that fact was that to Cora Shane he had denied Hope. So with her the whole entanglement did not exist. Hope did not exist. Mrs. Shane, needing no more information than she got from other sources, never spoke of her.

The long room, with the flowers on the grand piano and Cora welcoming him from the depths of her basket chair, was Tom Tiddler's ground. It took him out of himself. He was there very often.

So of course he saw Hope less. Yet he was more loving than before when he did see her. There grew a kind of wildness in his affection for her. He was trying to shut out the cloud from between them. They were both aware of it. Only Hope did not know what it was.

She moped, and tried to hide it. Ned Angell became a nuisance to her. He covertly accused her of something near the truth. Her secret unhappiness had for him a morbid fascination. He was sentimental, in a word. He wanted to sympathise. She could have slain him for it cheerfully; figuratively she threw him out of the house of her soul, neck and crop. And then he hovered. It was awful; only Mary's pungent cynicism and sharp, unsparing laughter saved her from running amuck in some way.

Mary knew. But her every word and action insisted that she did not know. Hope was grateful.

She saw hardly any one but those two, and occasionally Allen Kirby. She would not go anywhere, except for aimless, prowling walks in the dusk. A weight of uncertainty clung to her. What was the matter? She repeated the question to herself until it became meaningless with iteration, like the mutterings of a fever patient. And then one day something about it made her laugh, some burlesque touch of Mary's, so sly it could not be returned nor acknowledged. That cleared her brain. There was nothing the matter, except that she was a fool, and probably Tony was still worried over his business affairs.

Having settled on that explanation she was peaceful again. But she was not again so happy; she hoped, where before she felt she had won to the end.

And she should have been haughty, and exacting. So she would have fared much better. Tony thought her patient with him when her patience was for events; in him she believed still, absolutely. He, taking the world's valuation of the world, took love's outward valuation of love. But Hope asked only the crumbs from the table; she did not think any one—except Tony, perhaps—splendid enough to command the whole feast. This is no more than a rather idealistic absurdity, to make of it a feast rather than daily fare—but how should she know? Tony actually thought her a little Griselda, a Laetitia Dale. Always, of course, she would be there. So he need never hasten to her. He needed a spur. What jealousy he had felt was a thorn instead. Yet he loved her. We must all love as best we can.

Mary knew at last that she had failed. There was only luck to hope for now. Hope shrunk with such obvious distress from any urging to an announcement that Mary had no heart to insist. And the need of an announcement was equally obvious. Quite shamelessly, Mary broke her word and told Lisbeth.

"But why won't she?" asked Mrs. Patten, with simple bewilderment.

"Because it's hers," said Mary thoughtfully. "Primitive instinct. So far as decency goes, we know she's perfectly right. But organised society doesn't really care a fig for decency; it's only bent on self protection. Just reverse that, and you have Hope. Now watch the irresistible force strike her, head on."

"IT will," said Mrs. Patton with regretful conviction. "Why, Tony himself is a cause of gossip now. Can't you fancy him learning that? He'll be in a terrible predicament—won't know whether to believe it or not! I mean, to believe if there's any truth in it. Mary, can't you ask her to do it for you? She lives with you; you can't afford to have—"

"Oh, bunk," said Mary inelegantly. "So long as my uncle is Minister of Mines at Ottawa, I can afford seven scandals a week. If the Government doesn't fall before the next Birthday he'll have a nice shiny knighthood, and then I can afford a dozen. I do like the British system we've taken over with the Birthday Honours of being inalienably respectable once established, unless we get into the newspapers. Why, even the fact that my uncle can't get on with me for half an hour doesn't make any difference. No, your suggestion is really awfully good, only it won't work. If I told her exactly what you've said, she'd feel worse than if she were in the stocks before the whole town. If I didn't, she would not understand, but would probably insist on leaving me in genuine sorrow at having done whatever-it-might-be that injured me. Why, she wouldn't even hate me! I can only think of

(*Continued on next page*)

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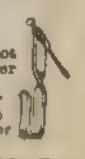

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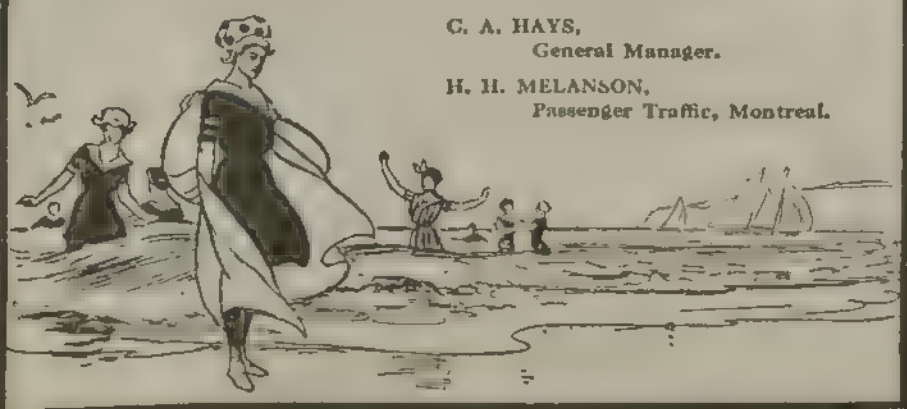


C. A. HAYS,
General Manager.

H. H. MELANSON,
Passenger Traffic, Montreal.

A Life for a Life

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(*Continued from preceding page*)

putting an announcement in the paper, and then virtually daring Tony to deny it. It would be amusing—but no, I don't dare."

"Then take her out more."

"Lisbeth, I haven't the heart for that either. Wait till she's five years older, over with all this, and has grown a skin. I *did* take her out last week, to the Lockwood's. Mrs. Lockwood was just plain catty curious to see the girl she's heard so much about. But I took her. It was funny. After the weather, some one said something about books. Hope brightened, her eye positively gleamed with intelligence. She made a remark—I forgot what—and Mrs. Lockwood said that, for her part, she thought Marie Corelli wrote beautifully. Hope sat with her mouth open for a full minute; simply floored. She was squirming inside, checkmated. You know, she really had expected conversation—well, you've spoiled her I suppose. Mr. Lockwood himself must have noticed her hunted look. He brought her the last collection of Christy stiffs to look over, a tribute to her artistic endowments! Then she sat turning the leaves in a kind of trance for awhile, and the rest of us talked scandal, over her head, until Dr. Wilton brought in Viola Steb's name. Hope said she thought Viola exceedingly pretty, the sound of her voice created a mild sensation, she'd been sitting so mumchance. And Dr. Wilton—you know what a gossiping cad he is—started to tell a story about Viola. Of course, you've heard it. And you know Hope likes Mrs. Steb. I was afraid she's get up and go out. She told me afterward that she'd never dreamed a man would tear a girl's name to pieces like that, for sheer vicious pleasure. Well, of course a *man* wouldn't. She was unhappy; she was lost. I took her away. 'She can't talk at all, can she?' Mrs. Lockwood said afterward. 'I should think Tony would be bored to death.' Now, what could I do?"

Mrs. Patten did not know. She herself could do nothing for Hope; she was in mourning that year for the death of her father.

They owned defeat by yielding to helpless, belated laughter at the scene Mary had recreated.

"Let's talk about something else, and leave Hope to the ultimate mercy of heaven," said Mary.

"Well," sighed Mrs. Patten, "if I knew what to do I'd do it. Ned keeps telling me about it, you know."

"Oh, Ned!" Mary bit the rest of the sentence off and swallowed it.

"He never had a chance," said Mrs. Patten, almost inaudibly, her eyes over-brilliant. "His father—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Mary hastily, softened. "Those idiotic Roman fathers. They break their boys, and then virtuously chuck them on the dust-heap—out here. It's sweeping smoking flax into the fireplace. What's a man to hold to here? Lisbeth, do let's be cheerful, talk about a nice murder, or something." So they went out into the kitchen to assemble tea, and later Mary walked home, not so much for the exercise as because there were no street cars. Spring was late and stormy; she got herself in a pleasant glow, tempered with apprehensions of a frostbitten ear, struggling against a snowladen Norther that seemed utterly unaware this was April.

"A perfectly irrational climate," Mary commented to herself. "Perhaps it accounts for Hope." And she jerked open the storm door, plunged into the house headlong, and careened off Ned Angell, who was just going out.

"NED," she said acidly, "you have a positive genius for being in the wrong place," and left him, before he could find breath to answer, to put whatever construction he chose on the sentence.

Hope was at her drawing-board. It was quite evident she had been working without regard for Ned's presence. She looked up with a half frown, as though she feared he might have come back.

(*To be continued*)

AN INTERLUDE IN A LIFE

(*Continued from page 7*)

very patient, but it was no good. The devil had returned to the man, and returned to stay.

"Then Rosalind's boy was born, and she had to give up earning money for a time. She had been getting on very well, and was pretty sure of a good salary, taking the year through. Brunton was disgusted. His own money was ample for them both really, but he had grown accustomed to expect his wife to provide for herself, and his habits were extravagant.

"That was the beginning; matters quickly grew worse. Brunton, with his brain steeped in alcohol was madly, unreasonably jealous. He became a nuisance at the theatre where Rosalind resumed her work again. He hung about the dressing room in a maudlin condition, and being requested to go away, became violent. There were frequent scenes, and sometimes the man would give vent to his ill-humour in a loud voice from the stalls.

"THE manager did all he could to retain Rosalind's services, but Brunton was so persistent in his annoyance, that finally when it became legally possible, Rosalind was asked to go. After that, managers all fought shy of her; there were plenty of girls, pretty enough, and clever enough to take her place, so that she soon dropped out of the running. Thomas was furious; he had several interviews with Brunton, and they nearly came to blows. Brunton accused him of jealousy.

"'You wanted the girl for yourself,' he sneered. Then being, as I said, madly jealous, he forbade Thomas to enter the house. Thomas didn't care a fig for that, and appeared pretty frequently in the evenings to protect his little Rosalind from the drunken brute. At last, however, Rosalind begged him not to come, because Brunton vented his jealous rage on her.

"Finally she ceased even to write, and Thomas guessed that the poor girl had been forbidden to do so, and dared not disobey for fear of stirring up the demon of jealous passion. He was at his wit's end; he was also very angry. Rumours reached him through his friends, ugly rumours of cruelty, of sobbing heard ... stairs, of a sodden, toad-like brute sitting with swollen eyes in the hall, and refusing admission to every caller.

"At last he determined to end the matter somehow, by legal proceedings, if in no other way. He went to the house and forced his way in, pushing the man roughly from the doorway. Rosalind was not to be seen.

"'Where's Rosalind?' he asked.

"'Ah! You two young lovers!' Brunton exclaimed. 'She's been calling out for you, and you've been pining for her, have you?'

"'You beast!' burst from Thomas.

"'You call me a beast!' Brunton retorted. 'You *dare* to force yourself in and interfere between me and my wife! Come then, you shall see her. Come, and see all the good your damned interference does!' He panted his way up the stairs, and Thomas followed.

"They entered a room bare of furniture, Brunton fumbling with unsteady hand at the lock. In a corner crouched Rosalind—poor, little, beautiful girl—so gentle, so sweet to be treated in such a manner by such a blackguard!

"Brunton shuffled across the room with unsteady feet, and pulled away a shawl from the girl's shoulders. 'See, what your love does for her, you dog!' he snarled.

"Thomas stood where he was; his heart seemed to stop beating—the bare shoulders scarred! The arms and wrists discoloured! Had he dared—this sodden lump of brutality? Brunton laughed.

"'Yes!' he said, 'have a good look.'

"Then Rosalind turned her head and saw her cousin. 'Save me! Oh, save me!' she cried, and tried to run to him.

"Brunton's swollen face was the face of a devil, his eyes stared, his lips drew back from his teeth in a savage snarl.

"'You dare!' he gasped, 'you dare, you faithless jade! Take that!' and he struck her on the face with his open palm.

"Thomas was motionless; all power of speech and movement had left him. His brain was hot, burning; a band of iron was pressing tight, tight round his head. Then he saw red; a torrent of blood seemed to rush before his eyes, he sprang upon Brunton and dug his fingers into the man's throat.

"'You damned hound!' he shouted. 'You damned hound!'

"He knew no more. The police came half an hour later, and had to break one of his fingers before they could relax his grip from the dead man's throat.

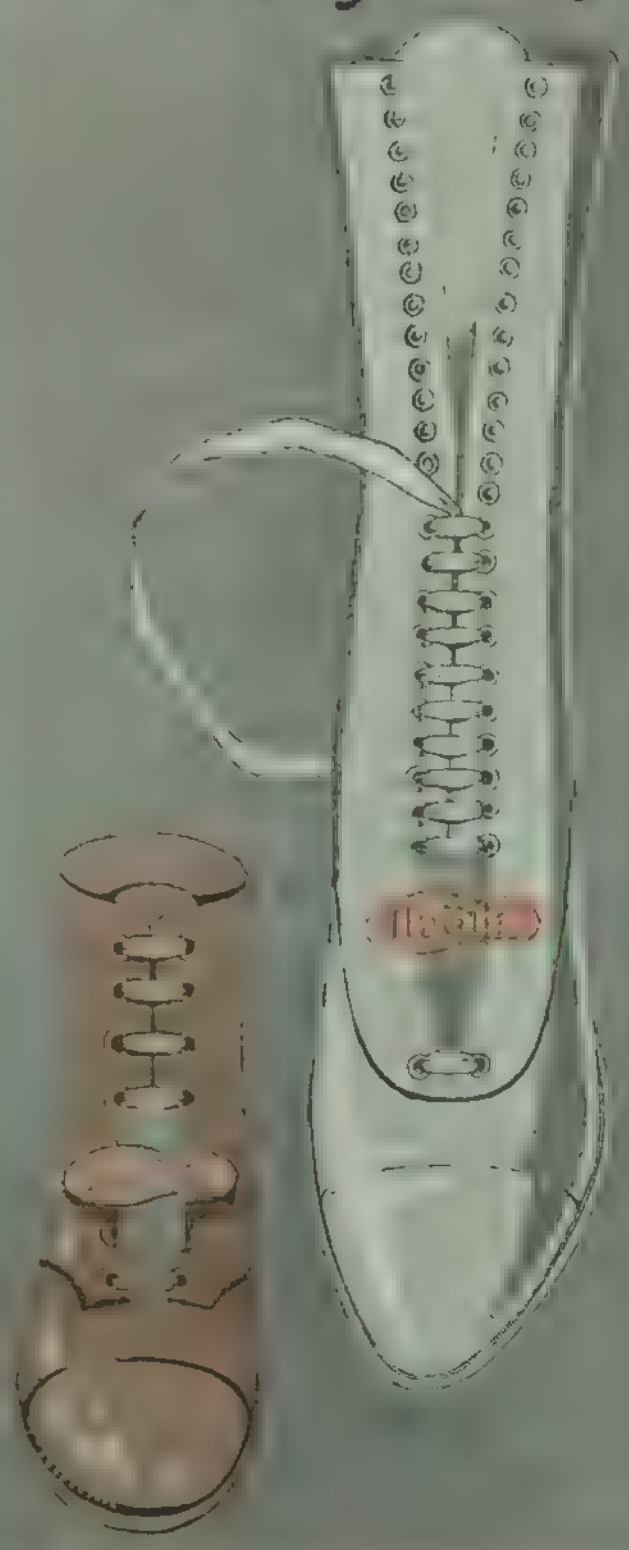
"During the trial that followed, he was still dazed and confused. The jury decided, on medical evidence, that he was a criminal lunatic; and a generous government has provided for his needs ever since. The warders know well enough that he is perfectly sane, and his behaviour has been so exemplary for ten years that he was able to escape two days ago. The early morning bather who yesterday lost his clothes and his towel, must have been annoyed." The stranger paused, and raised his hat; then, "But you see my hair is unduly short, and the first finger of my right hand is crooked; it was carelessly set. So really this is only a short holiday. Thank you so much for listening it has cleared my brain to talk. Sometimes I have thought I really should go mad. It is a pity suicide is such a cowardly act, it would be *so much* easier; I thought of it just now when I was bathing. I hope Rosalind has forgotten me by now, poor little girl.

"You'll hear of my capture presently; one gets so fearfully hungry. Good-bye! Pray for me sometimes."

The tall figure, with the stooping shoulders, walked slowly across the sunlit meadow toward the village, and was lost in the deep shadows of a shady lane.

The Guiding Ticket

Where shoes built on Neōlin are ready today



Perhaps you have not known just where to buy shoes built on Neōlin.

Many women who desired the advantages of Neōlin's qualities have had to buy from other than their usual shoe dealer.

With woman's thrifty instinct, they sought the long, long wear of Neōlin soles.

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But they have had to depend on inquiry in identifying those stores that sell Neōlin-soled shoes for women.

The shoes you are buying to wear this Summer, your dealer ordered early last Fall or Winter. At that time our factory capacity for producing Neōlin soles was limited. As a result most merchants were able to obtain only a small percentage of their stock with Neōlin soles.

That condition has been overcome. Shoe manufacturers' recent orders from dealers for shipment next Fall call for Neōlin on half the shoes. Realizing the superiority of Neōlin, many merchants are now ordering big portions of next Fall's stock on Neōlin. At that time you will be able to obtain Neōlin-soled shoes at any store selling good shoes for women.

But you want Neōlin right away. So to make it easy for you to find it, we have offered shoe merchants the ticket illustrated here. They are on shoes in the windows. You can find Neōlin-soled shoes by merely looking for these tickets in shoe store windows.

Neōlin has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities, it is replacing leather for shoe soles. Neōlin's appearance can be imitated. But Neōlin's qualities are the result of methods and materials known only to us.

Now there *are* other soles that *look* like Neōlin. But there is only *one* Neōlin—and every pair of soles is branded with the trade-mark shown on this ticket.

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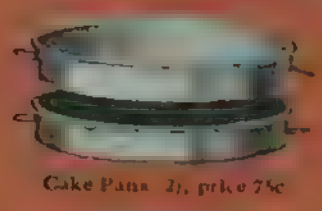
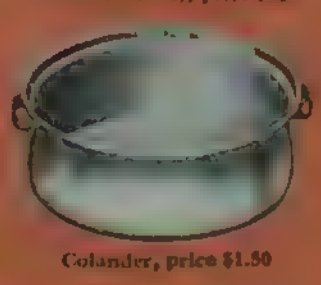
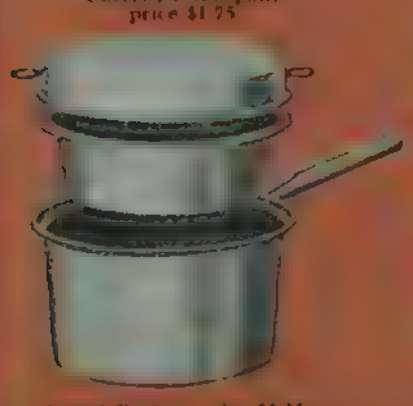

Cake Pans (2), price 75c

Covered Saucepan, price $1.75


Colander, price $1.50


Cereal Cooker, price $2.25

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Send us just 50c. as evidence of good faith and we will put this complete outfit in your home. Examine it thoroughly; work out all the possible combinations. If you like it, send us $9.50 to complete payment in full for this Big Outfit. If you do not want it, send it back to us at our expense.

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Young People's Social Page

Edited Jointly by PIERROT AND PIERRETTE
Chaperoned by MADAME ETIQUETTE

Compound Tag

PLAY tag a new way, and you will have your guests, old and young, enjoying themselves in five minutes. Make one person It, and give him a maple leaf or a little evergreen twig with which to tag. So soon as some one is caught, he joins hands with the It, and together they go in search of other captives, the second person also receiving a leaf or twig to tag. When a new captive is made, he takes the hands of the one who tagged him, player after player being added until a long line is formed. The person at each end of the line only has the power to tag; the real fun of the game comes when a long line, holding hands, is in pursuit of a nimble boy or girl who alone remains to be caught.

A Rainbow Party

A prism party founded on the colours is particularly pretty for out-of-doors where the space affords opportunity for rainbow effects to be carried out with ribbon, flowers, Chinese lanterns, and tissue paper bunting.

For little folk, the spider game may be introduced with a new twist. Fill a number of little pots with gilt-covered bonbons to represent the traditional pot of gold that lies at the end of a rainbow. From each of these stretch ordinary spool cotton of different colours, winding it in and out of bushes and other obstacles. The thin cotton makes a much more interesting game than the usual tape or ribbon, as it breaks more easily when the lost end must be found. Strands of coloured tissue paper may be used instead of the cotton.

This frolic should be followed by a quiet game. Seat the children in a wide ring on the grass and a grown-up, called the Announcer, names a colour, say, yellow. Beginning with the child to the left of the Announcer, each person must name in turn some yellow object. Any child who fails to name a yellow object is banished from the circle. For the next round, red or blue or green is taken, all who fail being banished as before. This continues until all the colours have been used. The youngster remaining longest in the circle wins the prize, a pretty trifle in one of the colours names, or a book with a colour in its title, as "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Blue Beard."

A paper hunt is good fun; hide a number of little gifts about the grove, one gift in each colour. From each gift sprinkle a trail of coloured paper, torn into small scraps, leading almost to the starting point. The course is very winding, and there are plenty of breaks. A bag containing pieces of coloured paper is passed, and each child draws one; the colour drawn is the trail he must seek. Partners may hunt together, the two drawing the same colour pairing off.

A target or a large maple leaf decorated with stripes of the different tints affords endless pleasure. The game is played with darts that may be made or bought. Each dart hitting the white counts one; blue, two; red, three, and so on. The boy or girl winning most points receives a paint box as a prize.

Strange Beginnings of Familiar Customs

Shaking Hands

In the good old days of chivalry every man carried a sword or a dagger. This was deemed necessary for purposes of honour and self-preservation, for in those times every little pretext was seized on as an occasion for a fight. Men were very easily insulted, and sometimes without any provocation undertook to poke holes in their fellow men or slash them in the throat.

When, therefore, one man desired to show another that his intentions were peaceable he extended his right hand; signifying that he placed himself at the mercy of the other by giving up his fighting arm. If the other reciprocated the friendliness, he, too, extended his sword hand, and each then grasped the other's hand, in token of mutual trust and friendship.

That is the origin of hand-shaking as a mode of greeting and a manifestation of good will. Although there is no longer any sense in it, we still continue to use the right hand in this ceremony, and are taught that it is not proper to shake with the left hand.

Buttons on the Back of a Coat

No man would consider his frock coat or cutaway properly finished if it did not have two buttons placed in the small of the back immediately above the coat tails. These buttons serve no purpose whatever, and yet fashion demands that they be put on.

This fashion had its origin in a very practical object. When men carried swords these buttons were placed on coats for the purpose of holding the sword-belt in position, and in that capacity they served a very useful purpose. But for some reason or other they were retained after sword-belts were abandoned, and now no tailor has the courage to leave them off, though he may not have the slightest notion why he puts them on.

The Mysterious Name

This is a capital trick, and one that may be introduced at any time. Borrow a visiting card from any stranger in the company, and, holding it between the thumb and the second finger of the hand, wave it about every slowly, at the same time asking some one to call out the name of any celebrity. This having been done the card is almost immediately handed back to the owner, who finds the selected name written thereon.

This ingenious trick is accomplished with the aid of a thimble, to the end of which is attached a small piece of pencil about a quarter of an inch in length. This thimble having been placed on the forefinger of the hand, it will be found, by experiment, that the name may very easily be written on the back of a card held as directed.

Before and after the trick, the thimble is hidden in the fleshy portion of the hand at the root of the thumb.

Spring These on Your Best Friend

Prove by logic that an oyster is better than heaven. Nothing is better than heaven; an oyster is better than nothing; therefore an oyster is better than heaven.

Why is a man who makes pens a wicked man? Because he makes men steel (steal) pens and then says they do write (right).

Why is music cheaper on Sunday than during the week? Because during the week you get it by the piece, and on Sunday you get it by the choir.

Which death would you prefer to die, Joan of Arc's or Mary Stuart's. Most people prefer Joan of Arc's, because they like a hot steak better than a cold chop.

If you were invited out to dinner and on sitting down to the table saw nothing but a beet, what would you say? That beet's all.

When is charity like a top? When it begins to hum.

Why do tailors make very ardent lovers? Because they press their suits.

Why is a lover like a knocker? Because he is bound to adore (a door).

Why does the air seem fresher in winter than it does in summer? Because it's kept on ice most of the time.

When is a nose not a nose? When it is a little radish (reddish).

An Excuse—Aged Seventy-Five

In the days of dueling in Ireland an antagonist wrote to his challenger:

"Dear Sir,—I must decline to meet you with pistols. I have no desire to leave my poor old mother, at the age of seventy-five, an orphan."

Certainly Wrong

A school-ma'am reproving a young offender said: "Tommy, Tommy, you know better than that, you shouldn't say, 'Willy done it,' that isn't right."

"Ah, no! Of course not," said Tommy with just resentment, "then Willy lied about it."

The Old and the New

Table Etiquette as It Was

While eating with knives and drinking out of saucers is not now regarded good manners in polite society, there was a time when such conduct was both permissible and proper.

If you are so fortunate as to possess a set of china belonging to your great-grandparents you will notice that the saucers are deep and very much like small bowls. They are made in this shape especially for the purpose of drinking out of them. The coffee or tea was poured from the cup into the saucer, and the cup was then placed on a small shallow plate, resembling a little butter plate. No one thought of drinking from the cup in those days.

Among the old knives of our great-grandparents you will find some with a broad flange at the tip. This served as a scoop for taking up and holding the food, which was eaten from the end of the knife—quite the proper mode of eating among ladies and gentlemen of former days.

Queen Elizabeth was the first English sovereign to use a fork. Her courtiers were not at all pleased with this strange innovation, and public disapproval became so general that a clergyman of that day went so far as to deliver a fiery sermon against the use of forks, declaring that it was an insult to God, when he had given us fingers with which to lift our meat.

Concerning Introductions

No question is more frequently asked than this: "How shall I introduce persons to one another?"

The matter is perfectly simple. Introduce a younger lady to an older one, and present a gentleman to a lady, not a lady to a gentleman.

Thus, introducing a college classmate to one's mother or aunt, say, "Mother, this is Myra Betts; Myra, my mother, Mrs. Allen"; or, "Aunt Mary, may I present Miss Chase? Miss Chase, Mrs. Munson." A little ceremony is better than too great informality. Say "Mrs. Brown, may I present Mr. Jones?" Speak the names very distinctly when introducing persons to one another. Never mumble them under your breath. Speak plainly.

There are ceremonious introductions and unceremonious introductions, premeditated introductions and unpremeditated introductions; but in all cases, introductions should never be indiscriminately made—that is to say, without a previous knowledge on the part of those making introductions as to whether the persons thus introduced will be likely to appreciate one another, or the reverse, or unless they had expressed a desire to become acquainted; as, for instance, a lady would not introduce two of her acquaintances residing in the same town although moving in different circles to each other, unless they had expressed such a desire; as an undesired introduction, if made, would oblige the one person, to whom the introduction was the more unwelcome, to treat the other with rude disregard or to continue an acquaintance that was distasteful.

A gentleman should ask a mutual friend or acquaintance, for an introduction to a lady; but gentlemen do not ask to be introduced to each other, unless some special reason exists for so doing—some reason that would commend itself to the person whose acquaintance was desired, as well as to the person making the introduction; otherwise such a wish would appear to be either puerile or sycophantic.

When a woman meets a man whom she knows, she should take the initiative and bow first. She should be sure she does know him, and then assure herself that he sees her. Passing and repassing in street or promenade, a single bow answers every requirement. You need not bow like a Chinese mandarin every time you meet a friend.

The Basis of Good Form

Underlying politeness is consideration for others. Conventional rules are not arbitrary. They have grown up, imperceptibly, little by little, during hundreds of years, just as the common law which obtains in our courts has grown. Reasons of convenience and comfort are under good form, and it is that the wheels of family and social machinery may run without friction that we have rules for the daily life.

Mere deportment may be of little worth. It may be a veneer, easily cracked, soon broken. We need that gentleness which refuses to wound another's feelings, that thoughtful love that can take another's place; in short, we need consideration as the basis of politeness. Thus, at the table, good manners require that people should be pleasant, not glum and morose. A meal taken in silence and hurry, when the first effort of every one is to be fed and get away, is not a meal where the table manners are correct.

Equally, wherever people interrupt each other rudely, each trying to take and hold the floor, where there is fault-finding or criticism of the food, table manners are violated. Any fault-finding by anybody, anywhere in the home, for any reason, is a distinct attack on the home's tranquility and a fracture of good manners.

A Country Wedding

Nothing is prettier in the country than a wedding in the garden, on the lawn, or in the orchard. The grass should be shorn, and swept free from leaves and *debris*. Rugs are spread here and there. Little tables for refreshments may stand about, and chairs be placed in groups. A wedding in a country church, to which the wedding guests and the principal participants walk, is always very attractive.

A Home Wedding

To a home wedding the parents of the bride send out their invitations two weeks before the event, in this manner:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Evans
request the honour of
Mr. and Mrs. ——'s presence
at the marriage of their daughter
HELEN GRACE
to
MR. JOHN ROBERT FALLOWS,
on
Thursday, August Third, at four o'clock,
at
16 Summers Street

Sometimes the invitations read, "request the honour of your presence," but the individual touch is given by leaving a blank in the engraved form in which the names of the invited guests are inserted in writing.

Good manners invariably demand an immediate reply when one is invited to a home wedding. Accept or decline at once, by letter *addressed to the person who invites you*. If, however, the invitation is to a church wedding and a large subsequent reception, one's visiting card, sent on the day itself, is a sufficient acknowledgment if one cannot attend.

Brain Twisters

What is the difference between one yard and two yards? A fence.

Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest piece of property in England? Because it was bought for a crown and is kept up by a sovereign.

What is the difference between forms and ceremonies? You sit on the one and stand on the other.

What is the difference between a man going up stairs and one looking up? One is stepping up the stairs, the other staring up the steps.

What is there remarkable about a yard-stick? Though it has no head or tail, it has a foot at each end and one in the middle.

Why are fatigued persons like a wagon wheel? Because they are always tired.

Why is an empty purse expressive of constancy? Because you find no change in it.

When can donkey be spelt with one letter? When it's "U."

Why should a housekeeper never put the letter M into her refrigerator? Because it will change ice into mice.

What's the difference between Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth? He was a wonder, and she was a Tudor.

Why is the letter R indispensable to friendship? Because without it your friends would be fiends.

What Happened

"So you have been camping with a party of friends'?' "Well," replied the man who tries to speak the truth and nothing but the truth, "we were all amiable enough when we started, but I can't say we were a party of friends when we got back home."

The New Woman

A prominent Winnipeg suffragist told this story last week:

"A short while ago, while walking in the country enjoying the blue sky and the crystal air, I came across a half-dozen young women practising putting. They looked very smart in their trim golf suits, their skirts of rough homespun and their scarlet jackets, against a background of trees in fresh green tints. How beautiful it was! As I watched them an old farmer and one of his farm hands came along the road in our direction.

"'Boss,' grumbled the farm hand, as they came within hearing distance, 'them girls in the medder is scarin' our cows.'

"The old farmer shook his head and sighed:

"'Ah, Barney,' he said, with profound truth, 'times is changed since I was young. In them days the cows scared the gals.'"

Gran'ma

All the people in our house is grown up 'cept one;
All the folks is far too old to 'member having fun.
All except my Gran'ma; but *she* understands my plays;
Never purses up her lips or scolds at "children's ways"
Nurse, she can't remember times when she was very small,
Sometimes thinks I'll like the things I don't enjoy at all;
That's because she's far too old to 'member, don't you see,
All the things she used to do when she was very wee?
Gran'ma can remember what she did when she was small;
Gran'ma didn't like, she says, to go to bed at all;
Gran'ma likes to hear the tales I make up in my head;
Gran'ma never bustles round—she stays by me instead.
In my heart, right deep, deep down, I've got a secret hid;
Fairies made my Gran'ma—yes, I'm certain that they did;
Though the others think she's old, she really—do you know—?
Comes the next to me in age!—the fairies told me so.

—Ethel Talbot.

Love and Flowers

She was a maiden with glorious eyes,
And he was a gallant commander,
They walked through a garden of flowers and grass;
Said he, "What's your favourite flower, dear lass?"
Said she, with a sigh, "Oleander."
His name was Leander—his heart gave a jump;
With rapturous ardour he fanned her.
Said he, "I'm in very great need of a wife,
Sweet maid, will you be my own blossom for life?"
Said she, with a blush, "O Leander!"

—Harriet Whitney Symonds.

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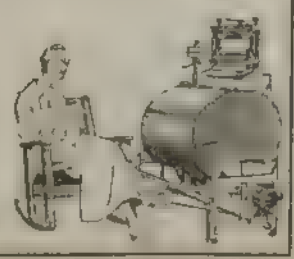

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THE FIGHT THAT DEFEATED RACE TRACK GAMBLING

(*Continued from page 10*)

lished. Mexico, another neighbour unprepared to close her doors on the outlaws, was also found to be a convenient stamping ground for the hordes of race track followers, and Juarez was made the Southern centre of operations of the professional gambler. These three racing resorts are, with slight variation, under the general management of United States professional gamblers who do not confine themselves to the "noble" sport of horse racing, but are known all over the country as owners of touring gamecocks and of gambling houses. The president of the Niagara Racing Association is part owner of the Interstate News Co., that telegraphs racing information to race track pool rooms all over the continent.

The Alien Labour Law

The managers of some of the tracks, while claiming to be Canadian, have given just cause for complaint by bringing all their help from the United States and that help was usually of an undesirable character, aside from the fact that it was pro-German and was given preference over Canadians, both civilians and returned soldiers. These clubs, so conveniently located at the gateways of Buffalo and Detroit, but just outside their legislative powers, were an unmitigated curse to the communities on which they foisted themselves for several weeks of each year. The respectable residents of these unfortunate localities dreaded the racing season, with its letting loose upon them of the hordes of vicious followers of the race course, who, as the Hon. Sidney Fisher said "he would not like to meet alone on a dark night;" another member of Parliament remarked, "they invade a city like a swarm of locusts, crowding decent people out of the cars by their unsavoury presence."

If this had come as an evil and as an evil only, it could have been the more easily reckoned with, but when it was under the patronage of some of the highest Government officials, it was more difficult to regulate or to prohibit, for the glitter of gold lace blinds many eyes to the dangers of evil associations.

Professional Gamblers and Canadian Legislators

These race courses at Fort Erie and Windsor were undeniably under the management of outlawed professional gamblers from the United States who cared nothing for the horses except as an excuse for gambling, and with them were linked in the Canadian Racing Association, the Ontario Jockey Club of Toronto that owns the Woodbine tracks, the Blue Bonnets Club, Montreal, and the Hamilton Jockey Club. There were also in Ontario, Mr. Orpen's Dufferin Park Track, Toronto, the Orpen-Gamey Club, that owns the Kenilworth, the second track at Windsor, the Devonshire at Windsor opened September, 1916, owned by Grant Hugh Brown of New York and Dr. Reaume, the Connaught Club, Ottawa, and the new Thorncliffe track, east of Toronto, controlled by a Baltimore man, Gad Bryan, and his associate, O'Hara. Of the ten tracks in Ontario, the Woodbine and the Connaught Club were the only ones not controlled by professional rake-off men.

These men, some of doubtful, others of notorious reputation, were engaged in a great effort to again change the Criminal Code of Canada to give them a more complete monopoly of the business of betting at races; prominent public men and members of the House of Commons and of the Ontario Legislature were united with them in the struggle.

No effort was spared to secure the patronage of distinguished men, and when to this was added the charming presence of their wives and daughters, who like Cæsar's wife, are above reproach, the cloak of respectability, nay more, the seal of society was set on racing events. The directors of the clubs installed many comforts and luxuries for the pleasure of their lady patrons, and many a woman, who would not like to be called a gambler, is so carried away by the gay company and the fascinating excitement of it all that she ignores the promptings of reason and conscience and joins with others in a pool to back a sure winner, or takes a little flier on a horse that somebody's friend's brother said could not be beaten. She is delighted when a few extra dollars are handed to her as the result of her ability to pick the winner, but if she looked into the workings of it, and saw the sordid, dishonest and vicious source of the easy gains and the easier and infinitely greater losses, if she saw the ruined homes, the agony, the despair, the imprisonments, and the suicides it causes, she would discountenance it all so utterly that it would soon be left to those who originated its objectionable features.

Arousing the Public to the Danger

Those concerned for the welfare of the people, seeing the crime and misery resulting from this vice of gambling, and knowing how frequently cases of embezzlement, of disgrace, and of suicide were traceable to betting on the races, and how the desire to get rich quick was undermining the moral fibre of our Canadian life, presented the Miller Bill in 1910. In support of this Bill were lined up the farmers of Canada, the Agricultural Colleges, the press, the Trades and Labour Congress, representing the wage earners of Canada, and the Churches speaking through the Synods, Conferences and Assemblies. Even the Jockey Clubs of British Columbia sought for relief from the crowds of loose characters of every description who follow in the wake of the race track gamblers and whom it would have been the greatest flattery to call thieves. Finally the great body of public opinion supported the bill.

Who Opposed a Bill for the Protection of the Morals and Money of the People?

The only vigorous opposition to the Bill outside of Parliament, was that of the Jockey Clubs themselves, and after due consideration of the evidence submitted by Mr. Raney, the Committee, with the late Mr. H. H. Miller, M.P. as Chairman, reported in favour of the Bill. But when it came before the House, it failed on the first division by one vote, notwithstanding the able advocacy of several members of the Government and several of the Opposition. The reasons for the defeat were easily seen; the Jockey Clubs were in receipt of an annual income of about a million dollars, and they rose in their might to protect that sacred sum of money at all costs. Every one of the Clubs had a spokesman on the floor of the House, telling of the very exalted character of the club he was most interested in (financially) though the previous session some of them had been classed by members of the House as gambling resorts, pure and simple. But it was to the then Minister of Justice, the Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, supported by the Hon. Clifford Sifton, that the Bill owed its defeat, for Mr. Aylesworth's Official Guardianship of the Criminal Code made his opinion seem of undue weight to the members who were not lawyers, and the principle of legalizing the business of gambling when carried on within a racing enclosure was adopted.

Thus Canada fell from her high estate of being a country that gives a square deal to all, to the low grade of a pandering power that protects the strong at the expense of the weak, for she passed class legislation of the worst possible character, in that, for a price, she permitted her innocent young men and women and her morally weak older men and women to become the prey of the unprincipled gamblers of the whole continent, and of their still more disreputable followers, that price to be shared between the highest officials of the Government and the lowest race track gamblers.

The Social Service Council

That the white light of truth might be allowed to shine into the dark corners of this scandalous proceeding, the Social Service Council, early this year, requested Mr. W. E. Raney, K.C., who had appeared in support of the Miller Bill before the special Committee of the House of Commons, to prepare a comprehensive report on the subject. This report, to which we are indebted for the greater part of the matter herein submitted, was presented at the recent Social Service Congress in Toronto, and the fearless exposure of graft and the stern indictment of public men of Canada for monopoly of graft, have aroused so much indignation and given the matter so much publicity that the average man and his wife have heard more about the race track in the past few months than in a life-time before.

Mr. Raney's probings into the financial and other dealings of the Jockey Clubs have proven, to a shocked public, that among its honoured public men, there are those who will go to any length to subvert justice to their own ends in the pursuit of wealth and pleasure.

Race Track Gambling Yields to the Stockholders from 700 to 1700 per cent.

Since the enactment of Dominion Legislation in 1910 exempting the Jockey Clubs from the penalties of the Criminal Code and since the establishing of the Pari-Mutuel system of gambling, the race tracks have prospered enormously. This system does away with the bookmaker or the middleman, and consequently with the handbook makers, the touts and the tipsters, giving the club and those who run the betting machines all the profits. It removes, to some extent, the danger of the horses being manipulated and it also presents increased facilities for amateurs to place their bets. The betting machines of the Pari-Mutuel, where any one can go and buy a numbered ticket for whatever race or whatever horse he fancies, and for either a small or large amount, or can with his friends pool small amounts for a big venture, seem so much safer and so much more honest than the disreputable old bookies, that betting has increased enormously. That any one, with the exception of the clubs, is making more money than before is doubtful. Whether pointers from those who have no right to give away in-

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Recipes by Famous Domestic Science Experts Who Use

"Wear-Ever"

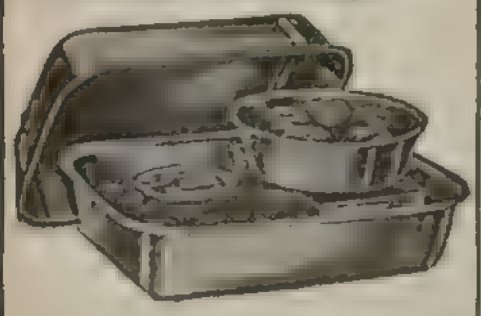
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

Recipe by Jean Prescott Adams
Domestic Science Author and Advisor

Photographed as prepared personally in the "Wear-Ever" Roaster by Jean Prescott Adams

Tasty, Spiced Baked Ham

Cover the ham with cold water and let it simmer long enough to loosen the skin (three or four hours). After removing the skin place in a "Wear Ever" Aluminum Roaster, add one teacup of vinegar, one cup of hot water in which one teaspoon of dry mustard has been dissolved. Bake slowly two hours. Cover the ham with coarse brown sugar and stick cloves into the fat about an inch apart. Allow sugar to form thick crust. Bake one hour longer.



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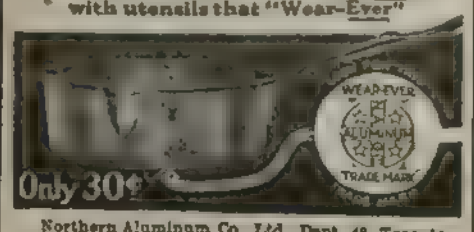
"Wear-Ever" utensils are dense, smooth and lastingly durable, because the metal is subjected to the enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines. No joints or seams. Cannot rust, chip or scale. Pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"



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A Carnival of Graft

side information are more reliable than of yore, is likewise doubtful and as to the outside pointers every one knows that the only thing certain about a race is its uncertainty

If the losses could be confined to those who will make a large profit on their stock, it would not be so serious financially, but it is usually the poor man, who is staking all he has, or borrowing from some other man, who loses. Ten dollars for each dollar he lays down sounds so good, and some stableman, who knows all the entries, has picked the winner and given him an absolutely sure tip. Figures show that about one per cent. of the predictions given by sporting authorities are correct, so the amateur has little chance, but this slight chance, instead of deterring him, seems to have an irresistible fascination. The evidence of a Toronto butcher before the committee at Ottawa in 1910, bears this out. He played the races for ten years at an annual cost of $1,000.00, and then was $2,500.00 behind. He told of hundreds of men like himself, grocers, bakers, clerks, teamsters, who had been either crippled in business or utterly ruined by the vice.

A Carnival of Greed and Graft

From the figures given by the clubs themselves and from other sources, Mr. Raney estimates that the Jockey Clubs of Ontario have, since the war, made a clear profit of over a million dollars a year, and that the different tracks in which these public men participated have made a profit of from 200 to 2,000 per cent. per annum on their original investment, half going to leading Government officials of Canada and the greater part of the other half to the professional rake-off men.

Having given various details of the personnel, the *modus operandi*, and the financial standing of the clubs, Mr. Raney sums up in graphic and compelling words, the case against the business of race track gambling in Canada as "the greatest graft in existence to-day in any civilized country in the world, unless it be China, and that horse racing has become in Canada, a carnival of greed and graft in which public men, sworn to represent the people, are not ashamed to exploit the Criminal Code for legislation to protect them and their associates of the American betting-house fraternity, whilst they engross a million dollars a year clear betting-house profit and that this thing has been going on for many years and has been within the common knowledge of many people, and has gone on more brazenly and more conspicuously since the war began than ever before, and will go on in 1917 at more than twice the volume of 1910 if the programme which has been drawn up by the Canadian Racing Association is carried out."

The Dominion Government has placed a prohibition on race track gambling while the war lasts, and it is now the duty of every Canadian, who has the welfare of the nation at heart, to study this evil and to be prepared to fight it to the death. A practice that is an evil during the war is certainly an evil during peace. That race track gambling has attained such huge proportions and has grown to be a national vice is largely due to the fact that it is so little-known outside of those who reap the benefit and those who are the victims. Do you want your country to continue to be the dumping ground for the hordes of professional gamblers and the rake-off men who are restrained by law from following their disreputable calling in all of the United States except Kentucky and Maryland?

Find out for yourselves what prominent public men, holding high positions in the Government gather in half of the profits. Look into the whole vast evil and fight it intelligently. And you women whose presence gives a gloss of respectability to an enormous evil, think it out: is gambling any more respectable because it is carried on in broad day light, in the presence of thousands, and under stress of excitement than it would be in a common gambling den?

A New 1918 Model Chevrolet
Touring Car to be Given as a Prize

GREAT NEW MAGAZINE GIVES AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY

EVERYBODY loves competitions. They are entertaining, instructive and interesting. They make you put on your thinking cap real tight, and provide a species of mental exercise that is beneficial to both young and old.

When the prizes for your skill and diligence are such wonderful rewards as a $750.00 Chevrolet Car, a $350.00 piano, a pony and cart, and dozens upon dozens of other valuable prizes totalling more than $1000.00, the opportunity becomes doubly interesting.

To quickly advertise and introduce "RURAL CANADA," the publishers of this great new farm paper are conducting an extremely interesting contest which is announced on page of this issue. Every reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD should enter. There are prizes for all. No one need be disappointed, and besides the fine prizes you can win you will profit doubly from the acquaintanceship it will give you with the newest and most delightful of magazines published entirely for the farm folk of Canada.

See if you can figure out the vegetables growing in this unique garden. Then when you have solved the clever pictures, send in your answers and get in line for a fine prize.

Do it to-day. Thousands of others have received fine prizes from the publishers of Rural Canada. You can too.

SHADOWS AND DREAMS

(*Continued from page 30*)

heart aches for them. You know how I talked about my Art satisfying me utterly. It did then, because I had had nothing but the husks and knew nothing of the worth while heart of things."

"To think," smiled Jerusha, "that I should come to believe that the vital things of existence came out of, well, shadows in dreams."

The next day, when Jerusha said farewell and sped on her homeward way, a note to Grant was in the bosom of her dress, to be sent when she reached Waterford. It simply said

"I have decided that I want to be the dream-woman in the shadows, while Goldilocks runs to meet you."

Just inside the city she signalled a messenger and the note was sent on its way; but she had not gone three blocks further when, ahead, she saw Grant Wetherel's trap. She started as though she had been struck, and almost lost control of her car, for in the seat with him and laughing into his face was a fascinatingly beautiful girl. This girl, Jerusha knew, was visiting friends of his. She wheeled her car and commenced a mad search for the boy on a bicycle who carried her note, and also, she felt, her self-respect. Quickly she went up and down the streets he was apt to have used in reaching Grant's office. Both messenger and note seemed to have vanished off the face of the earth.

Finally, sick with discouragement and disappointment, she turned in her car and went home. She dismissed the maid with her offers of assistance and, when alone, threw herself on the bed covering her face with her hands.

"Oh, oh, why didn't I wait ten minutes," she moaned over and over again. "I might have known he was mistaken."

She found herself praying that the messenger with her note would ride into the river or be run over, so acute was her misery; and it was very slowly that she came to the realisation that the telephone was ringing—ringing—ringing. She hardly knew her own voice as she answered. It was Grant, and his voice had a new note of gladness.

"I'm coming right over," he said.

"No, no. You mustn't," she cried.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because—because—I'm not dressed, and—and—I've changed my mind. I saw you driving."

"You saw? Oh, that." His laugh somehow cleared the air wonderfully. "I'll give you half an hour to dress. You shouldn't need that much but under the circumstances you may have it. Then, I'll be there. Nothing under heaven can stop me."

Jerusha realised that speech was useless. He had hung up the receiver.

Her fingers shook as she rang for her maid.

"Marie, dinner for two and—and—do your very best."

Then, from her clothespress, she brought an old rose taffeta with ruffles and many little silver daisies on it.

"And I wondered," she smiled, "why I ever bought this dress!"

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Some women hold to the idea that bread-making is a long and difficult operation, but this is a mistake, for with Royal Yeast Cakes, light, sweet bread can be made in a few hours with but little trouble.

FREE: Our new Royal Yeast Bake Book will be sent free upon request. It contains full instructions for making bread and rolls with Royal Yeast Cakes. Send name and address plainly written and this valuable little book will be mailed promptly.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

WHO CAN TELL

how serious may be the result of an apparently minor injury? Many a case of blood-poisoning and even amputation has been the result of a neglected cut or burn. Be on the safe side by keeping a box of Zam-Buk handy for such an emergency.

It is the accumulation of germs in a wound that sets up festering. Zam-Buk destroys all germs as soon as applied, and protects the sore place from the germ-laden air. At the same time, the herbal oils and extracts, of which Zam-Buk is composed, are growing new skin and the wound is very soon healed.

This herbal healer has been proved equally good for eczema, scalp sores, ulcers, bad legs, running sores, boils and piles. All druggists or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 50c. box, 3 for $1.25.

Zam-Buk

See that Iron-mould Stain?

One touch of Movol and it entirely disappears. Movol is a wonderful preparation that entirely banishes every sign of iron-mould.

TRADE MARK
MOVOL
Regd

Removes Iron-mould, Rust, Fruit and Ink-stains from Clothing, Marble, etc.

Contains no acids and does not harm the daintiest fabric in any way.

Clothes having a YELLOW TINGE have their original color completely restored by adding a spoonful to the rinsing water.

From Druggists, Stores, Grocers, etc., in 25c and 50c tubes. If you cannot obtain, send 50c for large trial tube to

WM. EDGE & SONS, LTD.,
25 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont.
15 Valentine St., New Bedford, Mass. and Bolton, Lanc., England

B2 Movol is British Made

HORLICK'S
Malted Milk for Invalids

A nourishing and digestible diet. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract. A powder soluble in water.

a Present for the Soldier

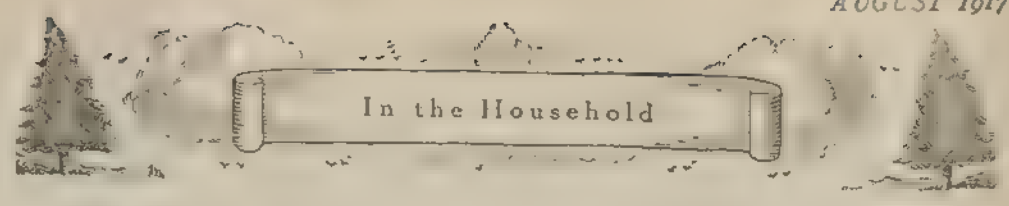
YOU can depend on the mothers to think of the little things which will be appreciated by the boy in the camp or trenches. And one article which many a mother has given her boy at the last moment is Dr. Chase's Ointment.

There are so many ways that Dr. Chase's Ointment is useful to the soldier that it becomes invaluable to him. It is used for chafing and skin irritation resulting from heavy clothing and equipment. It brings comfort to sore, scalded feet after the long march. Applied to wounds it prevents blood-poisoning and heals the skin. And it should never be forgotten that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most effective treatment obtainable for piles, a distressing ailment which results from contact with the cold earth, whether in camp or trench.

The Canadian soldiers have been well supplied with this standard ointment, and, judging by their many letters of appreciation, there seems to be few things more keenly appreciated. Just try it in the next parcels you send to the front.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

60c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Refuse to accept substitutes, for they only disappoint.



MRS. HANNAH'S FAVORITE FISH RECIPES

Russian Filled Fish

FROM 3 lbs. fresh pike, or fresh haddock remove the skin and all the bones, add one good sized onion, three finely rolled soda crackers, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon sugar. Season with pepper and salt to suit taste, add ¼ lb. blanched almonds rolled very fine. Put all into a mincing bowl, chopping all together as finely as possible. When thoroughly mixed, form into nice sized balls. Have ready in a good sized kettle of boiling water in which has been boiled a finely cut large onion and seasoning of pepper and salt. Boil all over a slow fire for two hours. Garnished with parsley, may be served hot or cold.

Stuffed Broiled Salmon Trout

REMOVE centre bone from fish. Prepare a dressing made of two and a half cupfuls of bread crumbs. Add a piece of butter the size of an egg, pepper and salt, a little fine minced parsley, a teaspoon of white sugar; thoroughly mix, add one egg, put the dressing into the fish and sew up. Bake in a well buttered fish pan, basting as often as possible. Great care must be taken not to break the fish when placing on the platter. Garnish with parsley.

Fish Stewed in Lemon Sauce

THREE lbs. fresh fish; slice 1½ inch thick. Place in a wide granite saucepan, add two sliced lemons, one quart water, one onion sliced, ½ teaspoon salt, a dust of pepper, ½ teacup white sugar. Boil together for 1½ hours, then carefully remove fish on to a platter, strain the liquid into a bowl into which has been thoroughly beaten the yokes of two eggs, for thickening. Sugar or lemon juice may be added to taste; pour the sauce over the fish and serve cold.

Fried Fish of Any Kind

CUT into slices one inch thick, wipe perfectly dry, sprinkle with pepper and salt; roll in egg and bread or biscuit crumbs; fry in deep butter or shortening until a nice brown. Serve hot, garnished with lemon.

Broiled Trout or White Fish

CLEAN, wash and dry fish thoroughly. Then split open, season with pepper and salt, place in a well buttered pan, sprinkle over with dried bread crumbs or ground biscuit, putting plenty of butter on top of fish; bake or broil in broiler of gas oven, basting frequently. Garnish with slices of lemon or sprigs of parsley. Care should be taken when putting fish on platter not to break it.

Fresh cod or haddock may be prepared in the same way.

Boiled Salmon

SEW up fish neatly in a cheese cloth bag, and boil a quarter of an hour to the pound in hot salted water. When done, unwrap with care so as not to break it. Have ready a large cupful of very rich drawn butter, into which has been stirred a teaspoonful of minced parsley and the juice of a lemon; pour upon the salmon while hot.

Bright Boys and Girls Wanted

Lester Hodgins

YOU CAN EARN MONEY AND PRIZES

Use Your Spare Time and Fill Your Pockets with Money

Sell EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine. Every woman everywhere wants it. You just have to call, leave the magazine and get your money.

Read How These Boys are Making Money

Lyle Benson, of Hamilton, Ont., cleared $108.00 selling EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Norman Short of Toronto made $14.50 in one week and won a $50.00 bicycle. A young girl in Arnprior made $25.00 cash. Raoul Orbach of Toronto made $14.00 in five afternoons after school and won a $50.00 bicycle.

Lester says that he would get 10 orders in one evening. He also gives us the pleasing information that his customers like EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD more and more every month. He says in his last letter, "You are one of the best companies I have ever sold for. You may tell the other boys that I have always had good success taking orders for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD."

Oscar Bennett, of Galt, Ontario, whose photograph brightens this page in such a splendid manner, has found it possible in a very short time not only to earn a fine income but also to win for good work a watch, a fount in pen and hockey boots etc., in his spare time. Here is a recent letter from him. It is an example of enthusiasm and steadiness that would be hard to beat. Oscar surely is on the high road to success in whatever business or professional career he decides to adopt later on.

Oscar Bennett

He says:

"I have sold a large number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLDS for you, and have received a number of fine prizes. I have no trouble in selling the magazine. I just go to the houses and show it to the ladies. Sometimes they take one or subscribe for a year after glancing over it; others take a few minutes to look through it before giving an order.

So far I have found it the easiest magazine to sell, although I am only eleven years old, and sing in the choir, take music lessons, besides getting up my school work."—OSCAR BENNETT.

Make Regular Pocket Money Every Month

Boys and Girls—more than 130,000 homes in Canada take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD regularly every month and thousands of others want it and only wait for you to bring their copies to them and get the money. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is the biggest, brightest, and most popular magazine in Canada—full of lovely stories, handsome pictures, fashions, embroideries, recipes, jokes, a children's page of animal stories, etc., etc.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD sells for only 15c the copy, $1.50 by the year. You make 5c profit for yourself on every copy you sell or a large commission on every subscription. It's no trouble at all to sell them.

Not one cent in advance—we trust you

To show you how easily you can make a lot of money selling EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD we will send you at once all charges paid, just 10 copies of this month's magnificent issue. When you have sold them, you keep 50c for yourself and send back $1.00 balance. Isn't that easy? We'll send you ten copies each month (unless you want more) because all your customers will want them regularly. Try it

This is the chance of a lifetime for boys and girls to make money fast—all the pocket money you need.

Use This Coupon

To CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
Publishers, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
62-64 Temperance St., Toronto, Ont.

Date_____

Please enter my order for 10 copies each month for six months until my order is increased or countermanded, to sell at 15c each—my profit 5c on each sale. Send me the copies quickly and I will remit as soon as I sell my copies. I want to earn money as your other boys and girls are doing. It is understood that you will tell me the special extra cash amounts I will earn should I secure any subscriptions. Please send my supplies at once. I will do my best to sell my copies quickly and remit promptly for them when sold.

Name_____ Address_____

City_____ State/Province_____

A HOUSE CLEANING BEE

IF you are one of the women who attack house cleaning with a sort of Berseker fury, not to be understood by anyone who has not lived in the house with such a type, then hire several women at a time and finish the business up in a few days. It costs no more to pay and feed three women for three days than one woman for nine!

Before beginning your cleaning plan your meals on paper for the whole time it will take, and make a practice of ordering your supplies for each day on the day previous. If you have to do all the work yourself without hiring people to help, see if you can't persuade your near neighbors to help you with your cleaning while you, in turn, help them with theirs later, as farmers used to do in haying time. At least, all three of you would have an orderly place (removed from the atmosphere of house cleaning) to go back to at meal time and at night during most of the time occupied in cleaning the three houses. Cooperation which will no doubt furnish the answer to many domestic problems, in the future, is constantly gaining recognition now among housekeepers. If your "bump of order" is so enlarged as to be the root of the trouble, try devising ways of keeping order without doing violence to the feelings of those dependent on you for their comfort of living.

One housewife succeeded in making house cleaning a time to be looked forward to instead of dreaded by a very simple expedient. She established a toy bank in the living room in which every member of the family, elders and children alike, deposited pennies, nickels, dimes quarters from time to time during the six months preceding the spring or fall cleaning. The bank hung on the wall in a conspicuous place and was surmounted by a square of cardboard bearing in large printed letters the legend "Remember the tea tray"—or kitchen cabinet or fern dish, or rocking chair, or anything that the family in solemn conclave had decided to be the next most needed article for the comfort of the family or for efficiency in doing the family work. Many stray pennies and pieces of odd change found their way into the little bank which would otherwise have gone for far less useful and less laudable objects just because there was a constant reminder before the children, the grown ups and the mistress of the family herself that this article was needed.

The rule was that it could not be bought until the house was in perfect order again and then—to the consternation of the clerk—the whole family went together and bought the chair or whatever it happened to be. In this way each one endeavored to do all they could to shorten the time of disorder and—what was better—bore the necessary discomforts without grumbling. So that house cleaning was turned into a beneficial discipline and the children learned to bear inconvenience with cheerfulness.

EASY METHOD EXPENSE ACCOUNT

SAVE all sales-slips, receipted bills, and, when shopping, jot down on your memoranda the cost of each general item, such as vegetable. It is not necessary to say, "cauliflower, 20 cents," "onions, 1 cent"—merely the total of that item, vegetable. Then every other day, or the same day, if convenient, enter these small amounts in the proper column in your book. Ice or milk bills paid weekly, rent or insurance paid monthly, should all be entered in the proper column. It is sometimes better to lump items under "stationery," or to credit the father with a lump sum which must cover his car fare, lunch, and incidentals. At the end of every week it should be convenient to total the columns, and make a balance; or in many cases it is just as efficient to total the expenses only monthly, depending greatly on whether the bills are paid often, or at the end of the month. This total amount of expenditure, subtracted from the cash received at the beginning of the month, should equal the cash on hand at the end of the month—and the hard task of "keeping accounts" is performed. The surplus each month may be credited to the following month, or put toward a savings or sinking fund for emergency use. Keeping accounts in this form brings to light several points:

It will tell you just what you spent every penny for.

It will compare two items for you at a glance, and you can see if it is the "meat" or the "grocery" item that is pulling up your bills.

It will compare any one item with the total expense, so that you can determine whether you are not spending too much for this item, as compared with your whole income.

It will tell you what items are your biggest drain.

It will compare all the items this month with the same items last month, so that you can instantly find out the cause of any increase or change.

It will tell you the "average" of each item of your expense, month by month, so that you can quite exactly estimate the steady "average" of any of the regular "operating expenses," and can thus accurately estimate your next "budget".

It will show you just where you can retrench easiest.

It will show where small "leaks" are in your business that you never suspected.

It will tell you anything you want to know about your home, if you keep it accurately, and allow it to do so.

Last Chance TO ENTER THE BIG CONTEST

Closing Date is August 28th, and the Ford Car and Big Cash Prizes will be Awarded Immediately After

Help to Solve Percy's Perplexing Problem

MARY'S letter is surely a puzzler. She has so mixed up the letters in the names of the things she would like Percy to give her for her birthday gift, that they spell something different entirely. Sometimes she has even made two or three words out of one name, as in number nine, which is undoubtedly "Diamond Ring."

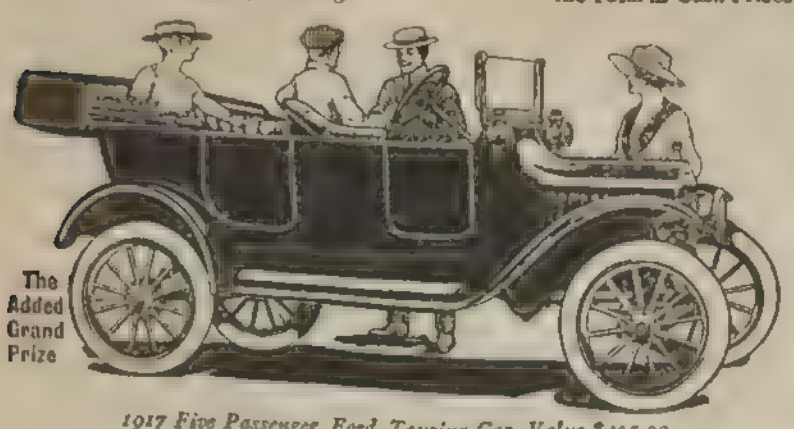
Each of the names in Mary's letter represents a present that any girl would like to receive for her birthday. You know one of them; now try to solve the remaining nine puzzle names, and when you do, re-write Mary's letter (just in your own hand) substituting the correct names for those appearing above, and send your solution to us. In this interesting contest we will award

A 1917 Ford Touring Car (value $495.00) **is the Super-First Grand Prize and there are $510.00 in Cash Prizes**

1st Cash Prize	$150.00	14th Cash Prize	$5.00
2nd Cash Prize	75.00	15th Cash Prize	5.00
3rd Cash Prize	50.00	16th Cash Prize	5.00
4th Cash Prize	35.00	17th Cash Prize	3.00
5th Cash Prize	25.00	18th Cash Prize	3.00
6th Cash Prize	20.00	19th Cash Prize	3.00
7th Cash Prize	15.00	20th Cash Prize	3.00
8th Cash Prize	10.00	21st Cash Prize	2.00
9th Cash Prize	10.00	22nd Cash Prize	2.00
10th Cash Prize	10.00	23rd Cash Prize	2.00
11th Cash Prize	5.00	24th Cash Prize	2.00
12th Cash Prize	5.00	25th Cash Prize	2.00
13th Cash Prize	5.00	26th Cash Prize	2.00

and Fifty Cash Prizes of $1.00 each

Each cash prize carries a doubling bonus by which the winner may receive twice the amount given above, making **$1020.00** the Total in Cash Prizes



The Added Grand Prize

1917 Five Passenger Ford Touring Car, Value $495.00

PERCY'S PLAN WILL HELP YOU

THE first thing Percy did was to walk through the stores and make a list of all the things that would make nice presents for a girl, so that he could compare his lists with Mary's and see how many names would fit the puzzling words. He was surprised to find the number of nice things one could get for a girl, for very soon his list contained the following: Sewing set, umbrella, wrist watch, silk waist, manicure set, jewel case, kid gloves, lace handkerchiefs, napkin ring, earrings, silver thimble, diamond ring, candy, photo frame, necklace, books, bracelet, slippers, card case, travelling bag, purse, brooch, shawl, toilet set, perfume, flowers, set of furs, lace collar, etc., etc. These suggested presents may help you. Get a pencil and paper and try!

How to Send Your Answers

(An extract from the rules.)

Use one side of the paper only, in writing out Mary's letter and keep it the same in form as given above, merely substituting your solution of the proper names in place of the jumbled ones. In the lower left hand corner instead of the postscript put your full name (stating Mr., Miss or Mrs.) and your full address. Anything else must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Do not send fancy, drawn or type-written answers. A contestant may send as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may win a prize, and not more than one prize will be awarded in any family. Entry to the contest is barred to all employees of this Company and their relatives.

No Expense Attached to Entry to This Great Contest
Any One Can Win a Fine Prize

All readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are invited to help solve Percy's problem and send their answers to compete for these fine big cash prizes. It does not matter whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and moreover you will not be asked or expected to take the magazine, or to spend a single penny in order to enter and win the car or a fine prize

If you are a regular reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, you, no doubt, know the magazine thoroughly and have often discused it with your friends. If you are not, we will gladly send you free, a sample copy of the latest issue in order that you may know what a live, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine is being published right here in Canada, by Canadians, for Canadians. There is nothing in Canada like EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for bright, entertaining stories, timely, interesting articles, up-to-the minute news of the events of the day, live discussions on topics of vital national importance, and it abounds with beautiful illustrations and departments of interest to every one in the family. More than 130,000 Canadian homes gladly take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and welcome it every month. It is fast supplanting American magazines in the favor of Canadians everywhere, and you will like it and agree that it is the biggest, brightest, and most interesting magazine being produced in Canada.

Frankly, this great contest is intended to advertise EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and to introduce it to friends and readers in all parts of Canada; so read carefully the copy which we send you, show it to the members of your family and discuss it with your friends. To qualify your entry to stand for the judging and awarding of these big cash prizes, we will ask you to help us further advertise and introduce it by showing your sample copy to only three or four of your friends and neighbours who will appreciate this worth-while Canadian magazine and want it to come to them every month. You can easily render this simple favor and for it an additional guaranteed Cash Reward will be given to you at once. As soon as your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of names solved correctly and send you the big prize list and sample copy of the magazine.

MAGNIFIED COPY OF MARY'S LETTER

Dear Percy:

Since you have so kindly asked me to suggest a birthday present that I would like I am sending you a little list to think over. If you can puzzle this out in time for my birthday I would just love to receive any of the following:

1. BALL RUME.
2. OH C ROB.
3. DEVILS KOG
4. SORE STUFF.
5. BELT CARE.
6. SCARE CAD.
7. GRANSIRE.
8. C CAN LEEK.
9. DO MI DARNING.
10. TRAINE MUSEC.

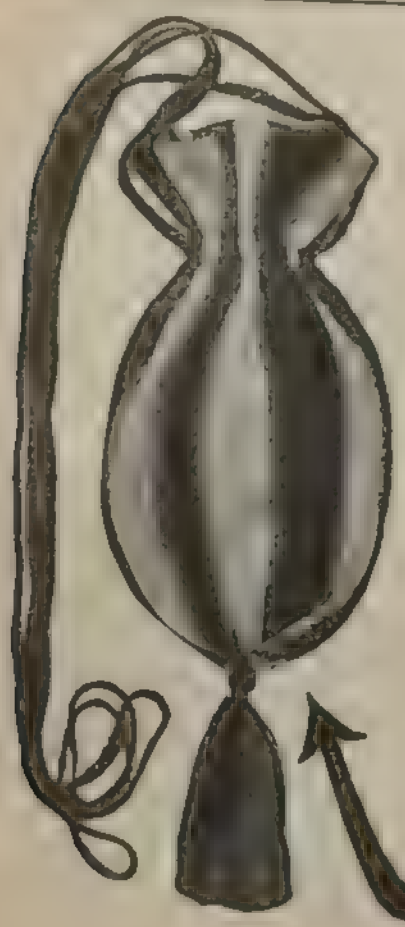
P.S. I have printed the words so that you can read them easily!

Sincerely yours
Mary.

How the Prizes Will be Awarded

The judging of the entries will be in the hands of three independent judges, having no connection with this firm, whose names we will tell you in due course, and contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The awards will be given to the senders of the best sets of answers qualified according to the rules and conditions of the contest. In judging the entries to the puzzle, points of merit will be (a) sets having most correct answers, (b) general neatness and appearance of the entry (handwriting, spelling, punctuation and style all being considered). All answers must follow the form of Mary's letter, but containing the sender's solutions for the proper names as called for above. Answers in any other form will not be considered. The contest will close promptly at 5 P.M., August 28th, promptly after which, judging will be commenced and the prizes awarded. Study Mary's letter and try for the correct solution now. Entirely in addition to the competitive prizes an extra cash reward is guaranteed and sent at once to every contestant complying with the conditions of the contest. Address your answers to:—

THE "CONTEST EDITOR," DEPT. B., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62-64 TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.



Magnificent Knitted Silk Hand Bag

THE NEWEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE OF BAGS

GIVEN TO YOU WITHOUT COST

When the leading Toronto stores first displayed these magnificent bags—just a few weeks ago—they created a furore. Nothing so dainty, stylish and serviceable has been shown for many seasons. The exquisite richness of their colorings and the marvellously fine workmanship in them made an instant appeal to fastidious dressers. Every thread in every bag is pure silk, knitted ever so finely and perfectly, with a finish that fairly sparkles. They are finished at the bottom with a beautiful fine silk flowing tassel and even the carrying cords are of fine knitted silk. The cords are extra long, giving you the opportunity to knot them in many pleasing effects.

Every possible color—Your Bag can match your gown perfectly.

These beautiful bags can be obtained in almost every plain color and in many handsome combinations of stripe effects. There are exquisite rose shades, yellows, blues, greens, whites, toupes, pinks, etc., etc. The stripes show combinations of black and white, blue and white, yellow and black, old rose and white and so on. By taking advantage of this wonderful offer, you can get a beautiful bag to match each of your gowns and certainly you would be wise to do so as you may never have such an opportunity again.

In the finest shops these bags are priced at $2.50 to $3.00 each but you may obtain yours free of cost while they last.

This is really the most astounding gift offer it has ever been within our power to make. If you could see one of these bags and realize its exquisite fineness and beauty, you would wonder at your being able to obtain one of them so very easily. But you must act quickly as our supply is very limited and when they are gone it may be impossible to obtain a further supply.

HOW TO OBTAIN ONE OF THESE BAGS FREE OF COST

OFFER No. 1 Send only two subscriptions (new or renewal) to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and we will send one of these bags to you at once, all charges paid. You may send your own renewal, and one new subscription which you can easily obtain from one of your friends, or if you prefer you may see two of your friends and send two new subscriptions. If your own subscription has not yet expired take advantage of this offer anyway as your subscription will be extended for a full year beyond its expiry date.

NO NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS NECESSARY

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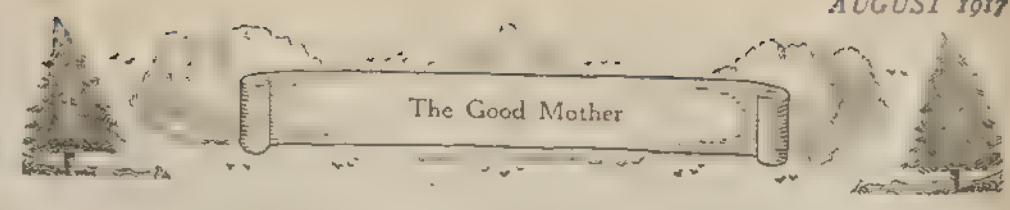


YOUR CHILD'S NERVES AND THE FOOD HE EATS

CHILDREN are pale and thin, sometimes overgrown and nervous. They do not sleep well and are subject to night terrors. They also have poor digestion, constipation, and anæmia.

With proper care they may improve if heredity is not bad. The parents are to blame for the condition of many of these children, by either insufficient or erroneous attention to the diet. At first, the child is allowed to eat candy, fruit, bread and butter, ice cream, etc., between meals. When meal time comes, the child has no appetite. The mother, in her anxiety to see that the child eats enough, will resort to coaxing and bribing. If the child is not hungry, the mother will appeal to his palate, by giving something that tastes good, but interferes with normal digestion. Good and simple food becomes distasteful, and finally the child will refuse proper food.

Any food taken between meals will interfere with digestion of the meal preceding and will spoil the child's appetite for the next meal. It is my contention that it is not necessary to try to give the child pleasure with good things to eat. There are plenty of other means to make the child happy. Food should be reserved for the appeasement of hunger. In the average child, a few hours of play in the fresh air, providing he is not allowed to become overtired, will develop a normal desire for food. Children do not crave candy, cake, chocolate, ice cream, soda, etc., unless they are taught to by their parents and relatives, who love to bring them something good to eat.

A child who has never tasted candy does not miss it. It is principally a desire for sweets that is responsible for eating between meals, and interference with digestion.

Children are often interested in play to such an extent that they do not like to be interrupted, and in their anxiety to get back to it, they eat too quickly and try to make the meal as short as possible.

Coaxing the child to eat when there is no appetite will frequently result in indigestion. Let him eat as little as he will willingly, and make him wait for the next meal hour before any more food is allowed. Do not let the child feel that he is doing you a favour when he eats, and he is apt to appreciate good food when he gets it.

Eliminate your fear that the child will starve. Nature is bound to assert itself.

Tonics cannot take the place of food, although they may be given as an aid to improve the appetite.

How to Bring Up a Child

WHEN a child is born, his little brain is an absolute blank. Soon, by means of the senses, impressions are gathered, which result in gradually increasing intelligence. To begin training at the earliest period will facilitate later training. By means of his cry, the baby expresses his desires and discomforts. A new-born child never cries without reason. Misinterpretation of the cry has spoiled many a baby.

In a baby who seems to be thriving, frequent and persistent crying is generally caused by overfeeding and consequent colic. This fact is frequently not recognized, and we often hear the statement that some babies cry during the first three months and nothing can be done to remedy this. To pacify the baby, the mother will nurse him at frequent intervals, will resort to the use of pacifiers, or will take him up out of his crib, shake him, and walk the floor. Some mothers will keep the baby at the breast all night in order to keep him quiet. Needless to say, not alone is the baby's condition not improved by this method, but bad habits result, and later, even without cause, the crying will persist, unless the little one is catered to. Therefore, "peace at any cost" does not apply to a crying baby. Try to find the cause and remove it. If you are satisfied that there is no real cause, and the napkin is dry, leave the baby alone and let him cry. Spoiled babies may at first cry for hours before they finally stop. It does not do them any harm, and generally after two or three days they become reconciled to remaining in the crib undisturbed. A normal baby will go to sleep when left alone, without the aid of rocking, singing of lullabys, etc.

During the first year the baby rapidly gathers impressions from his environment. As the child's understanding improves, the environment must be guarded with increasing watchfulness. Any display of temper which he is allowed to witness will soon be imitated by the little one. Heredity cannot always be blamed for the reproduction of bad traits in the parents, and we may even say that with proper care such heredity may be overcome. Never let the child see what you do not wish him to learn. He must be surrounded by love, harmony, and infinite patience. Tendency to antagonism is likely to give the mother a great deal of trouble. Whenever the child's desires are harmless, try not to oppose them. However, when you find it necessary to say so, do so in a quiet manner, always giving some reason for the denial, instead of being absolutely dictatorial. Should the child cry, try to pacify him quietly, but do not give in or argue. Quiet perseverence is sure to give you ultimate mastery. Constant scolding and corporal punishment are apt to increase the child's antagonism.

Beware of constant nagging and persistent correction. Obedience should be enforced through love, not fear. Fear will ultimately result in estrangement, secrecy, and prevarication. A child may be punished in such a way as not to increase his antagonism. Once a loving companionship is established, there is nothing that will convince a child more readily than the appearance of displeasure on the part of the guardian, or a denial of that companionship, providing that it is accomplished in a quiet manner. Remember that in a child the will is stronger than the intellect. To overcome the child's will, we must use the simplest kind of reasoning, or else appeal to his emotions. Do not shower your child with too much attention and make him feel that he is the most important factor in the household, if you do not wish to bring up a perfect tyrant.

In talking to the child, use correct language, but do not burden the mind with unnecessary teaching, or tax his memory with rhymes, songs, figures, etc. It is the best to let him learn whatever his brain picks up through his own uninvited attention.

The Development of Character

THE most important feature of training during the first few years is the development of character, not intellect. By patient and persistent teaching, the child will acquire a great deal of unnecessary knowledge and appear unusually precocious and bright, but that does not in any way help later, and more important development may overtax the brain.

We often find that bright children make poor students as they grow older. An unusually brilliant child learns without any effort on the part of the guardians. His knowledge is acquired by a tendency to close observation and persistent questioning, which, of course, we cannot control.

In the presence of adults the children should be kept in the background. Showing off will make the child self-conscious and shy, or make him disrespectful, by fostering a feeling of self-importance.

Every child has many desires. Some of these are harmless, others harmful. In granting them, consult your reason; do not be swayed by your reluctance to deny him anything. A child that always gets what he wants is bound to become selfish and spoiled. A loving parent will shower his child with numerous and expensive toys, but he soon finds that they do not hold his attention for long, and his desires multiply. A baby surrounded by too many toys is apt to become bewildered and cranky. It is best to give him one simple toy, and let him concentrate on that until he tires of it.

A crying and whining child is frequently the bane of a mother's life. The only way to overcome that is by absolutely disregarding it. If a child cries for something that he should not have, it is important for the mother not to yield. As soon as the child realizes that crying is of no avail, he ceases to resort to it as a means to attain his object. On the other hand, if the mother loses her patience and yields, the baby will continue to cry for everything he desires.

Be Careful

IN handing your child over to a nurse, care must be exercised to instruct her as to your method of dealing with the child. A poor nurse is sure to undo all the good that you may have accomplished.

Most children, at some time or other, will try one's patience to such an extent that the impulse to give a good beating may become irresistible. Yet experience has shown that it is better to try a little dispassionate reasoning, and if that be not successful, to ignore the child altogether. Ultimately the child will be convinced that pestering is useless and only brings disfavour, loss of love and companionship.

Under no conditions try to obtain obedience by threats, such as calling the bogyman, the policeman, or worst of all, the doctor. Such threats result in a shock to the nervous system, and are productive of all sorts of indefinite fears, night terrors, fear of darkness, etc. When the doctor is called because the child is ill, he finds great difficulty in making a satisfactory examination of a frightened, combative child.

In telling stories, avoid those that are improbable until the child is old enough to understand that they are only stories and products of imagination. Avoid particularly stories that are harrowing and inspire fear.

The care of a well-behaved child is a constant source of joy, whereas catering to a spoiled child is a hardship which tries the patience and love of the most devoted parent.

APPROPRIATE

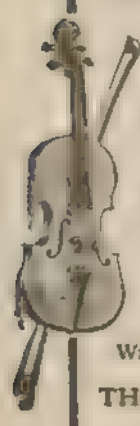
The heavy tragedian was in a terrible rage.

"What's the matter?" asked the manager.

"Matter?" growled the actor. "That fool of a conductor has spoilt the play!"

"How did he do it?"

"He struck up 'Where Did You Get That Hat?' when the Judge put on the black cap to sentence the prisoner to death!"



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Savory & Moore's little Book, "The Baby," is full of useful information on Infant Management, and contains hints on Feeding, Teething, the Toilet, Infant Ailments, and many other subjects. It is just what a young mother needs, and will prove invaluable in the home. A Free Copy may be obtained on application to Savory and Moore, P.O. Box 898, Montreal.

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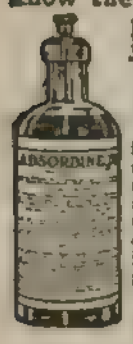
Athletes

know the value of Absorbine, Jr. for putting vim and energy into jaded muscles.



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For roaches and water bugs use Bis-Kit Paste—the new Poison in the Tube—25c

How to Watch Your Coal

HOW many pounds are in a ton of coal?

How many pounds do you receive when a ton is put into your bin?

The average housewife takes the little slip, looks at it and reads "2,000 lbs.," looks at the driver, and past him at the ton of coal. Then she signs the slip, hands it back and—that's all.

She may check the groceries, weigh the meat, count the eggs, and measure the milk, but it seems impossible to check the number of pounds in a ton of coal.

Your coal merchant may be a respectable and reputable man, but is there any reason why the commodity you purchase from him should not be checked as carefully as your supplies from the butcher and the grocer? He neither handles nor weighs the coal himself, and his employees may not be intelligent or honest.

The greatest chance for dishonesty is when a number of tons are delivered at once, whether loose or in baskets.

Dishonesty on the part of the merchant may be practised in different ways. Notice if the receptacle part of the wagon runs clear back under the seat; if it stops flush with the seat, you may find a couple of hundred pounds of your coal under the seat—*pounds which remain there.* Should an inspector stop this particular load and send it to the nearest scales to be weighed, it is found to be absolutely correct, but if the apparently empty wagon were weighed, *it would be several hundred pounds too heavy!*

Duplicate slips is another method. Any driver is liable to be stopped by an inspector and his slip demanded. The inspector's practised eye may note that it is not a full ton, and the slip tendered confirms his suspicion; it reads "1,500 lbs."—three-quarters of a ton. But the slip presented to the mistress of the house for her signature may read "2,000 lbs."

A little coal left in each bag or basket by the driver aggregates quite a few pounds in the total number of baskets. The number of baskets or bags should be twenty. Count them.

The remedy? Have your bin carefully and strongly made. Examine a wagon to see that there is no partition flush with the seat, and take the load to the nearest public scales and have it weighed. This will cost you 15 cents. Then, when it is in your bin, have it levelled, evenly and carefully. Mark where it comes on the sides of the bin. You can easily mark from this where each succeeding ton should come—and your coal is checked and the leakage stopped!

WILL MY DAUGHTER BE AN AUTHOR

(Continued from page 8)

own line. But the stories—ah! that is the goal aimed at by most young writers.

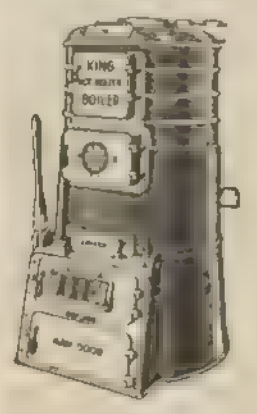
Each magazine has its own particular wants and that which is readily accepted by one, is as readily rejected by another. The story that is accepted by a religious magazine would be promptly rejected by that devoted to farming. If you have leather to sell it is not wise to offer it to a florist, and the plants which the florist would buy are promptly rejected if offered to the hardware merchant. Study the magazines until you find one that uses the kind of material you have for sale. Again, the size and arrangement of many magazines make a certain length of story more acceptable, and thus one publisher may want and accept stories only of 1,500 words, another asks for 6,000. But all editors are agreed that the story must have a purpose, that there must be a good reason for its being written at all; and that reader is best pleased who has been not only entertained, but has also learned something more of life. Once on a time a story simply meant a love story, and this was largely responsible for the impression that love and marriage were the only things worth while, but the up-to-date story takes the reader through all phases of life—business, commerce, art, literature, science, from the cradle and the grave and through all that lies between.

The modern short story teaches geography, history, art, science, mathematics, grammar, and all the things we were taught at school but failed to learn. Ernest Seaton Thompson has done much in his animal stories toward awakening an interest in natural history. Peter MacArthur, in his own quaint way, teaches a love and knowledge of nature—human and otherwise. Ralph Connor taught us to know and appreciate our fellow countrymen, the Scot. Pauline Johnston told us more about the Indian than we had ever dreamed of. Kirby, in his "Golden Dog" wakened our interest in old Quebec, and L. M. Montgomery makes Prince Edward Island seem very real, even to far-away British Columbia. Janet Carnachan has done much to enrich the annals of Canadian history; and Robert Service and W. A. Fraser are both dear to the heart of the Canadian people. We might go on through a long list of Canadians who have made us acquainted with our own people and our own country.

The young writer should avoid the temptation to "begin a book." A book requires much labour; and if you cannot succeed with a short story, what chance is there that you are not courting failure in a longer work?

Keep Your House Warm Next Winter

Not only next winter but for a lifetime, you may know that while blizzards blow, your family are cosy and warm, if you have it heated by the King Hot Water Boiler. Stoves and Hot Air Furnaces have been discarded as inefficient, expensive and unsatisfactory. Your home is not what it should be unless it has hot water heating, and if you desire to sell it, you would find Hot Water Heating one of the most attractive features to the buyer.



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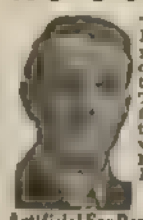

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You can start anywhere, at Montreal, Niagara or Quebec. Make it a two-weeks' trip if you can, or take any part of it. Between Montreal and Toronto you will encounter the ever-changing ever-glorious scenery of the Thousand Islands—and the exciting experience of shooting the river rapids, which the Indians used to navigate in their birch-bark canoes. Quaint old Quebec, with its old-world charm, is a constant delight to the traveller.

Finally, on to the River Saguenay—deep as the height of its tallest promontories, Capes Trinity and Eternity—higher than Gibraltar.

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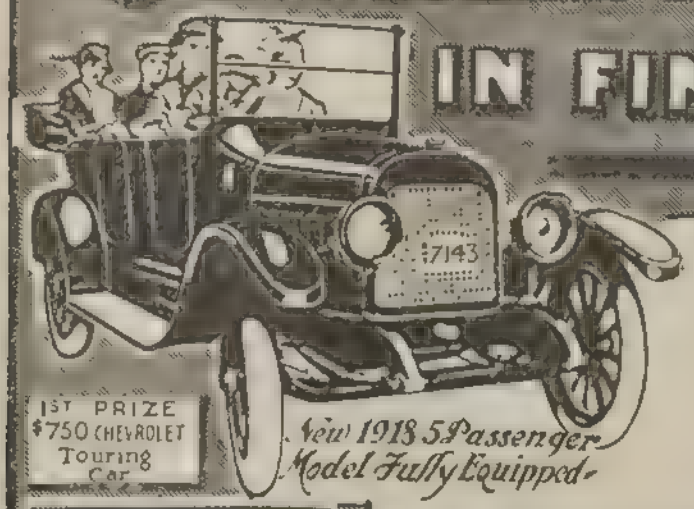
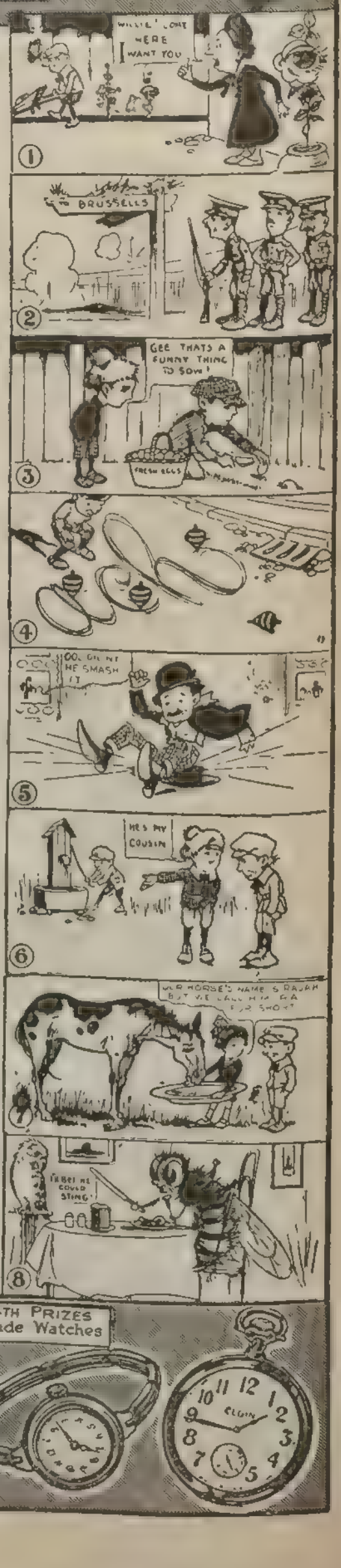
CHEVROLET TOURING CAR & $1000.00 IN FINE PRIZES



TO help win the war we must all produce, so every patriotic Canadian has a vegetable garden this year. We have a fine assortment of vegetables in our garden, and if you will study the pictures at the right you may be able to discover what we are growing. Each of the pictures represents a common vegetable that you all know, No. 1 for instance being (Call-eye-Flower) and No. 8, Beets (Bee-eats). Now see if you can solve the rest and when you have them all, write your solutions on a sheet of paper and send them to us.



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We will send you the big complete illustrated Prize List

This Contest is Free of Expense to All

YOU do not spend a single penny of your money, nor will you be asked to buy anything in order to enter this great Contest and win the Chevrolet Car or a fine prize. The Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the strongest and best known publishing firms in Canada is conducting this interesting Contest in order to quickly advertise and introduce "RURAL CANADA for Women" the wonderful new magazine for Canadian Farm Folk and land-lovers everywhere.

When your answers to this interesting puzzle are received we shall gladly mail you without cost a sample copy of the latest issue in order that you and your friends may become acquainted with this great new publication and realize the place in Canadian Home Life that RURAL CANADA now occupies. RURAL CANADA is different entirely from any other Canadian Farm Paper, because it is edited and published mainly for the women folk in our Canadian farm homes.

Certainly there are many excellent farm papers published in Canada but these almost entirely overlook and underestimate the importance of our women folk. RURAL CANADA realizes that the woman is truly the partner in the farming business; that she is the progressive factor in farm home life and that she needs and wants to know of everything new to lighten and help her with her work, promote efficiency, reduce expense and assist in the thousand and one duties all women must accomplish every day.

But RURAL CANADA is entertaining as well as instructive. It abounds in fine short stories, timely articles, fashions, embroideries, crochet work, recipes, a children's page, a family doctor and many other fine features. Its editorials are inspiring and uplifting. In short, to know RURAL CANADA is to love it. You and your friends will be glad to make the acquaintance of so bright, interesting and good a magazine.

AS soon as your answers are received we shall write and tell you how many of the names you have solved correctly, and send you free your fine copy of RURAL CANADA. Then when you know your standing for the big prizes you will be asked to help us advertise and introduce RURAL CANADA in your neighborhood by showing your copy of the new magazine to just four of your friends and neighbors who will appreciate the worth and high purpose of RURAL CANADA and want it to come to them every month. State your willingness to accord us this simple favor when you send your answers. It will only require a few minutes of your time and you are guaranteed and will be sent at once a big cash payment or valuable reward for your trouble. If you wish we will gladly send you extra sample copies to leave with your friends to read.

Send your solutions of the puzzle pictures today and get in line for a big prize.

Follow These Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

WRITE on one side of the paper only. On one sheet of paper put your answers to the puzzle pictures, with your full name and address, (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) in the upper right hand corner. Anything other than this must be on a separate sheet of paper.

Boys and girls under ten years of age are not allowed to send answers to this Contest, because later on we intend to have a fine contest for our boy and girl friends.

Employees of this company and their relatives are absolutely debarred from competing.

To ensure absolute fairness and impartiality in awarding the prizes, the properly qualified entries will be judged by a committee of three well known gentlemen, having no connection whatever with this firm, and contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The prizes will be awarded to the duly qualified contestants whose entries have the greatest number of correct or nearly correct names and are considered by the judges to be neatest and best written, (proper spelling, punctuation and style of entry also being given consideration). A contestant may send in as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may win a prize and not more than any one prize will be awarded one family or household. The Contest will close December 27th immediately after which the judges will award the prizes.

Send two two-cent stamps to pay postage on your free sample copy of RURAL CANADA, illustrated prize list, etc. Address your solutions to

The Puzzle Editor "RURAL CANADA" Dept. 1 Toronto, Ont.

Tea—and Fate

A CONTRACT FOR LIFE

(Continued from page 9)

little kitchen" frightfully dirty and all my pretty blue onion set grimy with dust, for Dick and I had been taking our meals where we listed for ages.

My theory would have scored triumphantly if things could have stopped at the end of the next month, for Betty was radiantly happy, exercising her special gift. Our tempers all grew placid over the wonderful meals we feasted on, and Dick said he was good for at least twice as much work.

Professor Sidway fell into the habit of dropping in three or four times a week for a cup of tea or chocolate. He usually came about the time the light was beginning to fail, and I was taking off my painting apron for the day, so he would lounge in Dick's big chair, giving little appreciations of my last bit of work or doing a [illegible] Betty in the kitchen singing "Bendemeer's Stream, or "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," just as her Irish grandmother might have sung them.

One chill November twilight brought Dick and the professor together. Dick had grown wonderfully friendly to him of late. While they were trying to warm some of the damp shivers out of ther bones before the grate fire I slipped out to the kitchen to tell Betty to lay an extra plate for supper.

"It would be a shame to send the man out in the storm again with only a cup of tea," I said.

"Oh, Caroline, isn't it luck that we're having fried chicken," Betty exulted hospitably.

"I'll slip that vase of roses into the dining-room," I promised, as I went back to my men. Our dining-room was a joke since it was only the farther end of the studio, hidden by two big Japanese screens.

No mere man could have withstood the charm of that table spread with my best snowy cloth, a tall vase of pink roses and a wonderful meal of fried golden-brown chicken, fluffy potatoes, a simple salad of crisp pale-green lettuce, damson preserves, amber coffee, and a genuine old-fashioned custard pie and, to give zest to it all, the piquant sauce of Betty's softly flushed girlish face above her white collar.

The special charm of Betty's meals was that they always put you so at peace with all the world. When we had finished, and Dick was insisting on helping Betty clear away the table, Professor Sidway, back in the big chair in the studio, seemed to have dropped ten years in some magical way.

It was very still except for the ripple of Betty's laughter and Dick's big muffled bass from the kitchen, and the occasional angry slap of the rainy wind at the windows. The only light was the fire and the red glow from the baleful eye of a "bloomin' heathen idol" doing duty as a lamp.

The professor moved his cigar and began meditatively: "A night like this and a dinner such as we have just had makes a man, well, just a wee bit skeptical about the comforts of bachelor life. Maybe I'm a trifle old to be dreaming dreams, but—Miss Caroline, every time I see Betty pour the tea or butter the muffins"—here he paused to regard his cigar for a moment and flick the ashes away—"well, every time I watch her at her little domestic duties, I wonder if it is ever too late for a man's dreams of his 'ain fireside' to be realized

The chill of the raw night seemed to be creeping in and gripping me. That was what came of working out beautiful theories! Her own warm love-guarded fireside for Betty, and I could go on painting china the rest of my gray days, but—I *loved* to paint china! Oh, yes, that was my little niche in life! Well, I was fitted in snugly enough; thank heaven, the professor would never suspect.

"Of course, Caroline," he was continuing, "I wouldn't think of asking you to give up your painting entirely, but don't you think, dear, you would have room in your life for a poor, home-hungry man? Couldn't you just pour the tea that some Betty would brew, and smile across our own table as you smiled to-night?"

"Me!" I gasped most ungrammatically, and tremulously near tears.

"Whom else should I mean?" asked the professor very gently, with one of my hands held tightly in both of his own.

"But—but—Betty—" I stammered.

"Whoopee folk!" burst in Dick, as he dragged a very pink-cheeked, dewy-eyed Betty in from the kitchen. "I beat you to it, old fellow. You'll have to find another girl for your job. Betty has just promised to take charge of a domestic science department for life. Kiss us, Caroline, and give us your blessing"

"Kindly don't interrupt, Dick," said the professor with the dearest twinkle in his eyes. "I'm trying to get your sister to make the same contract."

"Come on, Betty," cried Dick. "Us for the kitchen and the rest of the preserves!"

THE WOMEN OF RUSSSIA TO SAVE THE NEW RUSSIA

(Continued from page 6)

gymnasiums are installed for healthful exercises, and reading rooms are also provided. Added to these is a fine recreation hall with a stage large enough for concerts, plays, and moving picture shows. Upstairs are to be found lecture rooms where talks on practical subjects are given to those who may be interested. In this way women are, at last, being given a chance to take part with men in enjoying helpful recreation, and Russia already feels the stirring of newer impulses as a direct result.

The Spread of Knowledge

Women of the noble classes have also felt the stirring of a desire to give a little real service to their country. Scores of titled women are now travelling from village to village, aiding the peasant woman to adjust herself to the new conditions brought about by the absence of men at the Front. They teach sewing, show them how to cook, and give courses in scientific dairying. The cooking lessons have taught the peasant women how to make really good bread, a most important matter, for bread, with the *borshch*, or soup, is the staple peasant diet in most districts—as well as how to manufacture cheese for sale as a commercial product. Naturally, the necessity of handling heavy field work by women has emphasized the importance of labour-saving machinery, and the peasant women have been told where to buy it and taught how to use it. Last year the Minister of Agriculture sent instructors with experimental trains laden with modern farm implements to every corner of the Empire. The Zemstvos, and the co-operative societies, organized the buying of the machinery and advanced the necessary capital for its purchase. To-day, hundreds of thousands of these implements are being operated by women even in the most remote parts of Russia. The absence of mothers from their homes while doing field work made necessary the establishment of creches in the villages. This innovation was made during the spring of 1916; and as they are under Government auspices, this, not only left the mothers free to give their field work first-class attention, but also insured good care for the children in their absence.

While Russia is primarily an agricultural country, more and more are women joining the professional classes. There have been women doctors for the last thirty odd years, and many of the Zemstvo medical positions, entailing work among the peasant women, are held by them. For many years, too, women lawyers have been admitted to practice in many of the Russian courts. Another extension of professional opportunities was made last summer when the Minister of Education granted a woman's college in Moscow equal status in its diplomas with those given in the men's universities. As this new college consists of two faculties, law and languages, the extension of privileges opens the door still wider.

In the realm of art Russian women have at last made for themselves a prominent place. At the Petrograd Academy the first woman architect graduated in 1916. Previous to 1903 women were allowed to study art only; the architecture course is exceedingly difficult and the examination exceedingly strict. In the 1916 competition it was necessary to draw detailed plans for a home for convalescent soldiers, housing 2,000 men and 300 officers. Out of a class of thirteen, of which twelve were men, the one woman succeeded. The "Institute of Technology for Women" has, during the past few months, received official recognition from the Government and its diplomas are now given full standing, so that graduates in engineering, architecture, and other branches, possess full authority to assume responsible positions in big engineering and architectural projects.

While the women of Russia have been making immense strides, during the last decade particularly, it yet remained for war conditions to demonstrate their immense capacity and latent possibilities. Schools for nursing have been formed in nearly every important settlement and special relief work has been organized on a scale that is not surpassed either in Great Britian or France. Women have fitted into office work in banks and mercantile institutions, and are doing their work as stenographers, bookkeepers, and salesmen every bit as efficiently as it was previously done by men.

Possibly one of the reasons why the Russian woman's progress appears so great is because it has been made so rapidly and completely, and probably the biggest factor in bringing this about is the wonderfully serious nature which is a characteristic of the average peasant. Once her interest is aroused, the Russian woman pursues the problem to its inevitable conclusion, and now that her aspiration has been awakened, she will not quit until she has gained an equal citizenship with her sisters in Great Britain and America.

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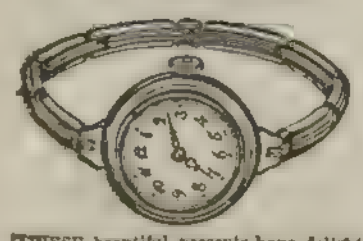
FREE

Princess Mary Toilet Set and Exquisite Bracelet Watch



THESE beautiful presents have delighted thousands of ladies and girls in all parts of Canada. You can get them without a single cent of cost. This is the opportunity of a lifetime for you. The beautiful Princess Mary Toilet set is just what you need. It contains a handsome circular British Plate Mirror a lovely Parisian Bristle Hair Brush, and a neat, strong dressing comb. All are in rich, ebony finish, and both brush and mirror have lovely nickel silver monogram mounts. The set comes in a nice presentation box and it will give you a lifetime of service and satisfaction. You'd gladly pay three to five dollars for a similar set at your store.

You will also be delighted with the exquisite gold finished bracelet watch because it is such a beauty. Bracelet watches are now all the rage. Many of them in solid gold and set with precious stones sell for as high as $100.00 each. This lovely bracelet watch is just as beautiful as any you could buy. It is richly gold finished stem wind and set, and has the genuine expansion bracelet that fits snugly on any wrist.

We are giving away these magnificent presents to quickly advertise and introduce our delicious new Royal Japanese Perfume. It pays us to do so and you can get them without a cent of cost. Just write to say and we will send you, postage paid, only 25 lovely trial size bottles to distribute among your friends at only 10c. each. There are six delicious odors—White Rose, Wood Violet, French Carnation, Lily of the Valley, etc. Most ladies buy three or four of these fine bottles at once. They go just like hot cakes. It is no trouble at all.

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Write to-day—NOW—don't miss this great opportunity. We pay all charges on these lovely presents.

Address THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. T 2 TORONTO, ONT. 20

Uncle Peter's Puzzle Page for Boys and Girls

I AM QUITE sure that you all enjoyed the puzzle letter in the July issue, and there have been so many nice replies to it that the Success Club have asked me to continue to make these puzzles for you.

Here is a new kind of a puzzle for you for August. It is called "Picture Arithmetic", and you will have lots of fun with it, for as you see, you have to add and subtract pictures instead of figures. The idea is to find the correct word represented by each picture, then write them down and subtract the minus words. If you have found the right picture in each case the result will be the words called for.

$25.00 in Prizes will be awarded this month

THE first prize will be Ten Dollars in cash, the second prize, Five Dollars cash, and there are five fine prizes of Two Dollars cash each.

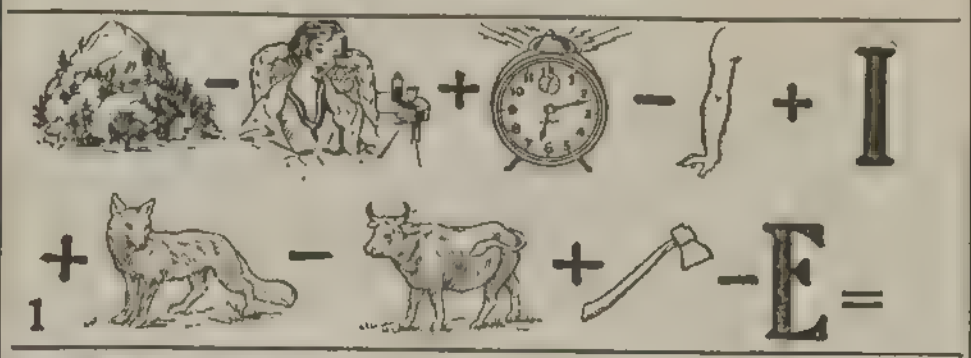
Next there are an unlimited Number of $1.00 Cash Prizes

Not a single one of you need be disappointed. Every one of you may win a prize of One Dollar, provided that your answers to the puzzle are correct, and that you carry out the condition of the contest properly.

How to solve these Problems

I told you above that to solve this puzzle you would have to find the right words represented by each picture,, and after writing them all down, take away the words which you should subtract. As an example and to get you started right we will solve No. 2 so get your pencil and you will find that it works out as follows:

Record less Cord, plus Gas, plus Post, less Ass, less Pot, plus Ink, plus Eye, less Key, less E, plus Acorn, less Corn. The letters that remain will spell the word "Regina." Each of the other two puzzles spell the name of a well known Canadian City. Now that you know the way No. 2 works out, you will be able to solve the other two if you put your thinking cap on and try hard. When you have solved them write your answers out carefully and promptly mail them to us.



How to Enter the Competition

WRITE your answers out to all three puzzle names using one side of the paper only and put your full name and address and your age on last birthday, in the upper left hand corner of the first sheet.

The prizes will be awarded to the boys and girls fulfilling the conditions of the competition whose solutions of the puzzle are correct or nearest correct and are considered neatest and best written. Spelling and punctuation will count too. You are sure to receive one of the cash prizes of from $1.00 up to $5.00 if you solve the puzzle letter correctly, and fulfill the following simple condition which is the only one you are required to comply with.

If you send a correct solution to the puzzle and I know you are in line for one of the prizes, I will send you free, a special copy of the latest issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD which you will be required to show to two of your mother's friends who do not take it now, and who will want it to come to them every month.

You all know how much EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is enjoyed by your own family, and you will be glad to have this chance of your showing your magazine to some of your friends. If there are any children there you will be able to show them Uncle Peter's page, and tell them about the Bunny Club and the Success Club, and about Uncle Peter's Puzzle Page. I am quite sure their mothers will want to have EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD come to them every month, as much for the kiddies as for themselves.

You can go in for this Competition whether you take Everywoman's World in your home or not

So come along boys and girls and win the prizes. Perhaps you may win the $10.00 prize. At any rate, it will be easy for anyone of you to win one of the One Dollar prizes, however many hundreds there may be in the competition. Send your answers to **Uncle Peter, c/o the Success Club, Everywoman's World, Toronto.**

The Prize Winners in Uncle Peter's Puzzle Letter Competition last month

AS THIS issue of EVERYWOMAN'S goes to press we are still receiving answers to the puzzle letter to our boys and girls, and these will be judged in time to announce the winners in our September number.

We will send the prize money to the winners by mail just as soon as Uncle Peter makes his decision, so hustle up boys and girls, and if you have still to qualify your entry, do it within the next few days, so that Uncle Peter can consider your entry for one of the big prizes.

REMEMBER—There is a $1.00 Cash Prize for every boy and girl who qualifies his or her entry properly, and you can therefore win two prizes by carrying off one of the big prizes as well.

GARDEN GOSSIP FOR AUGUST

A Plea for the Protection of Song Birds and a Few Words About the Insect Pests in Our Gardens

By D. W. GEORGE

THE two great troubles we have to contend with in our gardens are, the weeds, and the various forms of insect pests. As we fail to destroy them, so do they multiply. It is a matter of patience, and there is nothing which better bears out the old proverb, "a stitch in time saves nine."

External cultivation is the only prevention of the weeds. With rake and hoe I fight the little weed seedlings, turning over the soil and disturbing them as they show their heads above ground between the plants. They are easily seen and as easily dealt with.

When it comes to the insect pests, however, I find greater difficulties. Many of them are not at all easily seen, and if I am a little late in reaching the garden in the morning, they are not on view at all. So I have to set traps for them, and study their habits in order to get even with them.

Most of the insects which infest our gardens are very early risers, they like to have their breakfasts early before the sun gains strength, and at a time when the plants are fresh and green, revived by the coolness of the night.

Biting and Sucking Insects

These insects are divided into two classes: biting, and sucking insects. This rough division will be sufficient to show us how to deal with them in a general way.

The sucking insects are not affected by ordinary poisons, because they burrow into the fibre of the leaf or plant, and the outside application of a contact poison does not reach them. On the other hand, the biting insects are easily killed by poisons. Many of the beetles and bugs must therefore be hand-picked from the plants, because they are sucking insects.

Everything useful in the shape of a vegetable is liable to be attacked by bugs of one kind or another; but weeds of all varieties are left severely alone.

The cabbage beetle attacks first the leaves and then the roots of the young plants, which soon wither and die. I use coal oil and water in the proportion of one to sixteen. I dip the roots in this liquid when planting out the young cabbages, and pour sufficient around the roots every couple of weeks or so, to penetrate the soil for about one inch, whether there is any sign of trouble or not.

Radishes, cabbages, cauliflowers, and onions are attacked by what is known as the onion fly, which lays its eggs on the leaves of the young plants. The maggot which hatches from these eggs, at once attacks the root or bulb of the plant; the leaves turn yellow and the bulb decays.

The preventive, which I use at the very first sign of trouble, is a strong solution of caustic lime eater which I pour on each plant. This will kill both eggs and maggots. If the plant is seriously affected, I dig it up with a trowel and destroy it. It is not enough to pull it up by the roots, as this may leave the maggot behind, to go on with its bad work.

The Striped Cucumber Beetle and the Squash Bug

Pumpkin, squash, cucumbers, and melons are visited by the above. They are sucking insects, and must be hand-picked for the reasons I have already given. They are fairly easy to find, though the squash bug is a cunning fellow and will hide when he has the chance. Be early and take him by surprise.

The potato bug can hardly be hand-picked if there are many potatoes and little time to go over them. Paris green is the great means toward ending his existence. However, paris green is scarce this year. As a substitute I have been recommended to use dry arsenate of lead, or a preparation known as Kalcikill, manufactured by the Canada Paint Company, Montreal.

Wire worms and cut worms like a little shelter at night, so, in consideration, I place a few shingles round the plants; in the mornings the worms are to be found gathered beneath the shingles, and are easily collected and destroyed. These worms are also partial to poisoned bran, so I give them occasional treats of this, which very soon ends their existence. Poisoned bran is prepared by mixing paris green or a similar poison, with the bran, but use the smallest possible quantities, and remember where you put it.

A Caution About Poisons

If you find it desirable to use these poisons to destroy the pests in your garden, be very careful about where you keep your supply of them. Be sure to keep them out of the reach of children, and do not put them where the chickens can get at them. If you do not like to use crude poisons, there are preparations which are harmless to all except insect life, and these preparations are advertised by their manufacturers. I always keep my poisons under lock and key.

I find that changing the crops from year to year greatly keeps down the multiplication of insect pests. Naturally, if you or I grow the same plant in the same place, time after time, the pests that belong to it, get well settled in that location.

Green Fly or Aphis

This little insect, although a sucking species, may be killed by contact poisons, as the tissues of which it is composed are very delicate, and it does not get much of a hold on the plant. I recommend a spraying of sulphate of nicotine in water in which a little castile soap has been dissolved, as the most effective method.

This fly is known as the Ant's Cow, and the ants take the greatest care of it, for the sake of the honey it gives. When I see the ants running over my plants, I know that they are after the Aphis, and I act accordingly. It seems too bad to disappoint the ants, but I consider the saving of my roses of greater importance than indulging the ants.

Some people think that the ants are hurting their plants. This is not the case. Suppose you see them running over your peony buds; what are they doing? Well, they are trying to help the peony to open. They do this, by removing the sweet gum which holds the peony petals together at the tips. The peony cannot get along nearly so well without the assistance of the ants. However, a nest of ants may do damage sometimes. I remember that I lost two good rose trees, last year, because a whole colony of these industrious little fellows made a home amongst the roots.

Perhaps you may not have much trouble with insect pests. I have had very little. It is all a matter of chance and location. In any case, it is just as well to be prepared for them, and to know something of what to do, if the occasion arise.

Red spider is so small that you cannot see him without a microscope. He attacks the under side of the leaves of many plants. Spray him with a solution of flowers of sulphur. If your garden is small a hand syringe will be large enough, and if you have a large place, there are many force pumps to select from, worked in other ways. I have a brass syringe for which there are two nozzles, one of which turns upwards by inserting a bent connection. It is very useful for getting underneath the leaves.

The Toad—A Good Friend

Encourage the toad, that he may live contentedly in your garden. I have only two of them, but I have made them so happy that I don't think they would leave. I have built them little stone shelters where they may retire to get cool in the heat of the day. A toad will work away, day after day, in your service, never asking any wages, and, of course, boarding himself all the time, and in a single season he will get rid of thousands of your insect enemies for you. Make up to Mr. Toad all you can, and he will repay you a hundredfold for your kindness to him. I find him especially valuable in the strawberry patch, as he is so very fond of the slugs.

Save the Birds

Of course, we are saving the birds nowadays. We *do* know, better than we used to, how valuable they are to us. Much has been said, written, and done to help preserve the birds. If our feathered friends were destroyed, we should not be able to raise a single crop, and might suffer a total loss of vegetation. Now that we all know the wonderful amount of good the birds do, we can *all* help to keep them with us.

I encourage the birds to my garden as much as I possibly can. A bird bath, built so that cats cannot reach it, is a great help; bird houses in secure and safe positions will encourage them to build right on the premises.

The Cat as a Bird Enemy

The family cat is responsible for the destruction of a great many more birds than most people would think possible. Many women think, and state in all sincerity, that their own pussy is far too well behaved to kill the birds. Little do these cat-lovers know of the real habits of their pets. It is stated on good authority, that no cat ever existed which would not kill the birds when it got the chance, and for my own part I have never known of one. Why should we try to deny nature? The kitten will chase a moving object; and this instinct stays with them as they grow. Cats delight to kill both birds and mice, and unfortunately, there is no doubt that of the two, they much prefer the birds.

If you must have a cat, keep it in at night. So many people let their cats out at night in good weather. It is in the very early morning that the cat gets in its worst work, when the birds come down to feed on the grubs and insects in the garden. My cat does not get out until later, and the bell which is tied around his neck gives the birds plenty of warning of his approach. This is a simple remedy and effective. Thousands and thousands of the gardener's best friends pay with their lives for the early morning liberty which is allowed to the domestic cat.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER

Canning Your Own Garden

By KATHERINE CALDWELL, B.A.

OF course, you joined the spring ranks of the Back Yard Patriots—may their crops be large and succulent! You decided early this year to plant your garden, to help in the production of foods.

You did your bit with spade and rake and seeds and wee green plants; you have been a Watchful Weeder, and your patriot's pride has made an unrivalled dressing for your crisp lettuces and tender, flavourful peas. You may even have looked to next year, and put in strawberry plants—and those flourishing little bushes at the sunny foot of the garden—are they raspberries and currants?

All this is well. Because it is a pleasant phase of the Win-the-War endeavour that sweeps over us with a new urge at the recognition of each opportunity for helping, this is none the less a vital one. The food supply must be *augmented and conserved*. There should be no waste ground. But more—much more—there should be no waste food! But your "crops" ripen suddenly, a great deal at once, and even the most prideful families will raise an eyebrow when Snowball Cauliflower appears on the table the fourth day in succession—and your neighbours' cauliflowers are ripe now too.—

Splendid! *Can your surplus* for the stern days ahead, when the productive earth is frost-bound, fresh fruit and vegetables few, and canned ones scarce and high in price.

Those Delicious Early Apples

Last year, spies and other good winter apples were exceedingly scarce and high in price. This year, the prospect is very similar.

Apples are too valuable a food to be omitted from the winter diet. The solution is very simple—save every one of the early apples that is not used for immediate consumption!

The juicy, well-flavoured Astrakan, the Duchess and the Wealthy, are not half appreciated; they are delicious when canned in a light syrup, and will make pies, puddings, dumplings or be ever on hand to serve cold, with cream, next winter. The pleasing thought of a long row of apple-labelled jars in your fruit cupboard, will make you feel very superior, if you read next December that winter apples are scarce and high in price.

There will be a very good crop of these early apples, also of the Ben Davis—a late variety, that, chiefly because it lacks *beauty*, is never priced with the handsome Spy or Baldwin. But it keeps well and cooks well—two important points.

Available Energy When Consumed as Food

Sugar	98.9 %
Vegetables	95. "
Fruit	90. "
Dairy Food	93. "
Cereals	91. "
Eggs	89. "
Meat and Fish	87. "

Vegetables and fruit—especially with sugar—are obviously very valuable in the diet as energy producers; they have a tonic value, aid the blood, and supply what is termed "roughage," important in digestive and eliminating processes.

The first rush of preserving is over now. You have some idea of the supplies you have on hand—jars, tops, rings, etc. Fill in the weak spots now, and be ready for the big harvest days when the hot summer sun has ripened many fruits and vegetables. Have plenty of clean bottles and don't practise the false economy of using old rings.

The same method in outline, will answer for canning almost all fruits. The amount of sugar used must differ, more being added to counteract greater acidity, less used if the fruit is ripe and sweet. It is desirable however, to choose firm, not-too-ripe fruit, especially for canning, as it better retains its shape and true flavour.

An unexpected present of a basket of grapes or green peas will not disconcert you at all, if the preserving kit is ready. Given a tin wash-boiler, with something to raise the jars off the bottom, a good supply of sugar of suitable granulation, and fine, clean salt, and the gift or bargain or suddenly ripened crop may be regarded as an unmixed blessing.

Remember that a jar or two of peas or beets or peaches, put up every time you are cooking them for dinner, or have a quantity on hand, will fill more than a small shelf, at the season's end. Scorn not the modest quantity—that "many littles make a mickle," is just as true outside of Scotland.

A few general terms may be defined in simple fashion. The successive operations should be performed quickly and as rapidly as possible.

1. *Scalding:* Used chiefly where skins are to be removed, as tomatoes or peaches. Place fruit or vegetables in an ordinary wire basket, or sieve, or piece of cheesecloth, immerse in boiling water 30 seconds to 2 minutes, as necessary.

2. *Blanching:* Proceed as in scalding, but hold the product for about four minutes in the boiling water. This modifies the acidity of the fruit or vegetables, and makes the single-process method possible.

3. *Cold Dip:* A quick plunge into cold water, after the use of hot. This drastic change of temperature will mean sudden death to many forms of bacteria. It is also valuable as a means of bringing back firmness to the fruit. *Just a plunge*, remember—in, and out immediately. Always cold dip fruit and vegetables, after scalding or blanching.

4. *Preparation:* Wash all products clean and prepare each as necessary, pare and core apples, stone cherries, peel and core tomatoes, husk and silk corn, string beans, etc.

The Cold Pack Method

The raw fruits or vegetables, after proper preparation, are carefully put into the jars, the hot syrup or brine is poured over, the top screwed lightly, to allow for expansion of the glass, and the jars are placed on a wire or wooden false bottom of some folded cloths (to keep them from the intense heat, which would break them). Sterilize according to the table which is given. Tighten the tops, label and keep in a cool, dry dark place.

There are obvious advantages to this method. It is simpler and there is less opportunity for bacteria to survive the process; and chief point in the July and August days—most of the work may be done on the porch or out of doors, far from the heat of the stove.

Sweetening and Salting

The density of the syrup used must vary with the kind and ripeness of the fruit. To best bring out the flavour and retain the colour of the small red fruits (strawberries, raspberries and sour cherries) a heavy syrup is used—two parts of sugar to one of water.

Apples, pears, plums, peaches, apricots, the sweeter varieties of cherries, etc., will carry a medium syrup of equal parts of sugar and water, and to some tastes, even a slightly lighter syrup is more pleasing. A big point in favour of home-canning is that in these matters of individual taste, you may please yourself.

Always have the syrup or brine *boiling* when you pour it over the product, which should be carefully packed to the brim of the sealers. The fruit will shrink to little more than half its bulk. For vegetables add 1 teaspoon of salt to each quart of water, *before* pouring it into the jars. This ensures an even solution.

Sterilizing

Put several inches of cold water in the boiler. Screw the tops only partially tight, or if using spring-top jars, set the spring but do not fasten the clamp, as the heat will expand the glass. Set them on the false bottom, and cover the boiler closely to avoid escape of steam.

Time from the moment the water reaches the boiling point.

Remove boiler from heat and allow to stand a few minutes before uncovering. Remove jars from water, screw covers on tightly and stand upside down to cool. If there is any bubbling—indicating escape of air—change the rubber, and sterilize again for 5 to 10 minutes. Do not invert patent spring jars, but test for air bubbles by tapping round the edge of the cover with a wooden spoon. A jar that is imperfectly sealed will give out a dull, hollow sound. Be sure your jars are absolutely air-tight.

If a further heating is required on two or more successive days, unscrew the top slightly each time, and tighten afterwards.

The foregoing time-table for sterilizing different products is simple and complete.

Remember to time from moment water commences to boil.

All vegetables will bleach less if the jar is wrapped in paper before putting away.

Recipes

RHUBARB.—The simplest of all products to can, as it requires no processing. There is only one point to remember—Use thoroughly sterilized jars. Pack the washed fruit closely either in lengths to fit the jar, or cut in short pieces. Stand jar under the cold tap and let the water fill it and overflow for several minutes. Then adjust the top very tightly. Wrap the jar in paper and put away in a dry, dark place. Its own acids will preserve the rhubarb perfectly, and although it will bleach, the flavour of the fresh fruit will be retained.

TOMATOES.—Whole and Otherwise—To prepare the tomatoes whole, for salads, etc., scald very quickly in water that is boiling over the fire; for ripe tomatoes, 30 seconds to one minute will be sufficient to loosen the skins; longer, if the tomatoes are unripe. Cold dip immediately; then, with a sharp pointed knife, remove the core. Peel carefully so as not to break the pulp. Pack the tomatoes into jars that have been heated, to prevent their breaking when set in the hot water. Add 1 teaspoon of salt and ½ teaspoon of sugar to each quart. *Do not add any water*—the tomatoes are largely liquid themselves. If desired, the crushed pulp of those that break during preparation may be added to fill the spaces. Tomatoes to be served stewed or for soups and sauces, are cut in pieces and packed more tightly.

Fit rubbers closely, adjust tops and tighten partially and sterilize 25 minutes after water reaches boiling point.

Are you helping as the women of Canada can help so well to-day, to save every bit of the fruit and vegetable crops that are not used for immediate consumption?

Remember, Kitchen Patriotism is a great, big, loyal, reality; you can help your country, your men, your family, and, queer freak of poetic justice—it will pay you in the dollars and cents to do it!

Help feed your country in the winter of 1917-18 by looking ahead now, and providing this important supply for your family. Save the Fruit and Vegetables! Fill your jars—and be twice rewarded.

TIME TABLE

Fruit	Preparation	Scald or Blanch	Syrup	Sterilize
Apples	Peel, core and quarter		Sugar 1 part, Water 1 part	Bring water to boil ¼ minute. Allow jars to stand 20 mins. Seal tightly.
Apricots	Scald, peel, pack whole or halve and pit.	1 to 2 minutes	1 part 1 part	Water boiling 5 to 10 minutes.
Blackberries	Wash and pick over		1 part 1 part	As apples.
Blueberries	Wash and pick over		1 part 1 part	As apples.
Cherries (Sour)	Wash, stem & pit, being careful of juice		1 part 1/3 juice and water	15 to 18 mins.
Cherries (Sweet)	Wash, stem and pit, being careful of juice		1 part 1 part	15 to 18 minutes
Peaches	Scald, skin, pack whole or halve & pit	1 to 2 mins.	1 part 1 part	As apples
Pears	Peel, halve & core		1 part 1 part	As apples
Raspberries	Hull, pick over		1 part ¼ part	As apples
Plums	Pack whole or pit		1 part 1 part	As apples
Rhubarb	See special simple preparation			
Strawberries	Hull, wash		1 part ½ part	As apples
Cranberries	Wash, pick over		1 part ½ part	As apples

VEGETABLES

Vegetables	Preparation	Scald or Blanch	Brine	Sterilize
Asparagus	Wash and cut to fit jars	15 to 20 mins. Cold dip	Salt 1 level teaspoon, Water 1 quart	90 mins. and wrap in paper.
Beets	Grade for size, colour & ripeness. After blanch & cold dip, rub off skins	Scald to loosen skin & scrape or pare	1 teaspoon 1 quart	120 minutes
Lima Beans	Wash well, blanch	5 to 10 mins.	1 teas. 1 quart	120 minutes.
String Beans	Wash & String	Blanch 2 to 5 mins. & cold dip	1 teas. 1 quart	120 minutes
Corn	Husk, blanch, and cut from cob. Handle quickly.	Blanch 3 mins.	1 teas. 1 quart	90 minutes
Carrots	Grade for size and ripeness	As beets	1 teas. 1 quart	90 minutes.
Cauliflower	Cut in sections	Scald and cold dip	1 teas. 1 quart	90 minutes
Cabbage	Cut & clean	Scald and cold dip	1 teas. 1 quart	90 minutes and wrap in paper
Chard	Cut, stem and wash well	Scald and cold dip	1 teas. 1 quart	90 minutes and wrap in paper
Peppers, Red and green	Wash, cut and slice from stem end and remove seeds	Blanch 5 mins. & cold dip	1 teas. 1 quart	15 minutes and wrap in paper
Peas	Shell & grade	Blanch 3 to 5 mins. and cold dip	1 teas. 1 quart	120 minutes
Spinach	Stem & Wash	Scald and cold dip	1 teas. 1 quart	90 minutes
Tomatoes	See special simple process			

Marjory Dale's Recipe Page

LIGHT MEALS FOR HOT DAYS

By MARJORY DALE

Bran Muffins

Two cups bran, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon soda, ¼ cup butter, 3 tablespoons molasses, ½ cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon salt.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in the butter; add molasses and sour milk; put in hot muffin tins; bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

Banana and Nut Salad

Wash and prepare crispy lettuce leaves, place on individual plates. Peel banana, cut in half and then half lengthwise; dip in cooked mayonnaise and roll in chopped nuts; toss on cress.

Casserole of Salmon

One lb. slice salmon boiled, boned and flaked, 2 hard boiled eggs, bread crumbs, white sauce, butter, salt, and pepper.

Butter casserole, place layer of flaked fish, little white sauce, sprinkling of hard boiled egg and a few bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Repeat until fish is used; sprinkle top with bread crumbs, dot with butter; bake in moderate oven 25 minutes.

Baked Tomatoes

Peel tomatoes, place on pie plate with a little water, sprinkle with salt and pepper, squeeze a little onion sauce over tomatoes, dot with butter; bake until tender.

Fruit Ice

Juice of 4 oranges and 1 lemon, 1 cup pineapple juice; pour 2 cups boiling water on 1½ cups sugar; add 1 tablespoon gelatine, stir until dissolved; beat yolk of 1 egg, mix all with juice, using beater. Fill vessel, pack, and freeze.

Raspberry Rice Charlotte

One-quarter cup rice, 1 cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 1 pint cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg yolks, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, ¼ cup hot water.

Scald milk in double boiler, add rice and salt, cook until rice is soft. Remove from fire, when cool add vanilla, sugar, egg yolks well beaten, and the gelatine which has been soaked in the cold water and dissolved in the hot water. Mix all together and then add the cream whipped. Put in wet mould. Let stand on ice four hours. Serve with sauce made as follows:

One cup raspberries, cook with ½ cup water, till syrupy consistency. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, strain, pour over charlotte; crush rest of raspberries and pour over just before serving.

Stuffed Cucumbers

Three cucumbers, 1 cup cold chopped meat, milk, ½ cup bread crumbs, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup stock, few drops lemon juice.

Pare cucumbers, cut in ½ lengths, scoop out seeds, steep.

Stuffing: Moisten meat and crumbs with enough milk to bind, season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Place cucumbers in baking dish with stock and bake 20 minutes covered; uncover, sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Brown in oven. Serve immediately.

Custard Sherbert

Make a rich custard, freeze. Serve in sherbert glasses topped with whipped cream or fresh fruit.

Lamb Broth

Boil in quart of water bones and scraps left from lamb roast, with an onion, celery, parsley, salt and pepper; let simmer four hours; strain. Add little over ¼ cup rice, picked over and washed, to liquid. Boil until rice is tender.

Maple Apples

One cup maple syrup, 4 medium sized apples, 1 cup water.

Pare and core apples. Heat water and syrup to boiling point; drop apples into heated liquid, turning often. Remove apples when tender. Allow liquid to cook to syrupy consistency. Pour over apples.

Eggs Scrambled with Tomatoes

Four eggs, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 1 cup tomato pulp and juice, salt, pepper, butter.

Beat eggs, add salt and pepper to taste and onion juice. Put in pan with melted butter, scramble when they begin to heat. Add tomatoes. Mix thoroughly. Serve on toast.

Dressed Veal Cutlets

Cut edges of cutlets to prevent curling. Roll lightly in egg and fine cracker crumbs. Put in frying pan with a dessertspoon butter for frying; put another spoonful over meat. Fry rapidly for a minute, be careful not to burn butter, then lower gas or move to cooler part of range. Cook each side 20 minutes. Put cutlets on heated platters, salt and pepper lightly. Add to the pan, 1 teaspoon flour, stir and pour on ½ cup boiling water; cook, add salt. Pour over meat; garnish with slices of lemon.

Fried Tomatoes

Peel four tomatoes, slice 1 inch thick, roll in egg and bread crumbs twice; fry in plenty of butter or fat.

Raspberry Ice

Boil together for 20 minutes 1 pint sugar, 1 scant quart water. When cool add 1 cup mashed fruit with a little lemon juice. Mix together and freeze.

Cup Custard

Heat 2 cups milk in top of double boiler. Beat 2 eggs, add 4 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt. Add hot milk to beaten eggs; heat five minutes. Add flavouring, pour into custard cups. Bake in a very slow oven, setting cups in baking dish with a little water.

Scalloped Ham

One cup chopped ham, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, ¾ cup crumbs, 1 small onion, ½ tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, sage.

Place layer of crumbs in bottom of baking dish, salt and pepper, then a dash of sage, then a layer of ham and onions. Fill the dish. Make a sauce by blending flour and butter over fire, when creamy, pour on hot milk, cook while stirring until smooth and thick. Pour over ham. Bake in a quick oven 45 minutes.

Corn Fritters

One-half cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 1-3 cup milk, pinch salt, 1 pint corn.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together. Beat egg, add butter and milk together. Then the flour, lastly the corn. Drop by spoonfuls on pan in hot butter. Fry golden brown.

Peach Jardiniere

Whole firm peaches, number desired, cut off top, scoop or cut out peach taking stone, leave enough for a shell. Put pulp in a bowl, mix with orange, banana, a little pineapple and maraschino cherries, sweeten to taste.

Fill peach shells, set away on ice. When serving, top each peach with whipped cream, topped with cherry.

MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS IN AUGUST

Wed., Aug. 1st	Thurs., Aug. 2nd	Friday, Aug. 3rd	Sat., Aug. 4th
BREAKFAST Melon Omelet Coffee Bran Muffins	BREAKFAST Peaches Cream of Wheat Top Milk Toast Coffee	BREAKFAST Canteloupe Toast Eggs Poached in Milk Coffee	BREAKFAST Berries Cereal Coffee Top Milk Bacon Curls
LUNCHEON Banana and Nut Salad on Lettuce with Cress Brown Bread Butter Iced Tea	LUNCHEON Creamed Spinach on Toast Graham Crackers Iced Cocoa	LUNCHEON Stuffed Cucumbers Bread Butter Tea Crackers	LUNCHEON Lamb Broth with Rice Bread Sticks Radishes Lettuce and Tomato Salad Tea
DINNER Casserole of Salmon Stuffed Baked Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Tea Fruit Ice	DINNER Roast Lamb Mint and Currant Jelly Riced Potatoes Green Peas Raspberry Rice Charlotte	DINNER Cold Roast Lamb Potato Croquettes Green Pea Salad Custard Sherbert Coffee	DINNER Cream of Tomato Soup Halibut Salad on Lettuce French Fried Potatoes Iced Tea
Sun., Aug. 5th	**Mon., Aug. 6th**	**Tues., Aug. 7th**	**Wed., Aug. 8th**
BREAKFAST Grapes Toast Eggs Scrambled with Tomatoes Coffee	BREAKFAST Melon Cream of Wheat Top Milk Toast Tea	BREAKFAST Baked Apples Toast Boiled Eggs Coffee	BREAKFAST Canteloupe Creamed Dried Beef Whole Wheat Popovers Coffee
DINNER Dressed Veal Cutlets Baked Rice Buttered Asparagus Raspberry Ice Coffee	LUNCHEON Cream of Asparagus Soup Rice Croquettes Brown Bread Butter Iced Cocoa	LUNCHEON Fried Tomatoes Tea Brown Bread Toast Cup Custard	LUNCHEON Vegetable Salad Punch Boiled Dressing Crackers
TEA Lettuce and Watercress Salad Cottage Cheese Crackers Iced Tea	DINNER Beef Croquettes Tomato Sauce Boiled White Onions Lettuce Salad Fruit Jelly Coffee	DINNER Scalloped Ham Baked Potatoes Peaches and Cream Coffee	DINNER Split Baked Salmon Trout Rice Spinach Prune Mould Tea
Thurs., Aug. 9th	**Fri., Aug. 10th**	**Sat., Aug. 11th**	**Sun., Aug. 12th**
BREAKFAST Berries Dropt Eggs Toast Coffee	BREAKFAST Peaches Cereal Coffee Top Milk Muffins	BREAKFAST Prunes Toast Coffee	BREAKFAST Fruit French Toast Syrup or Sugar Coffee
LUNCHEON Creamed Salmon a la Left Over with Rice Bread Sticks Left Over Prune Mould	LUNCHEON Stuffed Tomatoes Cheese Straws Tea Graham Wafers	LUNCHEON Corn Fritters Toast Fingers Cottage Cheese Tea	DINNER Cream of Spinach Soup Roast Chicken Onions Baked in Milk Mashed Potatoes Lettuce Salad with French Dressing Peach Jardiniere Fruit Punch
DINNER Cream of Spinach Soup Croutons Roast Lamb Brown Gravy Mint Sauce Baked Potatoes Blueberries Cream Iced Tea	DINNER Lamb a la Casserole Rice Creamed Carrots Frozen Caramel Custard Tea	DINNER Baked Salmon in Pepper Cases Fried Rice Onion Salad Caramel Gelatine Jelly	TEA Tomato Marmalade Baking Powder Biscuits Crackers Blueberries Tea
Mon., Aug. 13th	**Tues., Aug. 14th**	**Wed., Aug. 15th**	**Thurs., Aug. 16th**
BREAKFAST Berries Coffee Russian Toast	BREAKFAST Melon Fluff Omelet Popovers Coffee	BREAKFAST Sliced Oranges Prepared Cereal Top Milk Coffee Toast	BREAKFAST Cereal Milk Iced Cocoa
LUNCHEON Spinach with Egg Sauce Brown Bread Butter Iced Tea Crackers	LUNCHEON Orange and Onion Salad Bread Fingers Plums	LUNCHEON Eggs Poached in Tomato Soup Toast Squares Iced Tea Mock Cream	LUNCHEON Summer Salad Rolls Butter Baked Green Apples and Cream
DINNER Blanquette of Chicken Rice Toasted Squares Lemonade Blueberries Cream	DINNER Baked Creamed Salmon with Spaghetti Stuffed Tomatoes Salad Cress Tea Peach Tapioca	DINNER Cream of Carrot Soup with Rice Veal King Buttered Carrots Corn on the Cob Raspberry Jam	DINNER Scalloped Salmon French Fried Potatoes Stuffed Green Peppers Brown Bread Butter Tea

Prune Mould

One-half lb. prunes, 1 oz. gelatine, ¼ lb. sugar, 1 pint cold water.

Dissolve gelatine in a little cold water. Put remainder in pan with prunes. Add sugar, cook until prunes are tender, stone, and cut into small pieces. Return to pan, add gelatine, cook 10 minutes. Pour into mould. Serve with cream.

Blanquette of Chicken

Left over chicken cut in pieces, 1 large cup white stock, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 heaping tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, salt, and pepper.

Put butter in saucepan, when hot add flour. Stir until smooth, do not brown; add seasoning and cream; when it boils, add chicken. Beat eggs with 4 tablespoons milk, stir into blanquette, Cook. Serve with rice border.

Fried Rice

Pack in square pan two cups well boiled rice; when cold cut into inch-thick slices; dredge with flour and fry brown in a spoonful of hot butter. Serve with a lump of butter on each slice, dust with paprika.

Onion Salad

Slice a Bermuda or Spanish onion in thin slices, soak in cold water several hours; drain; rinse in cold fresh water. Serve on lettuce leaves with a simple dressing of vinegar, salt and pepper, oil if desired.

Baked Salmon in Pepper Cases

One lb. salmon, 8 green peppers, crackers, butter, salt, pepper, onion juice.

Boil salmon, when cold remove skin and bone, season with salt, pepper, onion juice. Mix with equal quantity cracker crumbs moistened with butter. The mixture should be quite moist, if not, add a little milk; cut the sweet green peppers length-wise, remove seeds. Parboil for 5 minutes; fill with fish. Put in baking pan surrounded with hot water and cook until cases are soft, but not broken.

Onions Baked in Milk

Peel and slice thin six cups white onions. Put in deep earthern dish, dredge with two tablespoons flour, a little pepper; dot with butter; pour over two cups milk. Bake in oven ¾ hour; sprinkle one teaspoon salt. Serve in the baking dish.

Prune Toast

Wash and soak prunes overnight in cold water. Simmer until tender; remove stones, rub through sieve. Dip toasted bread in hot milk. Serve as individual portions on small plates. Over each slice put 1 teaspoon prune puree. Serve with thin cream.

Tomato Marmalade

One quart ripe tomatoes skinned and sliced. Put on stove with ½ cup cider vinegar, 1-3 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground spice. Cook slowly, stir often with a wooden spoon, when reduced to less than half it is done. Put in tumblers.

Caramel Gelatine Jelly

Mix one heaping tablespoon gelatine in two tablespoons water, add juice and rind of ½ lemon, three tablespoons granulated sugar, pinch of ground cinnamon, teaspoon burned sugar, few grains of salt. Stir and strain, set away on ice to harden. Serve with milk or whipped cream.

Baked Creamed Salmon with Spaghetti

One and one-quarter lbs. sea salmon, ½ lb. spaghetti, broken fine, butter size of an egg, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs.

Boil salmon, remove skin and bone. Boil spaghetti in salted water, when done drain through colander and pour cold water through it. Grease baking dish, put in layer of spaghetti, thin layer of salmon, bits of butter and pepper, continue until all is used. Beat eggs, add milk, pour over and bake for 45 minutes. Serve with white sauce.

Eggs Poached in Tomato Soup with Green Peppers

Four eggs, butter size of an egg, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons corn starch, 6 medium tomatoes, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 green pepper, 1 onion.

Make tomato soup by washing tomatoes, cutting up and boiling until tender with onion run through sieve; add salt, pepper, butter and sugar; green pepper that has been washed, seeds removed and finely chopped; when it comes to boiling point, add diluted corn starch and when boils again drop eggs and poach. Serve on toast surrounded with soup.

Cream of Carrot Soup with Rice

Make cream of carrot soup leaving out thickening, wash ½ cup rice, put into soup and boil till tender.

Veal King

One and one-half lbs. veal, 1 green pepper, salt and pepper, white sauce, 1 hard boiled egg, toast squares.

Boil veal until tender, when cold cut; make white sauce, cut green pepper, remove seeds, chop fine, and boil 10 minutes. Bring to boiling point, add green pepper and egg chopped. Season to taste. Serve with rice border or on toast squares.

Raspberry Jambulay

One-half box raspberries, 2 bananas, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon milk, ½ small pineapple, sugar, 2 tablespoons corn starch, few grains salt.

Wash raspberries, mash, add sugar to taste, let stand 1 hour. Prepare pineapple, chop very fine, add to berries; cut and slice banana. Put milk on in double boiler, add two tablespoons sugar, and the salt. Bring to boiling point, slowly add fruit and corn starch. Serve in sherbet glasses, topped with cream.

Lentil and Potato Loaf

One and three quarter cups lentil puree, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, one-third teaspoon sage, 2 cups riced potatoes, 1 tablespoon butter. Soak lentils overnight, then cook in boiling water until tender; allow water to evaporate until lentils are quite dry. Put through colander to form a puree. Then mix with the puree, the butter, cream, salt and sage. To prepare the potatoes, peel and cook 2 or 3 medium sized potatoes in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and dry by shaking gently over the fire. Put through rice, season with butter and more salt if necessary. Place lentil mixture in the bottom of a buttered baking dish, and on top place a layer of mashed potatoes. Brush the top with a little butter and bake until brown.

To Make Croutons

Cut bread 1 inch thick, stale bread is preferable, cut into 1 inch squares, and fry in butter until a light golden brown.

Nut and Cheese Roast

One cup grated cheese, 1 cup chopped walnut meats, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ lemon, 2 tablespoons chopped onions, salt and pepper. Cook onion in butter with a little water until tender. Mix other ingredients, moisten with the water in which the onion has been cooked. Pour into a shallow baking dish, and brown in oven.

Gooseberry Catsup

Five pounds gooseberries, 4 pounds sugar, 2 cups cider vinegar, 1½ tablespoons cinnamon, 1 tablespoon clove, 1 tablespoon allspice.

Pick over, wash and drain gooseberries. Put in kettle and add sugar, vinegar and spices. Bring to boiling point and let simmer two hours. Fill bottles and seal.

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